1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949
AW32 Gond AW32
Hill Maria
Bison Horn Maria

695 There was a disputed boundary between the village of Kurmer in the Chhota Dongar Mar *pargana* and the adjacent Kutru Mar village of Jatalur; the Jata clan asserted possession over a strip of land belonging to the Parllo clan of Kurmer. I suggested, on the strength of a tale I had heard of former Chiefs' methods of justice, that the head of each village should come with a cock to the land, and that the land should go to the clan whose cock crowed first. This was hailed by both sides as a sound solution, and off we went to the land; but just before we reached it the Jata headman began to hang back, and finally backed out of the test; I awarded the land to the Parllo clan to the approval of men present from other clans, and on going over the land found that it contained a *pagh'ai* or alternative village site of the Parllo clan besides the cromlech left to mark the site of the Village Mother's 'temple', the *kasyeq-gaita's udam-garia* or seat of honour, and the *kotokal* or line of menhirs erected in the name of the Parllo dead. Here the Jata clan finally abandoned their claim when challenged by the Parllo *kasyeq-gaita* to eat earth from under the Village Mother's cromlech.

181 To be left to live the free life of the hills, untrammelled by restrictions on his user of forest, earth and water or his right to shift his village and his *penda* cultivation, is the unconscious ideal of the Hill Maria. If he is sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, he will beg to be hanged rather than be confined within walls; and few of them or of the wilder Bison-horn Marias survive long imprisonment.

517 The Hill Maria shows great artistry in his bead-work, and is
never at fault in his discrimination between colours and shades,
[802] though he uses for all shades of green and blue the one word
haqarondla. He has general terms also for red, white, black and
yellow, but none for intermediate shades. In his houses he draws
532 rude cup-marking patterns, *swastikas* and strange creatures in
white earth on his mud plaster, or makes rough clay representations
of women's breasts. His songs are low and rather melancholic in
● 533 sound, the youths' voices verging on contralto; but they are far
easier for an English ear to understand than Hindu music, and have
often a haunting refrain. Both he and the Bison-horn Maria love
to hear European records on a gramophone, especially a good
soprano or contralto, sea shanties, and violins or trios and quartets
playing light chamber music; but operatic fireworks merely provoke
laughter, Chaliapin singing the 'Song of Prince Igor' making them
[534] ache with laughter, but being often encored. The Marias as a
whole have no musical instruments except drums. Though the
517 Bison-horn Maria does not show the Hill Maria's artistry and
153

796 one visits the celebrations of other clans. The first new-eating is
preceded by about four days by the *pira-mansha* or disease-riddance
ceremony. Before holding this, the *kasyeq-gaita* obtains the
permission of the clan-god. In the early morning every woman
sweeps out her house, and the *kasyeq-gaita* goes to each house and
collects a little of the sweepings in a winnowing-fan. Before noon
all the males of the village go out to the western boundary, and there
the collected sweepings are cast aside, either in the winnowing-fan,
or else wrapped in rags and tied round a bamboo stick. They
hang up on the boundary on cords between trees all their old
winnowing-fans and broken baskets. Unmarried boys hang up
[481] on a wooden frame at the boundary all their stilts; they make
these at the beginning of the rains, and use them from then till
this ceremony, their use being taboo at all other seasons: for some
[784] reason not divulged, the manufacture and use of stilts is taboo
throughout every fourth year. Eggs are offered near the old
winnowing-fans and stilts.

The final new-eating, *Pupal Korta Tindana*, is the important
occasion of the year. The greatest celebration of this seems to be
that of the Usendi clan at Orcha, where their clan-god is brought
from Japgunda. From miles around other clans send their youths
to dance at the Orcha *Koqsar*; the girls come to carry their food
for them, and, though excluded as a matter of course from the
ceremonies, join in the dancing that follows *Koqsar*. At the clan
new-eating gathering the village delegations assemble in the usual
way with new pulses and grain, and the clan-priest sacrifices the
cocks and pigs which they bring and sprinkles their blood on the
clan-god. Then, however, the flesh of the victims is not divided
up and carried off to be eaten in the houses, but boiled with the
grain, etc., brought by the villages, in the clan-god's cooking pots
kept at his *pen-rawar* in a special shed. When cooked, the stew
is spread on a great dish of *siari* leaves stitched with thorns or
bamboo splinters, and all the men sit round it on stones in a great
circle, while the clan-priest goes round and, with his hands, serves
a helping from the communal dish in each man's leaf-plate. The
[535 *Koqsar* portion of the festival seems to be the orgy of dancing that
follows; for it should be remembered that in most of the Abujhmar
834] country this festival signifies the end of the long period during which
it is taboo for the men to sleep in their houses and to have sexual
[533] intercourse. It is not a coincidence that the drums are beaten
with the same rhythm at *Koqsar* and at weddings.

Small villages often do not have a separate *Pupal Korta Tindana*
796 before the Village Mother. But in the larger villages, especially
622 where the *sadam-garya* custom prevails, the village celebration is

there is no need to describe their processes in this book. The potter, 326 like the Gharwa, expects immediate payment for his goods and is not a tribal servant remunerated with a retainer of grain at harvest like the blacksmith; but he often takes payment in grain. For a Bison-horn Maria marriage, the potter will make and supply as many pots as are required, but after the marriage is paid a bullock, cow or calf for his work.

C. *Musical Instruments*

1. Drums

The Bison-horn Marias use the large double-membrane drums 534 called *birya-dol*, of which typical specimens are shown in the illustrations in Plates VIII and IX. The hollow cylindrical body of these drums is a section of [824] the trunk of a *bija* (*Pterocarpus marsupium*) or a *seona* (*Gmelina arborea*) tree up to sixteen or seventeen inches in diameter. The right hand membrane is made of goat-skin, even by those who have the goat as totem, and this is struck by the finger-tips of the open right hand. The other membrane is of cow- or bullock-hide, and this is struck with a bamboo stick carried in the left hand, and sometimes adorned at the end with a bunch of the pea-pod iron pellet-bells that are attached to the *tirdudi* bamboo dancing-sticks of their women. The membranes are stitched to each other by thongs of cow-hide criss-crossed over the outside of the wooden cylinder. That cylinder is sometimes as much as three feet long, and the weight is very considerable. The drum is slung over the right shoulder by a sling of hide or cord, sometimes adorned with cowries, and is carried obliquely across the stomach, the right end being the higher. There is no season among them when drum-beating is taboo or *melo* (their term for the Hill Maria *polo*). They [533] have different drum rhythms for different dances, for weddings, for success in the chase, and a dactylic beat, for the drum beaten from the roof of the house to announce death; for the *pen-karsita* dance at their festival corresponding to the Hill Maria Koqsar they use the drum-stick only, and not their right hands, the rhythm being seven short beats followed by two long beats.

These *dol* drums are occasionally found in Hill Maria villages also, but are a sign of cultural contact with the Bison-horn Marias. The essential Hill Maria drum is the single-membrane *turam* drum. The body is a wooden bowl, generally the rounded base of the hollow trunk of an exhausted *salphi* (*Caryota urens*) tree, trimmed with [824] the waist-knife to bowl-shape; sometimes a section of *bija* (*Pterocarpus marsupium*) trunk is similarly whittled into bowl-shape. The membrane is dried untanned cow-hide, hair outwards, and this is

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949

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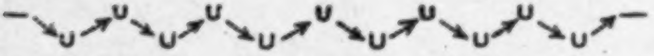
534 attached by criss-cross thongs of the same material to rings of the same material tied round the outside of the bowl in its centre and just above its base. The thongs are passed through holes pierced in the overlap of the membrane with the point of the knife or of an arrow, and pulled taut without anything being done to guard the edge of the membrane from tearing. Occasionally pottery bowls [177] are used instead of *salphi* or *bija* wood, a practice learnt both from the Teluguized Gonds of the south and the northernmost Murias of Antagarh tahsil.

●533 The *turam* drum is placed on the ground between the outspread legs of the player, who sits on his buttocks with legs bent at the knee. The drum-sticks are held lightly between the index and middle fingers, the right stick being somewhat larger than the left. [784] It is taboo to beat a *turam* except at Koqsar and weddings, though nowadays most of them regard the taboo as lifted for a dance at a high official's camp. The ordinary rhythm at Koqsar and weddings is :—



The rhythm thus begins and ends on a long beat with the right hand, with six short left hand and five short right hand beats alternately in between.

534 I saw once at Nugur a small drum of the *turam* shape made with a hollow gourd bowl.

When it is taboo to use the *turam* drums, boys use what are called by them *pak-dol* or *veddur-dol*, literally 'bamboo-drums', which are really split-stringed instruments.a They are made of two-foot lengths of the thick bamboo called *noli-veddur* by the Marias, or *bendri-bans* in Halbi. The outer rind of the bamboo is prised apart from the rest of the bamboo for a length of about eighteen inches, three inches being left joined at each end. The prised rind is about one-eighth of an inch thick and an inch and a half wide. It is raised from the body of the bamboo by two small bridges (*barga*) of bamboo inserted at each end as near its junctions with the body of the bamboo as possible, and is made into three 'strings' by two longitudinal cuts. The drum is laid on the ground and rubbed firmly into position in the dust, and dust is poured along its sides; the 'strings' are then struck with light drum-sticks in the same way as the *turam*. The Bison-horn Marias do not make this.

Brass dish-shaped gongs (*gatla*) struck with sticks used, till a few years ago, to be an indispensable part of the bride-price or

a [see cat. 116, pp. 421-422, — Analyst]

535 in the early summer, between the harvest-home and sowing. It is, therefore, not surprising that their dancing is poor and monotonous in comparison to that of the Bison-horn Marias, the Teluguized Koitor of the south, and the Parjas, Gadbas and Murias of the north. There is nothing to prevent married women joining in; they always join the Koqsar dances, and if generally the wedding dances are restricted to unmarried girls, even old women often take part in dances at official camps.

The essential feature of the Hill style of dancing is that it is
● 533 *pata-endanna*, dancing to song, and the singing is far more important
535 than the drumming. The theme of the song and the lines with meaning are sung by three youths or two youths with a girl between them, who are known as the *pata-bhita* or 'song-fellows', who walk up and down as they sing in front of the line or ring of dancers; they are shown clearly in the illustration opposite. All the dancers answer each stave sung by the 'song-fellows' in full-throated chorus, usually a meaningless refrain. The opening refrain and the chorus refrain are sometimes soft and melancholic, almost wailing; the refrains are melodious and lingering, far more intelligible to the European than any Hindu music.

535 Normally the dancers form a long line, not a circle, though the line is curved and revolves in a circle, always right-handed. Sometimes the line is of men and boys only, sometimes (as in the illustration opposite) the girls are all together at the far end of the line, but more often, if not invariably after they have warmed to the dance and any initial shyness has worn off, there is a girl between every pair of men or boys. But whether the dancers on his right and left are girls or not, each dancer puts his right hand round the neck of the dancer on his right, and his left hand round the waist of the dancer on his left. The right foot is moved slowly to the right, the body being raised on the toes of both feet; the heels are raised twice and lowered without touching the ground, and then raised a third time and brought to the ground, when the left foot is brought up to the right foot and the raising and lowering of the heels are repeated with both feet together; the right foot is then moved away as at first, and the steps repeated. Each time the body is raised with the heels, the male dancers make their bunches of buttock-bells clash together by a jerk of their posteriors. So the whole line gyrates very slowly, in perfect time; but as this step is never varied, and the only change is in the songs, the dancing is monotonous to a spectator. Actually the jolliest part of the performance at camp dances is the hilarious entrance of the dancers in a rampaging column of fives or sixes, lads and girls mixed, yelling, whistling and laughing, on to the dancing ground, preceded

585 house, and are given *landa* to drink. At the meal in the Place of the Departed the couple are exhorted by the bridegroom's father to live together in unity and concord, and to be faithful. All night the drums roll and guests pour in to dance and drink *landa* or sing around the bride and bridegroom, the men wearing their bison-horn dancing head-dresses. Ultimately next morning the couple are made to stand on a hurdle under the eaves of the hut constructed for them, and a kinsman of the girl's father climbs on the roof and tips a pot of water over them. The boy then drags the girl into [353] the hut, both pushed by willing hands, and the door is fastened on them and a bamboo-matting curtain hung over it. After a while they emerge, and the bride takes a ceremonial farewell of the girls of her village, and the guests disperse. Finally in the evening she is thrust into the bridal hut by her husband's younger brothers and his friends, her husband being already inside awaiting her.

In the account of the Ganjenar-Massenar wedding which follows, naturally no description can be given of the scenes in the *narma-lon* rooms of the bride's and bridegroom's fathers, to which outsiders are not admitted, or of other parts of the wedding ceremonies which I did not actually see. The bridegroom was the son of Atrami Hunga of Massenar, the younger brother of Atrami Kopa Dhurwa, a very influential headman who was decorated by the late Raja of Bastar for keeping that *pargana* quiet during the 1910 rebellion, and the bride was the daughter of Kunjami Harma, the headman of Ganjenar. When I reached the latter's house, which was about two miles from my camp at Massenar, the bridegroom and his party had arrived, and the relatives' dinner was over. The bride had gone to a tank to be bathed by her elder sister and her brother's wife; the bridegroom and his father were walking about talking to the guests and the bride's male relatives. There were not many persons present, perhaps 150 all told; a few men were beating their dancing drums, but none were wearing their bison-horn head-dresses. Around the door of the separate sleeping hut used [533 831 195] by Kunjami Harma's daughters and other womenfolk, some thirty women were standing shoulder to shoulder, swaying to and fro and singing a choral refrain of '*Kokolin-waya*' to obscene verses sung by a laughing woman in the centre of the group. Another band of women hurled abuse at them at intervals, when the leader of each band tried to out-Billingsgate the other.

535 585 When the bride had been bathed, she emerged from the sleeping hut with a cloth wrapped over her shoulders, and was dragged into a chain of dancing and singing girls with their arms closely linked, while the bridegroom, also with a cloth over his shoulders, was pushed into another chain. These chains of girls circled and

535 gyrated in all directions, at one moment appearing inextricably
585 mixed together, only to disentangle miraculously at the next and
weave themselves into fresh spirals and circles, singing abuse at
each other. All the while the group of standing girls went on
swaying and singing round the door; the leader caused great
[533] laughter by improvising a song warning all girls to be on their guard
that night, for the Diwan, the Tahsildar and the Circle Inspector
were watching them, and who knew what might happen after dark?

583 Before we arrived the bridegroom's party had presented the
bride-price, which consisted of one slaughtered pig, a live pig, five
431 very large pots of *landa*, five *paili* of husked rice, four yards of
Mahra cloth for the bride's mother, and one rupee. While the
585 chains of girls were dancing around the bride and bridegroom, her
mother's sister came out and displayed the bride's going-away
presents, a *masni* or grass sleeping-mat, a small basket containing
about a *paili* of husked rice, a large pot of *landa*, and a young bull
calf newly weaned.

Some men wearing their bison-horn dancing head-dresses and
585 beating their long drums now started to dance near the gyrating
chains of girls, and there was a further accompaniment to the singing
of bamboo flutes. The two chains of girls suddenly opened out,
leaving the bridegroom and bride together, and the girl's father
and the bridegroom's elder brother were with them, holding their
hands. The old father, Kunjami Harma, held up his hand for
silence, and started a long speech, asking the bridegroom's elder
brother, 'Have you come willingly for this flower? Will you wear
it and cherish it? It is fresh and tender, and will not bear rough
handling. Know you how witless women are? If she be a poor
housekeeper, pardon her. If she cook badly, pardon her. If she
speak to other men, do not take it amiss, but pardon her.' There
were other similar injunctions, and to all the bridegroom's brother
answered yes. Then Kunjami Harma took his daughter, who took
the bridegroom's right hand, and placed on his little finger a ring
that she had pulled off the little finger of her own right hand; the
bridegroom then took a ring off his own left little finger and placed
it on hers; cloths were held over their heads while this exchange
was in progress. The bridegroom then took off another ring,
which the girl's elder sister received in her outstretched cloth, while
she said, 'From now onwards you must neither touch me nor utter
my name till I am dead. If you do, all will laugh at you, and your
brethren will fine you.' I was told that if she dies before him, he
will take a ring off her little finger and wear it on the middle finger
of his right hand. He also gave a ring to the bride's younger sister,
for he is free to touch her and to talk of her by name. Then his

elder brother touched the old man's feet, and the old man touched 585
his, and then each placed his hands on the other's shoulders, standing face to face, and leaned his head forward first on the other's right, then on his left shoulder; finally each salaamed the other with both hands held in front of his face, palm to palm, and said '*Juhar!*' Each of them then exchanged similar salutations with all their near relatives present and the leading guests, including myself and the other State officials present.

The girls now started singing again, telling the bride that she must leave them and go to her man, that her lot would be hard, and that if she did not like her man she should make up her mind to leave him. Meanwhile the bridegroom slipped off over the fields to his father's house at Massenar to be ready there to receive the party escorting the bride.

The bridal procession then formed up, led by some thirty women, singing and side-stepping along the narrow jungle path in the gathering darkness. After them walked the elders, then a party of drummers, followed by the bride, pretending to struggle against a cluster of laughing girls pushing her to Massenar. All danced as they went, beating their jangling dancing sticks on the ground in time with the drums and the steps of the dance. It took them two and a half hours to cover the two miles to the bridegroom's father's house in Massenar.

There a multitude of other girls and men received them, the 585
men all in the traditional dancing costume, with a thundering roll
of drums, while dozens of bombs of gunpowder and rice chaff were 535
exploded. The full moon beat down on a sea of tossing plumes, or shone back from the glistening bison-horns of the head-dresses, till the whole courtyard was full of rampaging and fantastic movement. The bride and bridegroom were seized by fifty girls, and made to sit in their midst in front of the house where they were later to live, all packed as closely as sardines, swaying to and fro
on their hips as they sat, and singing obscene marriage songs in [533
full-throated chorus, while all prodded and plucked at every part 83!]
of the bodies of the bride and bridegroom, whose heads were muffled in cloths.

After watching this for some time I went off to my tent for dinner, but returned towards midnight. The bride and bridegroom were still where I had left them, surrounded by the swaying and singing girls. Some of these had babies sleeping in their laps as they sang, and many, tired out, were sleeping, hemmed in by their companions. The crowds had swollen, and every forest path was thronged with men and women hastening with drums and dancing kit to join the dance. Some came from villages twenty-five or

763 for some time with a series of one long followed by two short beats to announce that a death has occurred in the house; he then climbs down, and continues this drumming on the ground until the relatives and friends of the dead man assemble, or until the body is taken out to be cremated. Sometimes they fire guns at intervals for the same purpose. Messengers are sent out to neighbouring villages to bid relatives to the funeral.

When all the men and women have assembled the body is taken
764 out of the house and washed with a pot of water and anointed with a mixture of ground turmeric and oil. They then spread a cloth on a bier of bamboo wicker-work, lay the body on it, and spread a cloth over it. Each male relative who can afford it brings a cloth and similarly spreads it over the body. Four men then carry the bier on their shoulders to the cremation ground, followed by all the
[533] mourners, and men beating the dactylic funeral drum-beat. The pyre is made there, the body laid on it with head to the east and feet to the west, and covered over with fuel. Two men, generally two sons, or two sons-in-law, or a son and a son-in-law, then kindle the pyre at the head and the feet of the body respectively. As soon as the pyre is blazing fiercely the company leaves the cremation ground and returns to the dead man's house for food. The cremation ground is almost always on the side of the path or road opposite to the row of menhirs erected to commemorate the dead, which is known to the Bison-horn Marias as *uraskal*.

On the next day all go to the cremation ground to see whether
[781 the body has been completely reduced to ashes; if any portion
761] remains unburnt, it is a sign that the death was due to the magic of some enemy. All condole with the members of the bereaved family and return to their houses.

On the next Saturday morning comes the erection of the *uraskal* menhir. There are *uraskal* with great numbers of menhirs almost everywhere in the Bison-horn country, and in most parts villagers continue to erect them for men, women and children whenever a death occurs.[a] On the Jagdalpur side, however, and
[178] around Paknar, though every village has its *uraskal*, new menhirs are seldom set up in these days, the reason given being always that the ceremony is too expensive. It is indeed expensive, for if properly done it involves the killing of at least one, and possibly two cows, a pig or two, and the provision of three or four *khandi* of grain—*kulthi*, *urad*, *mung* and rice—and an adequate supply of
764 *mahua* spirit and *landa*. But expense is not taken into account at
177 weddings, where open house is kept for a thousand guests if need be. The real reason is that these Bison-horn Marias are in close contact
554 with Hinduism with its veneration of the cow; and as they raise

[a] [see cat. 116, p. 426, — Analyst]

539

'Dōkri, id mu'ittōr bātā intōq?' Dōkri ittā, 'Āyō, idēn
'Old-woman, this old-man what says?' Old-woman said, 'No, him-to

adūr-nā ḍanḍ yē'itā, aur bāy^a ātōq.' Dōkri kētu-nā ṭāṭ
severe fever has-come and alarm came.' Old-woman field-house-of mat-door

kēb-sitā. Payā ḍōkrā tōdsā sabē mal-dun hawaq-tōq. Payā mu'ittā
shut. Then old-man arose all peacocks killed. Then old-woman

mu'ittōr mal-dun pa'la lōn wātōq tittōq.
old-man peacocks taking home came ate.

Free Translation

An old couple lived in a certain village. The kutki which the old man had sown in his *penda* plot had ripened, and as he had seen peacocks eating the ripe crop he was living in his field to guard the crop. One day he was attacked by fever and could not go home. His wife, wondering why he had not come, went towards the *penda* plot to look for him. When she reached the field she saw peacocks eating the crop and her husband lying in his field-house, and she wept at the sight. The peacocks came up and asked the old woman why she was weeping. She answered, 'Alas, my old man has fever and cannot walk; just go there and look at him.' So the peacocks went inside the field-house to see. Then the old man cried, 'Shut the mat-door of the field-house!' The peacocks asked the old woman what he had said, and she answered that he was in delirium from his fever. So saying, she shut the door of the field-house, and the old man sprang from his bed and killed all the peacocks. Then the old woman and he carried the peacocks home and ate them.

Three Songs from Orcha

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(These are sung at weddings or at the Koqsar festival.)

I

Refrain: Alōy^a rēlōy^a rē rēlōy^a rēlo,
ālōy^a rēlōy^a rē rēlōy^a rēlō!

Chorus: Pāndōkā kuuhtā, dādā-lē, pāndōkā kuuhtā!
(The racquet-tailed drongo is calling, my brothers!)

1. Bātāy^a pāṭā ōrmarā, layōrē, bātāy^a pāṭā-yē!
(Some-kind-of song sing, lads, some-kind-of song!)
Chorus.

2. Pānōm, layōr, pānōm-rā, layōrē, pānōm, layōrē, pānōm-ē!
(We-know-not, lads, know not, lads, know not, lads, know not!)
Chorus.

3. Adrām āyō, badrām, layōrē, adrām āyō, badrām?
((If) thus not, how, lads, (if) thus not, how?)
Chorus.

4. Jāwā lēwā āyō-rā, layōr-ē, jāwā lēwā āyō-yō!
(Gruel without not, lads, gruel without not!)
Chorus.

533
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5. Bötĕl dāṛ*ngō jakmā-rā, layōr-ē, bōtĕl dāṛ*ngō jakmā-yē !
(Bottle (of) wine intoxication, lads, etc.)
Chorus.

6. Māwāṅg huṛa-lē āyō-rā, layōr-ē, māwāṅg huṛa-lē āyō-rē !
(At-us look not, lads, etc.)
Chorus.

7. Ōmṭarā, layōr, ōmaṭū, layōr-ē, ōmṭarā, layōr, ōmaṭū !
(Sing, lads, sing, etc.)
Chorus.

8. Āyār, dādā, āyōrā, layōr-ē, āyār ō-ō-yē !
(Ayar, brothers, ayora, lads, ayaro o ye !)
Chorus.

Free Translation

Aleya, reloya re reloya relo !
The racquet-tailed drongo is calling, brothers !
Sing us some kind of song, lads !
The racquet-tailed drongo is calling !
We know no songs, lads, we know no songs !
The racquet-tailed drongo is calling !
If we cannot sing thus, lads, how shall we sing ?
The racquet-tailed drongo is calling !
Without food we cannot, lads, we cannot sing !
The racquet-tailed drongo is calling !
If we drink we'll be merry, lads, merry !
The racquet-tailed drongo is calling !
Do not look at us, lads, do not look at us !
The racquet-tailed drongo is calling !
Sing, lads, keep singing, keep singing, lads, sing !
The racquet-tailed drongo is calling !
Ayār, brothers, āyōrā, oh lads eh ! āyār ō-ō-yē !
The racquet-tailed drongo is calling !

II

Kokoreng ko-reng !

Refrain : Alēya rē-lō-ya rē-lō !
Chorus : Kōkōrēng kōrēng ! (meaningless).

1. Bāroq banē māyō !
(What for was-not !)
Kōkōrēng kōrēng !
2. Wāṭarā, lāyōr, wāṭā !
(Come, lads, come !)
Kōkōrēng kōrēng !
3. Idrā pāṭā manō !
(This-kind song is-not !)
Kōkōrēng kōrēng !
4. Dūsar pāṭā ōmū !
(Another song sing !)
Kōkōrēng kōrēng !
5. Pāṭār ōmwāl, āṭēkē.
(Song-singer is, then.)
Kōkōrēng kōrēng !

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949

AW32 Gond AW32

Hill Maria

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6. Wô wô weâtâñke âyô !
(Wo, wo we saying are not !)
Kôkôrêng kôrêng !
7. Wâyô-râ, layôr, wâyô !
(Not-come, lads, not-come !)
Kôkôrêng kôrêng !
8. Omarâ, dâdâ, ômû.
(Sing, brother, sing.)
Kôkôrêng kôrêng !
9. Kañtin duralâ ôratû
(In-eyes dust has-fallen)
Kôkôrêng kôrêng !
10. Ôsâr bhûmite âtêkê.
(Another's land, therefore.)
Kôkôrêng kôrêng !
11. Bâroq banê mâyô !
(What-for was-not !)
Kôkôrêng kôrêng !

Free Translation

Aleya reloya relo
Kokoreng koreng !
Why are we not singing,
Kokoreng koreng !
Come, lads, come !
Kokoreng koreng !
This kind of song is no song.
Kokoreng koreng !
Sing a different song !
Kokoreng koreng !
If singers are here !
Kokoreng koreng.
Song out of time is useless,
Kokoreng koreng !
No one has come, lads,
Kokoreng koreng !
Sing, brothers, keep singing,
Kokoreng koreng !
Dust has fallen in our eyes,
Kokoreng koreng,
From singing in another's land.
Kokoreng koreng !
Why are we not singing ?
Kokoreng koreng !

III

(*Sung by dancers at the Koqsar festival only.*)

efrain : Sôlây^{a} rê rê lôy^{a} rê rê lôy^{a}, layôr, rê rê lô rê rê lôy^{a} !
horus : Kâkâr, dâdâ-lê, kâpêrâ, layôr, kâpêrâ layôr-ê !
(Crow, brethren, night-jar, lads, night-jar, lads !)

. Têhan pêgh guranjôrâ, layôr, gûranjôrâ, layôr-ê !
(Above (?) rain is-thundering, lads, thundering, lads !)
Kâkâr, etc.
. Âh^{a}lêkâ âyô âyô-râ, layôr, âyô-râ, layôr-ê !
(Thus not not, lads, not, lads !)
Kâkâr, etc.

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949
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3. Adrâm âyô, badûrâ, layôr, badûrâ, layôr-ê ?
((If) thus not, how, lads, how, lads ?)
Kâkâṛ, etc.
4. Wô'aṭi-tagânê mâtâlarâ, layôr, mâtâlarâ, lâyôr-ê !
(Veranda-in Mata-is, lads, Mata-is, lads !)
Kâkâṛ, etc.
5. Râwaṛ-agânê pên-ôrâ, layôr, pên-ôrâ, lâyôr-ê !
(Shrine-in clan-god, lads, clan-god, lads.)
Kâkâṛ, etc.
6. Uṭi-tagânê Tallôgââ, layôr, Tallôgââ, layôr-ê !
(Carrying-net-in Village-Mother, lads, Village-Mother, lads !)
Kâkâṛ, etc.

Free Translation

Solaya re re loya, re re loya, lads O, re re lo, re re loya !
O the crow, brothers, O the night-jar, lads, O the night-jar !
The rain-clouds are thundering, lads, thundering on high !
O the crow, brothers, O the night-jar, lads, O the night-jar !
Do not sing thus though, nay, lads, no, nay, no, lads, do not sing thus !
O the crow, brothers, O the night-jar, lads, O the night-jar !
If thus we must sing not, lads, then how must we sing, lads ?
O the crow, brothers, O the night-jar, lads, O the night-jar !
In her veranda is Mâtâ, lads, the Mâtâ goddess, lads O !
O the crow, brothers, O the night-jar, lads, O the night-jar !
In his shrine is the clan-god, lads, the clan-god, O lads !
O the crow, brothers, O the night-jar, lads, O the night-jar !
In her net the Village Mother, lads, the Village Mother, lads !
O the crow, brothers, O the night-jar, lads, O the night-jar !

FOUR RIDDLES ([illegible]) FROM HIKUL VILLAGE

Q. Ustâ-nâdê gumchâr bôṛê kôrintâ ?
(Cow-dung) plastered (place)-on dove what crawls ?
What is the dove that struts on fresh cow-dung plaster ?
A. Ôṛâ. (A boat.)

Q. Rêkâ- ichôr puñgâr, kauṛâ- ichôr pêṛêm ?
(Leaf-hat as-big-as flower, cowry-shell as-small-as seed ?)
What is the seed as small as a cowry shell inside a flower as big as a leaf-hat ?
A. Bâlô ; wad. (A spider in its web.)

Q. Hudilâ pilâ mêtâ-tûn tochtôq ?
(Small child mountain wears-as-hat ?)
What is the child that wears a mountain on its head ?
A. Yêṭâ. (A crab.)

Q. Ônâgê nâtênâ pônâghi mârê-tê mêñj ?
(Any village-of green-pigeon feather-on egg ?)
In any village what is like an egg on the feather of a green pigeon ?
A. Nêl-Marrâ. ((A fruit of) the *aonla* tree.)

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949
AW32 Gond AW32
Hill Maria
Bison Horn Maria

VII

I found it very difficult—and I suspect that Grigson had 196
the same experience—to see Marias in action. Tribes vary greatly
in their willingness to allow a visitor to be present at their ceremonial. 609
The Murias used to invite me to marriages or festivals, sending
information about them long beforehand. The Saoras are delighted
to have visitors at their celebrations and more than once the ghost
of a long dead headman has come upon the priest and admonished
the people to treat me right. But the Bondos do their utmost to
keep the stranger away; during the great summer festival they pile
the paths leading to their villages with thorn bushes and not even
a fellow Bondo, if he belongs to another village, is admitted. The
Marias do not go so far as that, yet I found them singularly unwilling
to let me watch them do anything. When I was camping at Borgum
I heard that the Wijja Pandum was to be celebrated in two days'
time and rather unwisely announced my intention of being present.
On the morning of the festival a delegation arrived in camp to say
that the proceedings had had to be postponed because the Perma's
wife was in her period—though I darkly suspect that the old lady
had in fact passed the climacteric. I had to dodge round the country
for weeks before I saw a wedding, and to witness the Ghotpal
Marhai I had to come sixty miles on an elephant down from the
Abujhmar because the dates were changed at the last moment.

But since a page of personal observation is worth a whole. 585
chapter of hearsay I will describe the wedding at which I assisted
and the great festival at Ghotpal in 1[illegible].

On March 15th, 1942 I was camping in Gogonda at the edge
of the hills overlooking the great southern plain. That evening,
I was told, two girls were to be taken to Sirsitti, a village some two
thousand feet below, to be married. At about five o'clock therefore
married and unmarried women collected and began to dance
with one of the brides. She had her head and shoulders completely
covered with a shawl and wailed loudly all the time. Three pots 585
of rice-beer were distributed to the dancers and a large number of 535
onlookers, and then the dancers took the bride round the village.
This was a very pretty sight. The circle of dancers would suddenly
elongate into a line and then curl up again in a ring. As they danced [431]
from house to house, men and women would come out and put a
ring on the bride's finger or a necklace round her neck and embrace
her by raising her hands twice to their foreheads and then clasping
her in their arms. As they did so, the dancers sang the names of the 585
people who were giving presents and their exact relationship to the 533 ●
bride. At other times they sang how the girl had hitherto been
going to and fro freely in the jungle, getting wood, husking grain,

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949

AW32 Gond AW32
Hill Maria
Bison Horn Maria

585 fetching water, but that now she was to go to a life that was both
[533] sweet and bitter. Finally, a group of quite little girls arrived on
the scene with bundles of food tied up in cloth on their heads and
the bride, still weeping loudly, was carried off by her girl companions
across the fields into the sunset. It was a moving sight, this taking
away of the bride to her new life, but it was noticeable that no
member of the bridegroom's family came to fetch her. She was
simply taken away by her own people to his village.

Next morning I started before dawn with my assistant Mr.
Sampat Singh on the long descent to Sirsitti. The scenery on the
way was magnificent. From the brow of the hill we could see
stretching away almost to Orissa the great plain of Konta and
Sukma with the peaks of hills rising above the mist just touched
by the morning sun. When we reached the village we found the
two marriages in progress, though everyone was a little jaded
having been up dancing all night. There were little camps outside
the village for the two brides and the bridegrooms' families sent
food and liquor out to them. During the morning there was some
desultory dancing in the middle of the village, and a group of girls
sat round each bride who wailed loudly from time to time as the girls
sang to her about the sorrows and hardships of the married life
to which she was now going. Young men from Gogonda, the brides'
village, cooked the food supplied by the bridegrooms and this was
ready about three o'clock in the afternoon. The visitors assembled
beneath a magnificent mango tree outside the village, and the feast
was very carefully served by the young men; an exact number of
[264] leaf-cups was prepared and each contained the same number of
bits of pork; an equal number contained identical portions of rice.
The boys then served the cups, first to the women and then to the
men. Others went round pouring gravy on the rice and they all
ate together. When the meal was over they went to a stream near
[271] by and drank, kneeling down and putting their faces right into
the water to suck it up.

Then the girls assembled round the first bride, who was still
585 covered with the shawl which all through that sweltering day she
had not once laid aside, and danced with her into the centre of the
535 village. Another party escorted the second bride and soon the
scene was very lively with two separate dances whirling round
the square. Presently the first party danced up to the future
husband's house. They gathered in a very tight block before
the door and began to sing loudly and rapidly, jerking their bodies
to and fro from the hips, a song which meant, 'Come and get her
if you can, brother; come and catch her if you can'. For some
585 time the bridegroom stood in a rather embarrassed fashion in the

menstruous women. When the hunters go out into the jungle they must not walk across the footprints of such a woman nor should they see her shadow or cross it. They often suppose, when a hunt is a complete failure, that they must have walked across the footprints of a menstruous woman as they were going out. In Benur, Dansa Muria walked over the shadow of such a woman as he was going to the jungle. Soon afterwards he saw a sambhar, but as he was taking aim his bow broke and he got a swelling on his body. He went home, and when the Siraha had diagnosed the cause of the trouble, he made offerings to Kadrengal and the jungle dogs and so recovered. 224 841

[411]

Should a woman enter her period during the absence of her husband on a hunt, he ought to return home, or if he does accompany the party he must not go near any traps or across the tracks of any animal; nor should he carry the animal when it is killed nor, since Kadrengal and the Departed live in them, should he hold a bow and arrow or a gun.

Adultery on the part of one of the hunters' wives also can ruin a hunt. This has happened in Remawand, in Bandopal, Chaniyagaon and no doubt in other places. The hunter not only loses the game but falls ill, and many kinds of misfortune befall his household; his cattle die and the outraged Dead withdraw their protection. 224 837

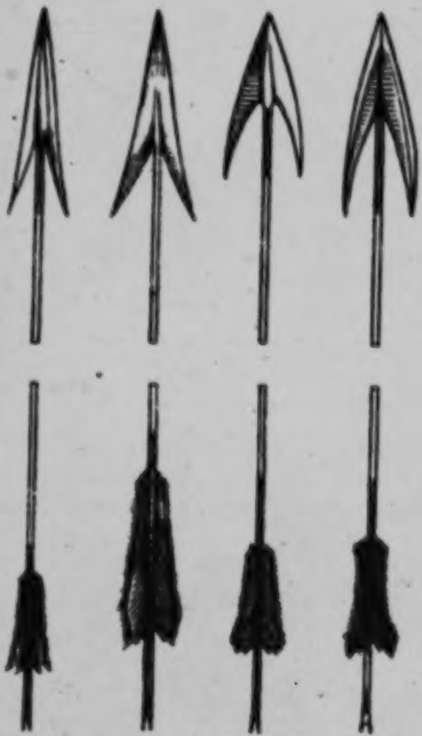

FIG. 10. Arrows and arrow-heads
Length 2' 5"

There are many songs about hunting, sung during the Hulki dances and in the ghotul. 533 224

I

Chikhal miṭṭi hariya māma hīri-gir hīrigir shikāri shikāri!	O the mud of the salt-lick, uncle shikari! 539 224
Tupak sāja kiona māma.	Make your gun ready, uncle shikari.
Māli gondi tupāk māma.	The name of the gun is Maligondi, uncle shikari.
Gopir kewar sura māma.	Make gunpowder with gum from the mode tree, uncle shikari.

Nikun lendi uditer manni.	We have come to take you, girl.	584
Haley dobi jhuley da!	Let us shake her, let us swing her!	
Jora jāngh la nichat lamay da.	Extend both your legs.	539
Chhinde ve ban ke bendra.	The forest monkey bites.	
Kohom de ve ghar ke bilai	The household cat scratches.	
Mahāra dhare jora bichchhu.	In the Mahara's house, there is a pair of scorpions.	
Re ve loyo vela ve ve la!	*Re re loyo re re la!*	

II. The Evidence of the Songs

The importance of the betrothal ceremony is shown by the place it holds in the long narrative songs sung in the ghotul or at a funeral. These songs are valuable as revealing in the most authentic manner what the Muria themselves regard as important; they are in fact documentaries in verse. 584 533

I quote here two of these songs, both of which give an interesting account of the course of Muria life. The first is a song used when a menhir is erected. It was sung by Dorga Muria of Dugabangal, a village at the foot of the Abujhmar Hills. In the second song, a Ghotul Pata from Nayanar, is another vivid description of the betrothal. Both in these songs and similar narrative poems given elsewhere in this book, the importance of the ceremony is clearly emphasized.

The Fate of Nirabosi Usendi

In this island of the world lived Kamragatti of the Dhurwa clan. 584
He had a daughter.
There was a boy, too, son of Nirabosi of the Usendi clan. 539
Nirabosi Usendi went to Kamragatti Dhurwa to betroth his son.
He himself went ahead and the brother-clansmen behind.
The Dhurwa asked them, 'Why have you come?'
'You have a daughter, we have come for her.'
'I have a daughter, I have not given her to anyone.'
Thus spoke Kamragatti to Nirabosi of the Usendi clan.
Seeing the bottle of liquor, Kamragatti desired it.
'You are related to me of old, I will give you my daughter.'

The daughter was inside and heard their talk.
She said, 'Many men came for my betrothal, but he did not give me to them.
Today they came and he has given me.'
Thinking thus she was very pleased.
The men drank the liquor and so made an end.
Old man Kamragatti was thinking; he thought, 'I too will give them liquor'.
Amsetiya Kalar and Hiramoti Kalarin had a still.
He went there to fetch liquor.
His daughter came out of the house.
The Usendi asked her, 'Where are you going?'
'I am not going anywhere, I am only coming out of the house.'
'O daughter-in-law, you are so big—why are you not going to someone?
O daughter-in-law, we have come today for your betrothal and you are going out.'
'Men came before for my betrothal, but my father refused to give me.
That is why I am living here and do not go to anyone.'

585 of his daughter to a Poyami boy from Eitkonar. On 3 March 1941, therefore, I made my camp in the village, and was greeted with great affection.

Preparations for the Marriage

585 533 For a whole week before the marriage, there had been energetic preparations both in the ghotul and the home. In the ghotul the chelik and motiari gathered round the bride and sang songs about her future joys and sorrows. So important is this training of the bride that even where the girls do not normally sleep in the ghotul, the rule is relaxed for these few days.

The songs describe the joys of ghotul life and the girl's stern and sorrowful experiences under a stepmother's rule. Here is a fairly lengthy song on this familiar theme. After each line the refrain *Rerela rerela rela rerela* is repeated several times. Each line ends with the exclamation *Roy helo, O sister*! and is itself repeated twice.

Song

Rerela rerela rela rerela

585 *Niya ra mandāna loni roy helo,*	This used to be your home,
539 *Loni gājur hindu roy helo,*	How clamorous your talk here,
Loni re hinja podār roy helo.	But now the house is silent.
Niya re nāru gali roy helo,	Yours was the village path,
Koliyāl tokār harri helo,	The path was like a fox's tail,
Bera re arrān gāti roy helo,	You used to go at sunset,
Dāwāng haide heti roy helo,	In your left hand a winnowing-fan,
Tināng haide hesur roy helo,	In your right hand a broom,
Ghotu de heya hardi roy helo,	You went to clean the ghotul,
Jaliyāl mal lehka roy helo.	Like a peacock strutting.
Amha na miyār indur roy helo.	We said, 'There goes so-and-so's daughter'.
Ghotu de gājur hindu roy helo,	In the ghotul was a lot of noise,
Kile re koru racha roy helo,	The court was long and broad,
Niya ra jor tor layor roy helo,	You had a boy lover,
Jodire omdoy hiti roy helo,	But you are leaving him lonely,
Sangi re jor tor layor roy helo,	You had a boy lover,
Sangi re tasi dāki roy helo,	You are going away leaving him behind,
Dinda re rāj te mandi roy helo,	You were living in the kingdom of the unmarried,
Adere rājo puto roy helo,	You will never enter it again,
Buto re kabār punwin roy helo,	You don't know what toil there is ahead,
Sagāre sidun punwin roy helo,	You don't know what relatives can be like,
Haton ne wāton ne punwin roy helo,	You don't know what visitors will come,
Kosure koytune punwin roy helo,	You don't know what officials will come,
Ideke sudi wāyar roy helo,	But soon you will know it all,
Ideke bara pundahi roy helo.	Soon you will discover what married life is like.

2: Elwin E-5 (1935-1942) 1947 AW32 Gond AW32
Muria

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539

THE COURSE OF MURIA LIFE: YOUTH

Rerela rerela rela rerela

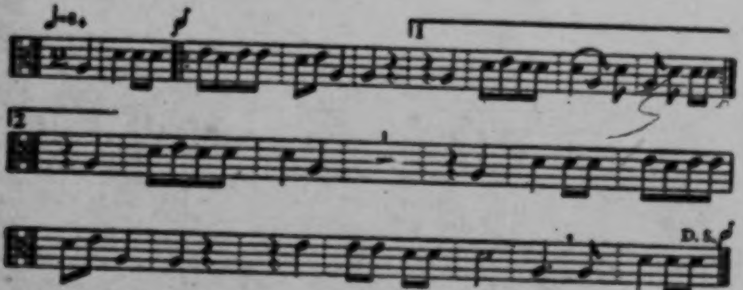
They remind the motiari of her former lovers:

Niya jorta layor helo adere,	He was your yoke-fellow,
Kotal jori layor helo adere,	He was your lover,
Ore layor hunjidi helo adere,	You used to sleep with him,
Narka dhuinga talkindi helo adere,	At night he craved tobacco,[1]
Dhuinga hile indur helo adere.	You said you had none.
Adere dhuinga āyo helo adere.	But that was not his real desire.
Hewon injor witindi helo adere.	You denied him and tried to run away.
Layon tasi dāhi helo adere.	But now forever you are leaving him.

They also remind the bridegroom (if he is in the same ghotul) of what he too is going to lose.

How good it would have been had the Raja stayed, O Rani!
He would have been lord of this kingdom;
We would have served him as his servants;
We would have brought our ploughs for his field;
We would have carried his loads without charge.
We would have been given rice as our wages.
We would have carried home his bundles of rice.
We would have brought them from the fields, lifting up our loads.
We would have taken them to the Raja, and he would have paid us our wages, O Rani!

This song is specially appropriate to one of the leaders of the ghotul: other songs have a more general application.



[533]

Dindorājo jorājo nona.	The kingdom of the free, lad.
Ide rājo puto nona.	You'll never see it more, lad.
Niya udyna ghotul nona.	You came to the ghotul, lad.
Parmādhoro ghotul nona.	Fair as bison-horns, lad.
Ide ghotul de wandir nona.	You used to come here always, lad.
Dāna haide gihi nona.	A sleeping-mat in the left hand, lad.
Tina haida barga nona.	In the right hand a stick, lad.

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[1] To ask for tobacco is the conventional way of inviting a girl to sexual congress.

[833]

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During the day, material preparations keep the family busy and excited. Rice must be husked and cleaned, pulses prepared; the men must arrange for liquor, the women for oil and haldi. As they grind the haldi the women sing:

Māyo balum jamudi.	O Jamidarin mother, we call on you.
Kāher ghare niy utra,.	Don't go elsewhere, O mother,
Maniya daniya ghare je.	But come to Maniya Daniya's house.
Tuhe neuta pārila,	We invite you here,
Dandik baie yiha se,	Come for a little while,
Haldi pura dihāse.	Let there be full measure of haldi and flour.

Asa māyo asa je.	Do not betray our faith in you.
Māyo balum bangārām.	O mother Bangaram!
Tuhe neuta pārila.	We invite you also.
Kāher ghare neuta je?	Whose is this invitation?
Maniya daniya ghare je.	It is to Maniya Daniya's house.
Haldi pura dihāse.	May there be full measure of haldi and flour.

And so on, endlessly, through a score of deities. Maniya Daniya simply means 'so-and-so' and is altered to the actual name of the householder in each case.

The Bridegroom's Farewell Dance

585 Shortly after my arrival, a roll of drums heralded the approach of the bridegroom, attended by a party of chelik and motiari, who made a temporary camp under a mango tree outside the boundary of the village. This night they cooked for themselves, but three of them came on deputation to the headman to ask for assistants to help with water and cooking. Later, the bridegroom's party began to dance, led by the boy himself; it was his farewell and final dance as an unmarried man.

The Preparation of the Bride

At about nine in the evening, the elders of the village assembled outside the headman's house for a preliminary drink, and two hours later the chelik and motiari gathered in the same place. The elders had now gone away, and the boys made a big fire, and brought out the bride. The girl, who had been Belosa, was covered with a cloth and made to sit in the lap of the Tiloka, her own sister, and was supported on either side by the Sirdar and Kandki. [152] She began to weep loudly and mournfully: she was in good voice, for she had been practising in the ghotul every day for the past week. Today she must continue to cry all night. The boys and girls sang to drown the painful noise, to instruct her in her new duties and themselves to mourn the loss of their Belosa. All night they continued weeping, singing, sometimes dancing, though unlike the bridegroom the bride had no heart for this. From time to time they took a little liquor. It was a moving sight, for the girl's sorrow was genuine, as well it might be—she was leaving a world of freedom and romance for the unfamiliarity of a strange house. The ghotul children also felt the departure of one of their number very deeply; they had lived with her for years; as Belosa she had been the lover of the boys and controlled the destiny of the girls.

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The sequence of the songs was fascinating; with Pilsai's help I was able to get a lot of it down. It was sung in a mixture of Gondi, Halbi and Chhattisgarhi.

THE COURSE OF MURIA LIFE: YOUTH

The Bride's Song

585
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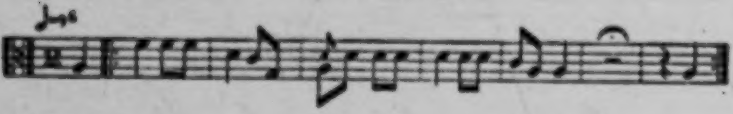


585 The bride wept:

539 Father, my own father, come to me,
For I am going away to a stranger's house.
Had I been a boy you would have brought a daughter
To your own house.
But as I am a girl you send me away.
Had I been a boy, my wife and I would have stayed with you and made you happy.
But I must go away, and we both are sad.

Mother, my own mother, come to me.
Yesterday I was husking rice in your house;
I was sweeping the floor, fetching water from the well,
Cooking food for you, plucking leaves for cups and plates.
But now I go away to a stranger's house, and who will care for you?
How lovingly you looked after me!
But in this new house shall I find joy or sorrow?
When you come to see me shall I be able to give you so much as a cup of gruel?
From today my games, my fun, my seeing you will end.

Now the bride addressed the head of the ghotul.

O Sirdar, when you came to the ghotul and found it dirty
With ashes and dust and no one had swept it,
You called for me and asked me whose fault it was.
The Kotwar and Kandki defended me,
But you said, We are not Maria that we should sleep in dirt,
And so you fined us.
Now I am going away and whom will you have to fine?
Daily I cleaned the ghotul,
But now who will clean it?
With you I used to play and dance,
But now my feet are bound, and I shall not meet you even in my dreams.
Who knows whether I shall find joy or sorrow in this stranger's house.
Sometimes I combed your hair and laughing rubbed your arms,
But sometimes I was tired and slept.
Then you all said, Why don't you comb our hair,
And massage our limbs today?
You must have been to someone, why don't you come to us today?
For this you punished us, turning us out, and saying,
Never come more to the ghotul.
But I brought you liquor and with folded hands
Begged you to let us in again.
Now even in my dreams I may not massage you,
And who will there be to comfort you?

THE MURIA AND THEIR GHOTUL

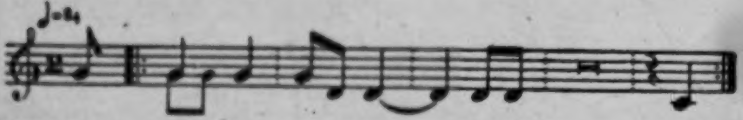
The Meeting of the Parents

585 Just inside the village the parties met—the girls greeted each other, and the elders sat down on the ground for *pārin-bhet* or *samdhi-bhet*, an important little rite which emphasizes that marriage is more than a union of two individuals; it is an alliance of families. A cloth was spread on the ground, and the father of the bride and the father of the bridegroom—the two samdhi—sat down together to talk for a few minutes. The Gaita drew lines of rice-flour and turmeric on the ground, and exclaimed, 'Let tomorrow's work be rooted deep and the tree grow large!' When they got up someone threw a pot of haldi-water over them and there was a lot of ribald laughter.

In Esalnar, the samdhi sat down with a pot of water and cleaned their teeth, exchanging the twigs and saying, 'Let there be no quarrels, let all be well, let there be many children. As the root is below and branches above, so may we be united'.

During this little ceremony the motiari sing various songs, of which the following (in Chhattisgarhi) is an example:

● [533]



[539]

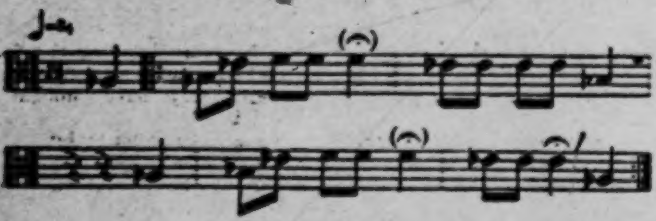
Milo milo milo samdhi kukur pila sang milo!	Meet, meet, meet, samdhi, meet with a puppy!
Kukur pila la kāy karbo? Lejo tumor pila.	What should I do with a puppy? Take away your baby.
Milo milo milo samdhi hāthi pila sang milo!	Meet, meet, meet, samdhi, meet with a baby elephant!
Hāthi pila la kāy karbo? Lejo tumor pila.	What should I do with a baby elephant? Take away your baby.
Milo milo milo samdhi burhāl pila sang milo!	Meet, meet, meet, samdhi, meet with a tiger cub!
Burhāl pila la kāy karbo? Lejo tumor pila.	What should I do with a tiger cub? Take away your baby.
Milo milo milo samdhi gini pila sang milo!	Meet, meet, meet, samdhi, meet with a sucking pig!
Gini pila la kāy karbo? Lejo tumor pila.	What should I do with a sucking pig? Take away your baby.

The bride's motiari went forward; one of them picked up the boy on her back, and they led him in this formation to his camp on one side of the headman's field.

Here was a small leaf-hut under a shady tree. Men and women of both parties greeted the bridegroom. They washed his feet and put a rice-mark on his forehead. Then they led him into the hut and made him sit on a new mat.

The Giving of the Ring

The scene now shifts to the bride's house. Presents of cloth were given to the bride's mother. As it had not been done at the engagement-time, the ring-cowrie, in its modern form of four annas, was given to the bride's father and put in the Pot of the Departed to compensate the ancestors for



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Chhind pān ke maur dai.	Of palm leaves is the crown, mother.
Main maur bāndho dai?	May I wear the crown, mother?
Kāy mola debe bābu?	What will you give me, son?
Gaihri ke rupiya dai,	I'll give you a bundle of money, mother,
Kotha ke baila dai,	I'll give you a bullock in the stall, mother,
Wahi baila debe bābu.	Give me that bullock, son.

Here is a rather charming little song, which was recorded at Palari.

585
539.

Bāri kata chhind bata rati rati kande	The palm grows near the fence and cries all night.
Na kānd re chhind bata bābu maur pinde,	Don't cry, O palm, my son will wear you as a crown,
Bāndo re bāndo pujāri chaduk maur bāndo.	Tie O tie it, priest, carefully tie the crown.

Bringing in the Mānda Wood

Now the chelik of Sidhawand, assisted by visiting chelik from other villages, went out with the Gaita to fetch wood for the marriage-booth. The Gaita cut a small mahua tree with a single blow of his axe, and the boys cut the other poles and leafy branches of sarai wood. Presently the party returned, drumming, dancing and singing, with loud shouts of *Pude* (vagina).[1] It was now nearly sunset. The boys piled the wood in the place where they were going to build the booth, and danced round it holding each other's hands. The motiari came and picked up the mahua tree. They stood in a bunch very close together, everyone held the tree and banged it up and down, singing vigorously. 585

While the wood was being brought in the girls sang taunt-songs at the boys, most of them obscene. The first, for example, has the refrain *Kerad bāyāng berke anding perbatak chete mor layor*, 'The chelik's testicles are like the fruit of a dried-up tree and the root of a gourd; his penis is like a snake'. 585 533 831

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[1] Risley describes a festival of Dharti Mai among the Mal Paharia. 'The dancing party shout continually *bur, bur* (*pudendum muliebre*), a mode of invocation believed to be especially acceptable to the goddess. In this somewhat indelicate cry we may perhaps see a barbarous and undraped reference to the *vis genetrix naturae* so prominent in many early forms of belief.'—H. H. Risley, *The Tribes and Castes of Bengal* (Calcutta, 1891), Vol. II, p. 71.

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Awa bābo lewor wo dai.	He has no father or mother.
Wenayise torun wo dai.	But here is a goat for the *torun*.
Mardi marra manda wo dai;	The pole is from the saja tree;
Layān parle bona wo dai.	Young girls made the platform.
Marka āki torun wo dai.	Of mango leaves is the *torun*.
Bāhiya nima behwi wo dai?	Why do you not answer, Mother?
Bābona jiwa werriyta wo dai.	The boy's soul is frightened, Mother.

Tying of the Beni-plaits

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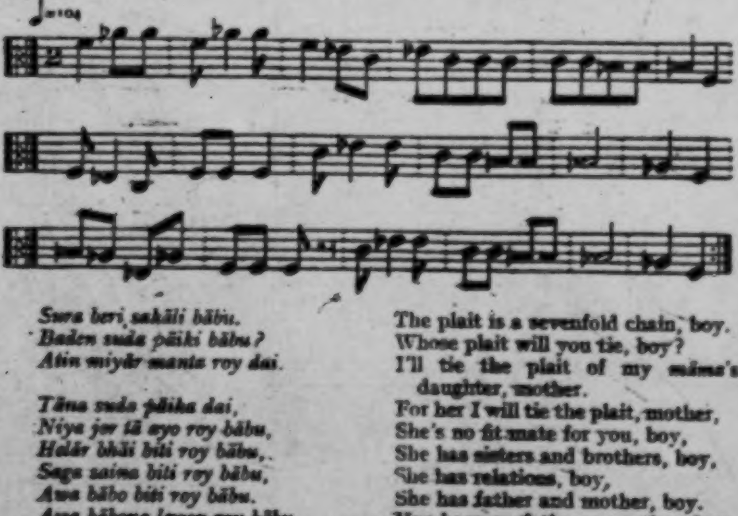
After this, the motiari carried the bride back to her house and her motiari and others anointed her with haldi. Then in both camps motiari busied themselves with tying the hair of their charges into two long and five little plaits. Other motiari stood round singing a song with the refrain,

Riri loyo. Ririlo rilo riri loyo ririlo riri loyo ririlo rilo rilo riri loyo ririlo.



Sura beri sakāli bābu.	The plait is a sevenfold chain, boy.
Baden suda pāiki bābu?	Whose plait will you tie, boy?
Atin miyār mania roy dai.	I'll tie the plait of my *māma's* daughter, mother.
Tāna suda pāiha dai,	For her I will tie the plait, mother,
Niya jor tā ayo roy bābu,	She's no fit mate for you, boy,
Halār bhāi biti roy bābu,	She has sisters and brothers, boy,
Saga saina biti roy bābu,	She has relations, boy,
Awa bābo biti roy bābu.	She has father and mother, boy.
Awa bābona lewon roy bābu.	You have no father or mother, boy.
Tārāl tamor lewon roy bābu.	You have no brothers, boy.

This is a very common sentiment in the marriage songs. The bridegroom is an orphan, alone in the world, useless, ugly, unfit to mate with a bride so richly dowered with wealth and relatives. I add two other very short songs:

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Sur beni beni roy dya,	O the links of the plait, mother,
Main beni pārosde dya,	I want to tie the plait, mother,
Pārois pāro ivy pāro mona.	If you wish, boy, you may tie it.

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Kope le kope le udah toriy kimu roy.	Kopa girl, Kopa girl, give us a little.
Kope le kope le sãnde toriy kimu roy.	Kopa girl, Kopa girl, give the earth quickly.
Kope le kope le bāti jora kiti roy?	Kopa girl, Kopa girl, what are you doing?
Kope le kope le tada kope tada roy.	Kopa girl, Kopa girl, quickly get up.
Kope le kope le kopāl ondah kitor roy?	Kopa girl, Kopa girl, is the cowherd enjoying you?
Kope le kope le girda mata mdyoy roy?	Kopa girl, Kopa girl, haven't you finished?
Kope le kope le girda tāyo koskor roy?	Kopa girl, Kopa girl, are you still sleeping?

585 Presently the woman appeared carrying a digging-stick and was greeted with derisive shouts. She led them to the spot where the cattle rested at midday. There she sprinkled water and cow-dung and prepared a little patch of ground. The Gaita offered rice, egg-shell and haldi, and took the digging-stick in his hand. This was also held by the Kopa's wife and the bridegroom's mother. All three together dug up a little earth, put it into a basket and covered it with cloth. Suddenly one of the motiari picked up the basket and ran as hard as she could towards the *manda*. The chelik chased her; they had to catch her before she reached it. They were just in time; they took one of her rings, and then allowed her to put the earth by the mahua tree under the booth.

Plastering the Manda Platform

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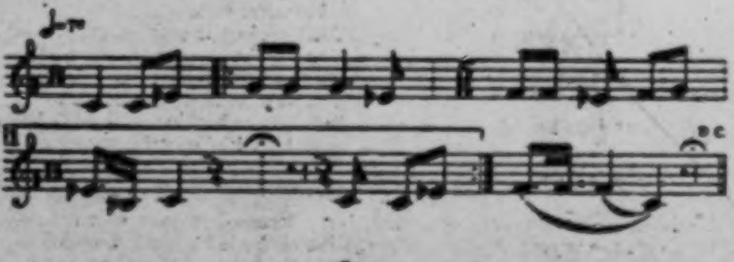
Then some old women, singing very fast, began to plaster with this special mud a little platform in the middle of the booth. They made patterns of rice-flour, plastered them in, and finally smoothed it all over.

● 533



Song

Bowla parlia layor pauseriva konda bakong.	The boys don't know how to make the platform.
Nāgal chotong tallenjo.	The penis is like a ploughshare.
Māke bowla parvi koson ra.	The boys won't let us make the platform.
Sir karun layor parvi rom.	If they did, how beautifully we'd make it.

80

THE MURIA AND THEIR GHOTUL

The Midday Dance

585 539 Then the chelik gathered round the booth and began to dance, holding each other's hands swinging backwards and forwards to a rather dismal tune, as they circled slowly round.

Songs

1

Tāra wo dai nāwa sono pungāri.	Give me my golden flower, mother.
Nāwa iga to hile mani niya bubān wigādu.	I haven't got it, your father has it, son.
Tāra wo baba nāwa sono pungāri.	Give me my golden flower, father.
Nāwa iga to hile mani niya dādān igādu.	I haven't got it, your brother has it, son.
Tāra wo dāda nāwa sono pungāri.	Give me my golden flower, brother.

—and so on, taking the names of every relative present.

2

Walālidāti koliyāl walālita?	Where are you going, fox, where are you going?
Chitkodāl waydl hilu jo tāna toka tun kopur pandhal.	Make a broom of a squirrel's tail.
Walālidāti virāl walālita?	Where are you going, leopard, where are you going?
Chitkodāl waydl tāna tālla tun kudwo pandardr.	Make a measure of the head of a rat.

585 It was now midday and the visiting motiari brought food to the booth as reward for the boys who had gone to fetch the wood the previous day. The boys sat down in a wide circle round the booth and the girls served them with rice and vegetables on leaf-plates. When they had finished the chelik got up and down three times shouting 'Pernia!', and so dispersed.

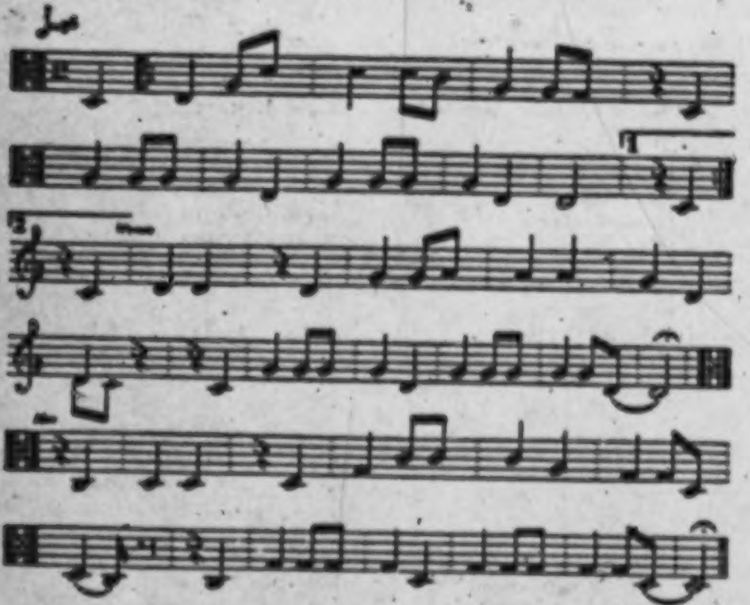
When darkness fell everyone went home for the evening meal. The headman provided pork for his visitors: the pig was knocked over the head with a rice-pounder and the Gaita offered the carcass mahua-spirit saying, 'Let there be enough flesh for us all and some left over'.

Throughout the night there was singing and dancing; every now and then the weary bride and groom were brought out to be anointed, from the feet upwards to the head.

[533 831] The company drank, and made merry with fescennine songs, for 'there is no purdah in a house of marriage'. Much of the dancing during the night and a large part of the day was done without drums in almost Hill Maria style. Boys, or boys and girls, held hands and moved slowly round the marriage-booth in a wide circle. The singing was monotonous, but the songs themselves are often more interesting than those concerned merely with details of the ritual.

2: Elwin E-5 (1935-1942) 1947 AW32 Gond AW32
Muria

THE COURSE OF MURIA LIFE: YOUTH



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Songs

1

Aliyāro maliyāro kanki nuka jāji!	The gruel is made of bits of rice, Aliyaro Maliyaro! 585
Aliyāro maliyāro ulenda jāji hīmu!	Give us the gruel quickly, Aliyaro Maliyaro! 539
Aliyārsingh maliyārsingh bēnde neke dākit?	Where are you going, Aliyarsingh Maliyarsingh?
Aliyāro maliyāro pīrewda pite jori!	We are like a pair of pigeons, Aliyaro Maliyaro!
Aliyāro maliyāro jori parki dāka!	We are off to search for wives, Aliyaro Maliyaro!
Aliyārsingh maliyārsingh udir bhūmi dāka?	What country are you going to, Aliyarsingh Maliyarsingh?
Aliyāro maliyāro lānjir bhūmi dāka!	We are going to Lanji Land, Aliyaro Maliyaro!

2

Charota mara baba charota mara dewni roy!	O the shade of the charota tree, father!
Wākne darbār baba darbār nahi roy?	What is this darbar, O father?

rupee to purchase rings in the bazaar. The Hichami Gaita then dug the hole 769
and they put a saja leaf in the bottom and the stone above it. Soon afterwards a second stone was brought for Birju's mother and this was placed separately, for it is the rule that the memorials for men and women should not usually be together, though this rule, like all rules, is often broken. They bathed the stones and put a *gappa* basket with roots and rice in front of the woman's stone and a dish in front of the man's. Everyone present put a mark of oil and haldi on the stones, just as they might have done at a marriage to the bride and bridegroom. They returned home and sacrificed a bullock and tied the tail to the old man's menhir. On this occasion the souls of the deceased were brought back to the Hanalkot, which stands in the village itself.

The cow or bullock is often chosen by old people while they are still alive. Widows, who may reasonably expect to be neglected, are insistent on dedicating such an animal.

XII. General Ideas about the Menhirs

There is a universal belief that the memorial stones grow in size if the soul of the dead is satisfied with the arrangements that are made for him. I have on several occasions spoken to the Muria of the north (who erect very much smaller stones than the Maria of the south) about the great *urashal* of the Bison-horn Maria. They invariably reply, 'But, of course, these stones are very old and they have grown; they could never have put up such big ones'. They believe that even the small stones of the north will grow in time. Kodu, the very intelligent Malguzar of Khutgaon in the extreme north of the State, told me that in the past twenty years he has definitely seen the stones grow in size. A very small stone is put for a baby and it is believed that it will grow gradually until it has reached the size it should have been had it been placed for a man of twenty.

When a stone grows it is considered fortunate. There is sure to be happiness and good luck for the family. [787] If a stone falls down or goes crooked, the relatives consult the Siraha and then put it straight and offer whatever sacrifices he has recommended. It is generally supposed that when a stone falls, it is an indication that the ghost of the dead is angry or feels neglected. In some places, the collapse of a menhir is regarded as prophetic of disaster, and generally should white ants make a nest over the stone it is considered a bad omen. But in some places there is a belief that there is no need to worry about this after twenty years have passed. After twenty years the Hanal has become completely mingled with his ancestors and no longer exists as a separate entity. When an old stone falls down, therefore, the Muria perform no ceremonies and leave it where it is.

XIII. The Hanal Pata

It is very difficult to persuade the Muria to repeat the songs connected 533
with death at any but the proper time. This is quite natural, for there is
to all simple minds something dark and ominous about talking of the dead. 761
I did not find a Hill or Bison-horn Maria who was willing to repeat a single
song. It has only been among the more open-hearted and friendly Muria 769
that I have been able to get a few songs, mostly in Gondi, which are used during a funeral and at the time of erecting a menhir. I have already given the funeral songs; I will now quote a few songs used at the later ceremonies.

113 116 to death.[1] Tallur Muttai asks him to marry her, but he refuses and runs away to Semurgaon, where 'being weary' he turns into a stone, and has ever since been worshipped.

[113] This rather tedious account yet gives an exact picture of the working of the Muria's mind when he turns it to theology. The distribution of the gods probably represents very ancient migrations of the tribe. As the different Muria families moved here and there, it was necessary that their gods also should move and, in order to emphasise the unity of the tribe, should be related to one another. A Pus Kolang chant sung by the chelik of Phulpar gives a good picture of the multiplicity, variety and confusion of the Muria pantheon.

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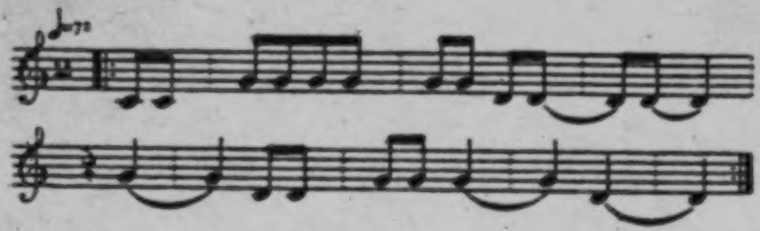

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Aho reraloyo rerela rer loyo rer loyo ahe rerela!

O the sixteen divisions of the earth,
The nine divisions of the sky!
Who is lord of the earth?
The lord of the earth is Tallur Rai.
    Give him a good Johar.

O the hoar-frost and Pati Pen!
    Give him a good Johar.

O the tiger and Kadrengal!
    Give him a good Johar.

Oho the red Sun like a blazing log
Oho the haldi-coloured Moon!
    Give them a good Johar.

Oho in a corner is the bed,
In the midst is the ocean
Nearby is the Kutela.
Oho the many baby stars!
    Give them a good Johar.

Oho in the ghotul Madan Matal Rai!
In the village Jamederin Mata!
Oho Nelo Maria Rai!
    Give him a good Johar.

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[1] For a full account of the Lingo legend, see Chapter VIII.

sat and ate, and returned home for an all-night dance by the chelik and motiari. 796

During a festival the Muria sing to a large variety of tunes, of which Walter Kaufmann recorded a number of samples: 796

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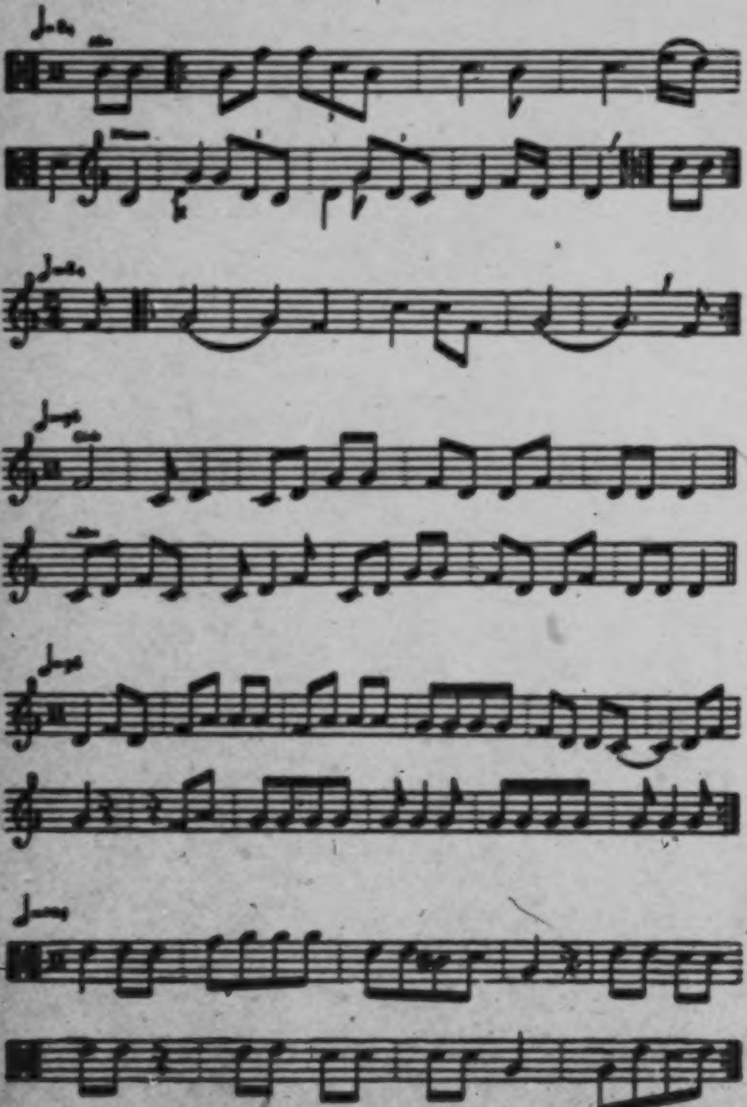

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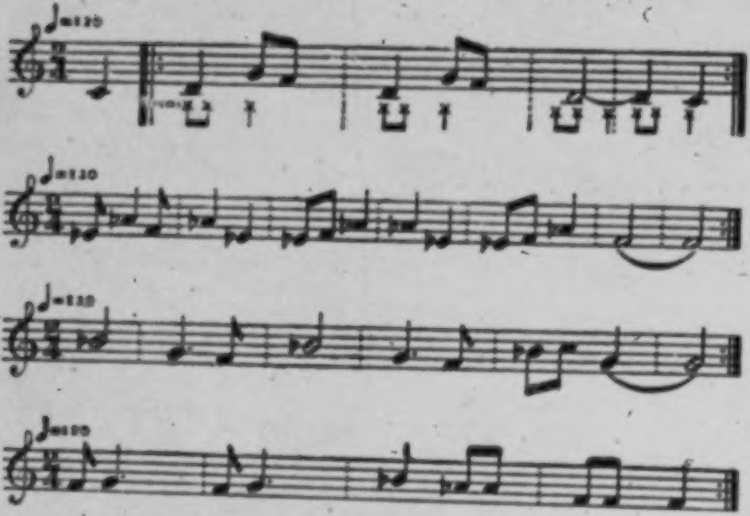

XI. Purifying the Village

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Throughout the year ceremonies, called in Halbi *bohorani*, are performed to purify the villages of disease and evil. Old brooms and baskets are collected and carried to the village boundary, and a scapegoat may be consecrated and sent away into the jungle.

Such ceremonies are performed before the Wijja Pandum in May, when the nearest stream or river first comes down in flood in July or August, before the Puna Pandum in September and before the Jata or Pupal Pandum in January. If necessary, it may be repeated before the Marka Pandum. All the year round, in fact, these protective ceremonies continue; apparently they cannot confer permanent immunity.

I will give a detailed description of one of these purificatory rites, the Nartate Kiyana for the purification and protection of Bandopal, which I witnessed on 25 April 1941. We were woken at dawn by the blowing of hunting-horns, at the sound of which the village assembled. The people went first to the shrine of the Village Mother and offered incense there; the mediums took Kuari, Maria Dokari and Hoche Muria, each represented by a bundle of date-palm leaves, out of the shrine. Others carried gourds, aoura rings, iron slag, parched gram, wheat cakes, eggs, chickens, the root of a date-palm, a pig, rice and liquor.

A long procession went round the village boundaries. At every point where a path went out of the village, the Gaita put three bits of iron slag, hammered them into the ground, and touched the place with the palm root. This, by a pleasant fiction, represented the sacrifice of a pig. At the four points of the compass he offered eggs to the Rau or demon of the forest. As they went round the boundaries, the mediums caught the ghosts and spirits of the surrounding jungle—the Bhut and Mirchuk—on the trees with palm leaves and popped them into a gourd which they then shut with a leaf-cup.

2: Elwin E-5 (1935-1942) 1947 AW32 Gond AW32
Muria

THE MURIA AND THEIR GHOTUL

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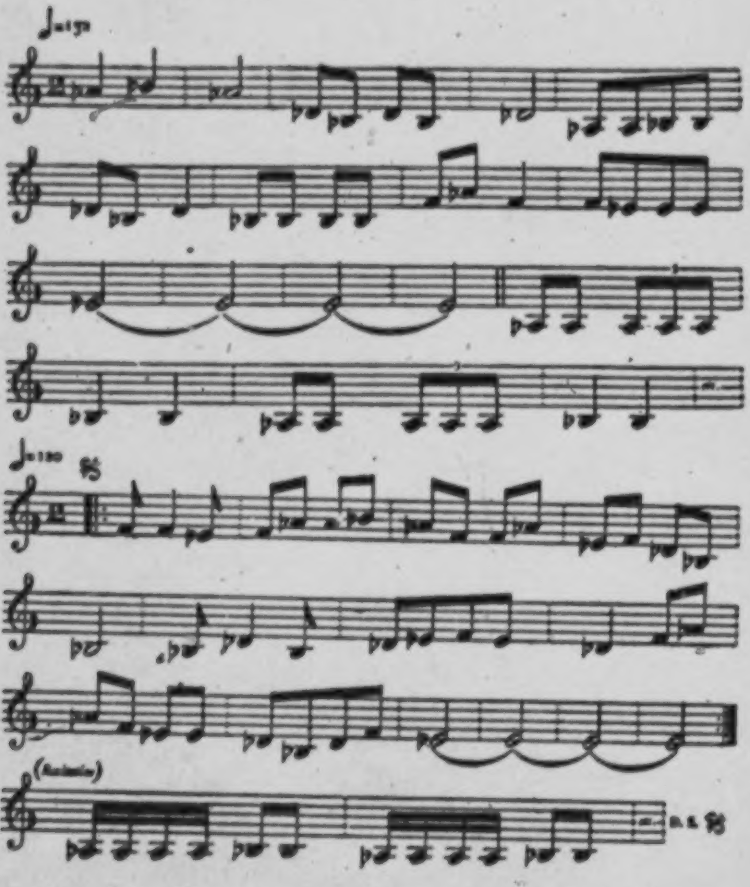
At Masora, the chelik sing in Halbi to Lingo before a wedding.



Lingo, balum, Lingo!	Lingo, say, Lingo!
Kāy hāie āy chalikman?	Why have you come, chelik?
Bita ḍhare bita newta parli bita ḍhare jao.	We've come to invite you to the wedding.
Macho buta āse.	I have work to do.
Tucho kāy buta āse?	What work have you to do?
Macho korbi ḍheta bharto āse.	I must make a handle for my hoe.
Tucho bigur nātoy gīt gobind tucho.	Without you nothing can be done.
Pahilo tucho sigcho mand.	To you liquor must first be given.
Aru sigcho hardi.	The haldi must first be put on you.
Tucho āy nibmato gīt banu āy.	Only with you the song goes well.

THE MURIA AND THEIR GHOTUL

x 883
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They come one by one, carrying their sleeping-mats and perhaps their drums. The little boys bring their daily 'tribute' of wood, 'clock in' by showing it to the official responsible and throw it in a corner. The elder boys gather round the fire; one takes a half-smoked leaf-pipe from his turban and ignites it by placing a bit of glowing wood in the cup, another plays a few notes on his flute, a third spreads his mat and lies down. The Kotwar inspects the buildings to see if the girls have done their work properly. The Sirdar comes in tired and calls a youngster to massage his legs. Gradually all the boys assemble.

At the same time the motiari are collecting near by, in someone's house, or just round the corner; at Binjhli and other villages where there is a special girls' house they gather there laughing and chatting generally, I was told, about the day's encounters with the chelik. If a group of girls have to come some distance, as from another hamlet, they often sing on the way.

Then at last the girls come in, with a rush, all together and gather round their own fire. After a while they scatter, some sitting with the boys, others singing in a corner, some lying down. Nearly always there are boys and [516] girls who are tired after the long day's work at home, and these lie down at once in a corner or in one of the smaller huts—to lie flat on the face with head buried in the arms is a popular ghotul attitude when one is alone.

The others occupy the time in pleasant harmony; sometimes they dance for an hour or two; the smaller children play rampageous games; sometimes they just sit round the fire and talk; in the hot weather on a moonlit night you will see them scattered all about the compound. Often they sing lying down, two by two, chelik with motiari, or in little groups. A boy tells a story; they ask riddles; they report on the affairs of the day; there may be a ghotul trial; they plan a dancing expedition or allot duties at a wedding. I shall never forget the sight in some of the larger ghotul of 60 or 70 youngsters thus engaged.

● [533] Among songs, the most popular are the taunt songs which boys and girls sing against each other, especially those with proper names that can be changed to suit the occasion. Everybody in turn is paired off, often with forbidden relatives; one after another they are caught in compromising situations; they are engaged, married and divorced, re-married.

Songs

x 883
539

I

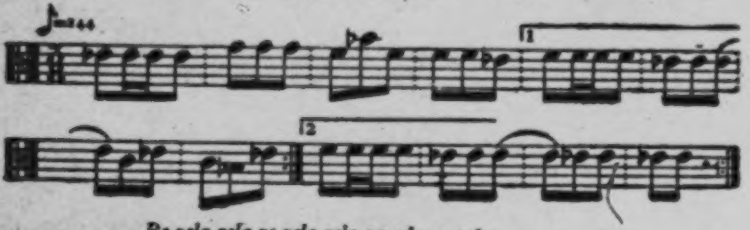
Re re la rela re re la rela re re la

Korka ta doyo oiki helo tiloka.	O my little sister Tiloka, take the cow out of the cow-shed.
Tāna osi bāra kiyākān dāda silledār?	Why should I take the cow from the shed, O brother Silledar?
Mehwāl kopāl lewa bāra kiyākān?	There is no grazier, Kopa, why should I take it?
Bāra na dāye oiki helo tiloka?	O little sister Tiloka, what do you want?
Guda ta gino oiki helo tiloka.	Take the pig from its sty, Tiloka.
Tāna bāra kiyākān dāda silledār?	Why should I take the pig from its sty, O brother Silledar?
Konār ta hor oiki helo tiloka.	O little sister Tiloka, take the hen from inside the house.

taboo. It is very dangerous to make mistakes in the dancing or stick-beating, and any kind of error is heavily penalized.[1] If one of the boys makes a mistake the Gaita of the village visited removes the turban of the Gain and the boys have to pay a fine of two bottles of liquor before he will return it. Should a boy drop his stick or if his dhoti gets loose, he has to pay a similar fine. Anything dropped must be picked up with the teeth. 883x 484x 796 784

Special rules control the conduct of the three leading pairs, the Gain and Jokta or Roche-sela and two other couples. They must talk to no one; they must not dance with the motiari of the villages they visit; they may only sing the special Pus Kolang songs.

The dancing party from Phulpar in 1941 visited Sarandi, Kurse, Kutgaon and Tursani. When they reached Sarandi, they went straight to the Gaita's house and danced before it. As they entered the village they sang, 883x 484x 796



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Re rela rela re rela rela re rela re rela.
Show us the Gaita's house, chelik.
Don't you know the Gaita's house, chelik?
Where have you come from, chelik?
We have come from the land of hills.
If we show you, what will you give us, chelik?
We will give you a cloth for your loins.
It's the house with a cart in the yard, chelik.
There is a pond for the buffaloes in front, chelik.
That's the Gaita's house, chelik.
On a bamboo pole there's a monkey, chelik.
There's an elephant tied to the pillar, chelik.
There's a horse tied in the shed, chelik.
On the roof there sits a peacock, chelik.
There's a gun against the fence, chelik.
A sword against the wall, chelik.
A parrot on its perch, chelik.
A maina in a cage, chelik.
That's the Gaita's house, chelik.

The boys sing this song to a circular stick-dance rather slowly and reverently as if their words were charged with deep spiritual meaning. Then while two boys take a basket into the house to beg for rice, pulse and salt, the others begin their programme of dances. 883x 484x 796 535

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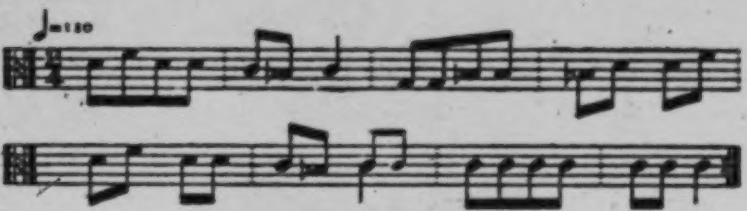
[1] For similar beliefs in the danger of making a mistake during a ceremonial dance, see J. G. Frazer, *Totemism and Exogamy* (London, 1910), Vol. III, p. 518. Compare also A. B. Ellis, *The Ewe-Speaking Peoples of the Slave Coast* (London, 1890), p. 95.

THE MURIA AND THEIR GHOTUL

X883 These are four of these, quite distinct from those danced at any other
time. Indeed it is often considered dangerous to dance the Pus Kolang dances
X484 even for show at a visitor's camp.

796 The first, which is the Pus Kolang dance proper, is a stick-dance. The
sacred spear is stuck in the ground and the boys circulate round it rather
535 solemnly, each boy attached to his neighbour by dancing-sticks which both
hold.

●[533]

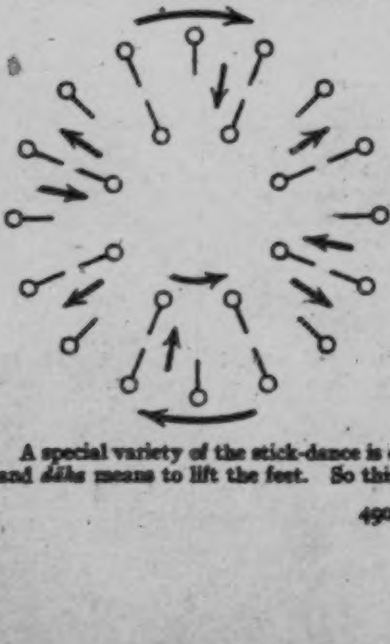


Re rela rela re rela rela re rela re rela.

[539]

Old man Lingo Pen, Johar to thee,
After Lingo what god was there?
After him was Budha Pen.
Johar to him!
After Budha Pen, who was there?
After him was Mudial Pen.
To him Johar, give him a good Johar!
After him who comes?
After him comes Mudial Use Pen.
To him Johar, give him a good Johar!

And so through a long list of gods, Gundi Pen, Sonkuari Pen, Phulkuari Pen, Kurumtulla Pen, Balkuari Pen, Naturgundi Pen.



To all these gods we fold our hands,
We beg them not to be angry,
Not to forget us.
We will give incense, cock and pig.
To all we give Johar!

Then the dance changes, and improves. The boys form two circles facing each other. These two rings circulate antagonistically and at the same time the boys of the inner circle change places, with a hop and a jump and three taps of the sticks, with those of the outer circle. This goes on continually, so that the two circles are in constant movement against each other and always alternating. The flourishing and beating of the sticks is very pleasing.

A special variety of the stick-dance is called Kappu Daka. *Kāppu* is a bird and *dāka* means to lift the feet. So this dance imitates the rapid movement

883x
484x
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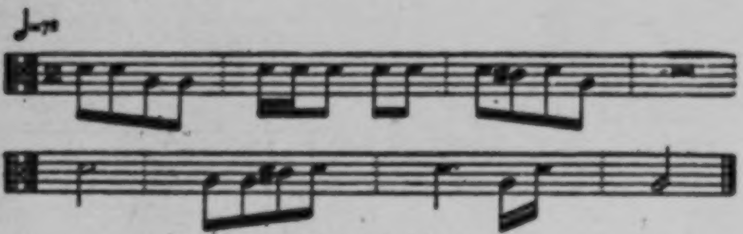
of a bird picking up its feet. The step changes to a much more lively and bouncing movement; the boys swing their buttocks and tinkle their bells with greater vigour; they sing with more zest and clash their sticks merrily. The song is long and tedious.



[533]

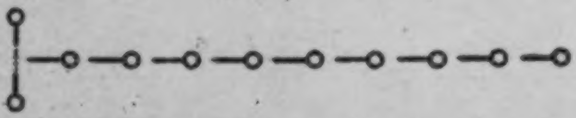
[539]

In what *garh* shall we buy, chelik?
In Raigarh we will buy, chelik.
What shall we buy, chelik?
A cloth for the loins,
To make the loins beautiful, chelik.
In what *garh* shall we buy, chelik?
In Sarangarh we will buy, chelik.
What shall we buy, chelik?
Ornaments for the body,
To make the body beautiful, chelik.
In what *garh* shall we buy, chelik?
In Delhigarh we will buy, chelik.

And so on, until head and ear and waist ornaments have been bought for the adornment of the handsome chelik.

A rather serious dance is the Lingo Endanna, which is also called Pen Endanna. For this the boys form up in two long lines facing inwards. At the head of the line, two boys face each other holding their sticks across the gap. The leader stands behind these sticks and beats them. The boys move slowly forward and back, singing. After a time they sit down and do the same thing, but without moving. Then they rise and the line turns in on itself, the leader going down and stepping over the sticks; then the boys return with the sticks held above their heads. This movement is known as Hichelhar Pata. The songs are conventional, referring to Lingo Pen and his relatives.

There is another movement, which I saw at Pupgaon.



The two leaders face each other holding a stick between them; the line of boys forms up headed by the Ghotul Manjhi. They stand quite still singing slowly and sadly; the Manjhi gently taps the cross-stick in front of him.

Now the dancing-sticks are carefully piled round the sacred spear. For the Monkey dance, three or four small boys mount on the shoulders of a circle of

x883
x484
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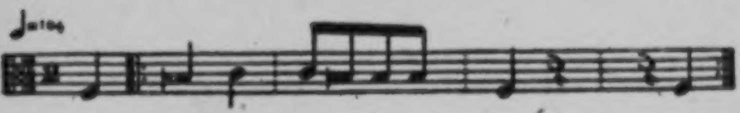
their elders and are raised into the air with a whistle and a shout.[1] This pyramid slowly gyrates, and the other boys form a procession and march round and round singing.

Songs

1

[533]



Re reloyo re rela re rela rela re reloyo re rela rela
Sayrela re rela rela.

[539]

At the boundary the monkey sits on a pile of stones.
Get up, monkey, get up, monkey.
My horse is speaking to you, monkey.
You are sitting on a long pole, monkey.
You are eating the raw ebony fruit, monkey.

2

Whose is this temple, girl?
It is the shrine of the Kolang boys, girl.
This is their temple, girl.
Come out to see it, girl.
Bring a lamp in the left hand, girl,
Water in the right, girl.
Give them greeting, girl.
Bring rice in the fan, girl,
Rice in the basket, girl,
Rice in the leaf-cup, girl,
Bring salt in the leaf-bundle, girl.
Give us something to drink from your hand, girl.

The last dance is the Kokotar Daka Endanna. The chelik form a line, each boy holding in his right hand the stick of the one in front and in his left the stick of the one behind. They go round in a rambling line, while the boys at the end hop about and waggle like the tail of the *manda-pite* bird. Others say that the head of the line is a dog and the tail a hare; the purpose of the dance then becomes a game in which the head of the line must turn round and catch the tail. In Koilibera, the boys at the tail imitated the copulation of goats.

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[771]

[1] Thurston describes a similar dance performed by Koyi women. 'The elder ones stood in a circle with their arms intertwined and the younger girls perched aloft, standing astraddle on their shoulders.'—Thurston, op. cit., Vol. IV, p. 72. I have seen similar dances of this kind performed by the Dhurwa-Parja of southern Bastar, the Kond of Koraput District and the Bhil of the Dangs.

GHOTUL EXPEDITIONS

Ask the Gaita's wife where the
Gaita has gone;
He has gone to his village holding
an umbrella.
Ask the Manjhi's wife where the
Manjhi has gone.
He has gone to give judgement
holding his stick.

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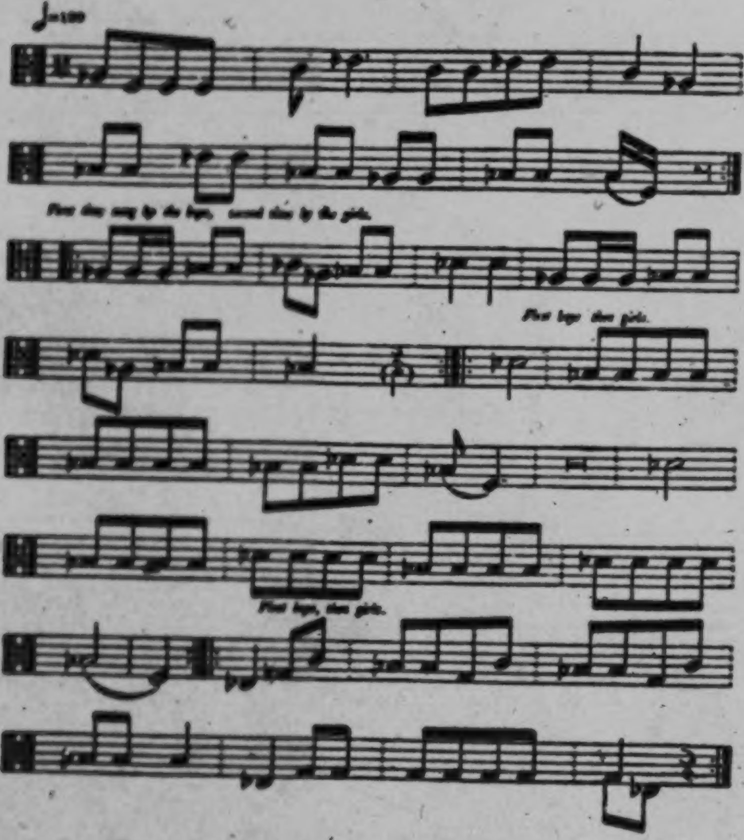
♩=100
First time sung by the boys, second time by the girls.
First boys then girls.
First boys, then girls.

883x
484x
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533

The second dance corresponded to the Lingo dance of the Pus Kolang. Boys and girls made two long lines facing each other; each pair held two sticks between them and beat them in unison. After a time the line turned in on itself, the leaders taking it down under a roof of sticks; then they turned round and the sticks were held low down near the ground and the line this time stepped over them.

Song

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x484
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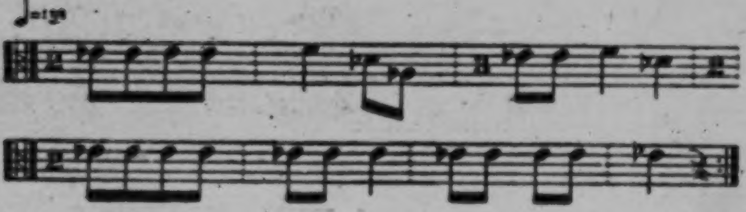
[533]



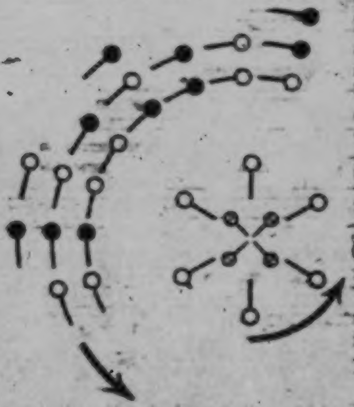
Tari nānā na nāre nāna tari nānāre

[539]

Oko maina ho lālsai baitho danda ho.	O maina bird, O Lalsai! Sit down with a stick.
Oko hāken ke danda ho lālsai maina —hāken ke danda ho tari ?	What is the stick made of, O Lalsai maina ?
Ye bāte paltu ho rāja maina ho lālsai ye bāte paltu ho!	Let us turn this side, O Raja maina, O Lalsai!
O ho chait dandar ho rāja maina ho lālsai ho teri.	This is the Chait Dandar.
Uthen dakhu ho rāja maina lālsai ho tari.	Let us stand and watch it.

Lalsai means a prince. The young Maharaja used to be called Lalpila.

The third dance was called the Bendri (or Monkey) Endanna, very like the usual pyramid dance, but with a brighter note in the procession where boys and girls marched round with their arms about each other's necks. Four little boys mounted on the backs of half-a-dozen seniors, who rose up with a loud whistle. The rest of the party formed the procession and went round the pyramid beating their sticks, with quick hopping movements. They advanced three paces, paused, swung back a little and then advanced again. From time to time they made excellent *hoop-hoop* monkey noises. When they descended, the younger boys saluted their elders with Johar, apparently in gratitude for their safe return from so perilous an elevation.



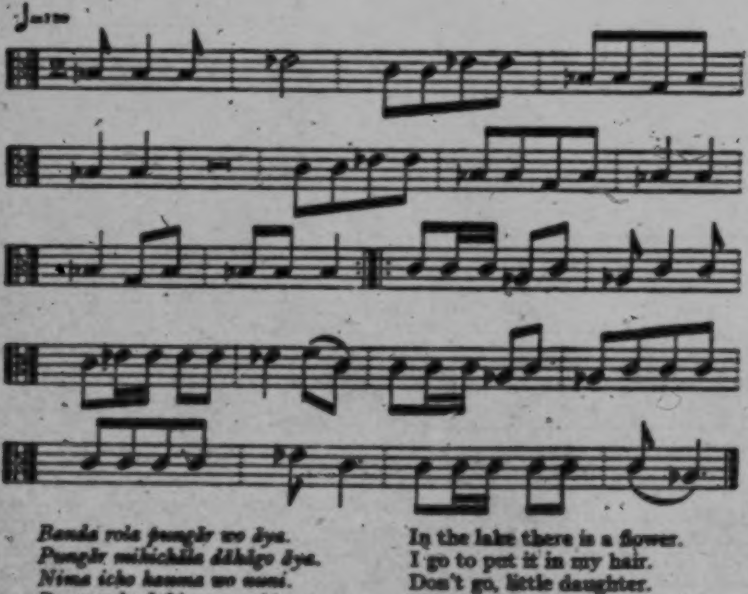
The last dance was performed in a slow and solemn line. Boys and girls, embracing one another about the shoulders, formed a long row, sticks in hand. They advanced two steps, retired two steps and at the same time moved a little to the right. After the line had thus travelled some distance, it moved back to the left. The movement was slow and tedious and the singing rather flat.

in preparation for an exhausting night. When the food was ready the boys brought it to the ghotul and they all ate from leaf-plates, seated on logs of wood placed in a rough circle. There were about a dozen visiting girls and as many hosts. 883x 484x

After supper a great fire was lit in the ghotul court and some of the girls began to dance in a small circle with the boys in another group, a slow and mournful dance, wholly unsuited to the spirit of the moment. None of the older people came near; it was the hour of youth. Presently they wearied of the dance, and sat down round the fire, the girls in a half-circle on one side, the boys facing them. They began to talk very delightfully to each other. I do not think I have ever heard a group of people talk with such gentle and natural charm. The girls began by asking the clan of every boy; the boys asked the same question of the girls. This was significant—a necessary preparation for later assignations and even marriages. Then the two parties exchanged names, ghotul-names, and this caused a lot of merriment, for of course the girls' lovers in Markabera had often the same names as the boys of Remawand. Then the boys began to call themselves by the girls' titles and the girls took the boys' names, causing roars of laughter and some embarrassment. This was probably a form of proposal and assignation. When the Sirdar called himself Malko and she replied by calling herself Kotwar, he knew that her attentions were engaged elsewhere. But if she said 'I am the Sirdar', he knew that his advances at midnight would not be rejected. 796 535

Songs

I



[533] ●

Banda rola pungār wo āya.	In the lake there is a flower.
Pungār mihichāla dāhigo āya.	I go to put it in my hair.
Nima icho hamma wo susi.	Don't go, little daughter.
Bona suda daki wo susi?	Who will go with you there?

883x
484x
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Songs

X883
X484
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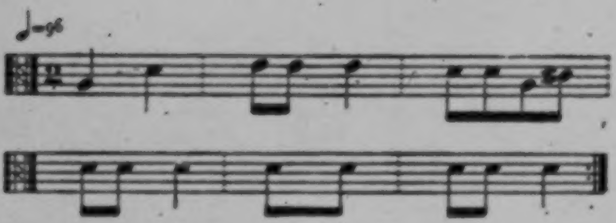
●[533]

1



X883
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Sora dhāru dharti nawu khandu pirthi ho!	O the sixteenfold earth and the nine-fold heaven!
Dharti mālik boru lariyo pirthi mālik boru ho?	Who is the master of earth and who is the master of heaven?
Dharti mālik lingo lariyo pirthi mālik rājāl ho.	Lingo is master of earth and Rajal is master of heaven.
Lingona wehle pāta lariyo lingona wehle dākān ho!	O the songs that Lingo taught us, O the steps that Lingo taught us!
Pahili pāta lingo lariyo pahili dākān lingona ho.	The first song is Lingo's, and the first step is Lingo's.
Maria pāta layora lariyo maria dākān layora ho.	The last song is the boys', and the last step is the boys'.
Nadum narka diya lariyo nike poroy poytom ho.	At midnight burns a lamp, we have taken your name.
Hongu dāpu āyma-lariyo nike johar lāgi ho.	Don't be angry with us, we salute you with Johar.

2

Aring koring bāder roy.	Clouds are over heaven.
Poron bāder poyndu roy.	The sky is overcast with clouds.
Darka pirru dar dar roy,	The rain comes pouring down,
Jimti piru jim jim roy.	Then drizzles drop by drop.
Dori usa handu roy,	Towards the sunset flows a flood,
Dakha pehchor handu roy.	Forcing its way along.

3

Gugti gugti māri māri kokore.	Let us play *dudu* in the dust.
Kum dudu dudu roy he bai?	Are you coming to play *dudu*?
Dud harsi wayeni he bai,	I would like to come, but I can't,
Wāyon āyo wāyena he dāda;	Mother is in the house;
Lone dai mania roy he dāda.	She will be angry with me.
Niya dāi mateh roy he bai.	Don't bother about her.
Sura weri jhāpi roy he bai;	The basket has seven chains;
Jhāpite sandra hitona he bai.	I have put cloth into the basket.
Bashe wane hitoni he dāda?	When did you give it?
Konem wadur joli roy he bai;	When you were in your cradle;

THE MURIA AND THEIR GHOTUL

X883
X484
796
535

In Alor Shamrao Hivale found some very elaborate gongs. They are illustrated in Plate CV and Fig. 125. Each gong is a single piece of wood hollowed out in the middle with a carved beak at one end and at the other a flat strip with a hole in the centre. Into this slot there fits a 4" peg projecting from a small support on which stands the wooden figure. Through the peg there is a small hole to take a wooden pin which fixes the figure firmly in position. The figures are male and female. The male is slightly taller, standing 15½" from the base. The female is ½" shorter. The two figures are differentiated by the shape of the genital organs and by small breasts in the female and a lozenge-shaped pattern on her body, probably intended to represent the womb. The hair is roughly indicated by carved lines and is different in the two images. The man has the five fingers of each hand carved on either side of his thighs where he is supposed to be holding his hands. This feature is absent in the female image. The male rectum is shown but not the female. The entire length of each gong is 2′ 6½″ from end to end. The slot in the middle is 10½″ long, ¾″ broad and 2″ deep.

[243]

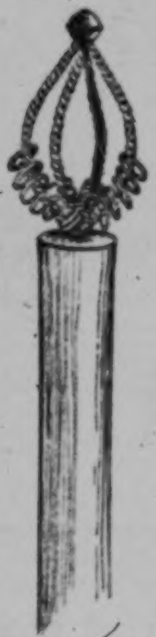


FIG. 126. Dancing-stick from Remawand

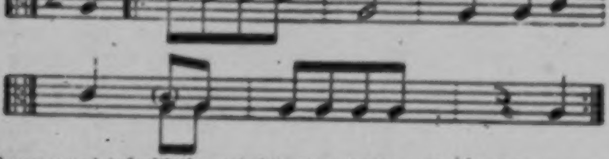
Among other things taken out for the Chherta and Pus Kolang expeditions, I have seen masks[1] of various kinds (illustrated in Plates XCIX, CII, CIII) and dancing-sticks. At Gorma I saw a *Chherta-gujir*, very like the dancing-sticks of the Bison-horn Maria, made of an old umbrella rod, with a bunch of iron bells at the top. At Remawand was a stick called *jarar-bargar*; it had an iron crown fitted with rings.[2] Decorated wooden guns are also carried.

The songs used during the Chherta are confused and obscure, a series of disconnected images and symbols, though there is always one song concerned with straightforward begging. I will give examples of both kinds.[illegible]

Songs

I

[533]



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[1] Masks are associated with the *ravi* of the Purari Delta and 'masked dances or ceremonial parades are a common institution in New Guinea'. In the *ravi* masks are worn during the initiation of boys, when there is a taboo upon garden produce and in a mortuary ceremony in which a masked figure represents the spirit of the dead revisiting his home.—R. Firth, *Art and Life in New Guinea* (London, 1936), p. 26.

[2] This type of musical stick is similar to that carried by postal runners in the neighbouring Jeypore Zamindari.

CHAPTER TWENTY

DANCE AND SONG

I

DANCE and song, games, stories and riddles should not be regarded as mere recreation; in the Muria's eyes they are serious and important business. A ghotul's reputation largely depends on the excellence of its dancing; the motiari's ability to sing may make the difference between a successful or unsuccessful wedding. Even the games, many of them, serve an educational purpose. The younger boys and girls are carefully trained in the ghotul, and the others practise night after night, repeating the same steps and rhythms again and again till they get them right, before they set out on a dancing expedition. The complicated stick-dances need special training and practice, for once an expedition has started mistakes are regarded as ill-omened. 883x 517 868

The first musician was Lingo himself, and the practice of music is not held, as so often in India, to be discreditable, but is honourably rooted in the history and mythology of the tribe. Many of the songs and dances have a religious purpose, and often begin with an invocation to Lingo and other gods. Before the Mandri dances at a wedding, worship should be performed before a pile of drums. 776 533● 535

It is refreshing to go to Bastar from the reform-stricken [1] and barren districts of the Central Provinces. As you climb the Keskal Ghat the whole countryside bursts into song about you. The Muria have a short way with 'reformers', as I was fortunate enough to see at Telenga village on 26 March 1941. There was a marriage that day in the village, and the chelik and motiari from eleven villages came to attend it. But when they arrived they did not begin to dance as usual, but went out into the jungle for a consultation. They had seen among the wedding guests the sinister figure of Chainu, the headman of Maragaon. A month earlier this Chainu had attended a marriage at the house of Guma in his own village. Chelik and motiari had come as usual and danced till noon. Then according to custom they asked for liquor to offer to the drums and food for themselves. Chainu, who had been under a good deal of Hindu influence, refused to let them have either liquor for the drums or food for themselves, and declared that he would 'stop this dancing throughout the pargana'. The chelik and motiari left the marriage in protest and for a month the matter was the subject of heated discussion in their ghotul. 883x 578

Now in Telenga the boys saw their chance. After a long discussion, they came back, a large and formidable crowd, and told the Pargana Manjhi (of Chalka) that they wanted a panchayat and that Chainu must be there. Near the marriage-booth the boys assembled in a great circle, and almost all the wedding guests joined to see what would happen. The unfortunate bride and bridegroom were left sitting in their places, entirely forgotten.

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[1] It is very hard to understand the mentality of the 'reformers' who would deprive the aboriginal of his beautiful and innocent recreations, and would impose on him a 'Shiv-raj' (as it is often called) at which the great dancer Natarajan would have shuddered. It is interesting to compare the attitude of the American Negro towards the 'Spirituals' which have done as much as anything else to establish him throughout the world. At the end of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, these were considered fit only for uneducated 'country niggers'. 'As late as 1909, Negro students at Howard University rebelled and refused to sing them. By the more progressive and aggressive elements in the race the Spirituals were frowned upon as a reminder of slavery and ignorance.'—N. I. White, *American Negro Folk-Songs* (Harvard, 1928), p. 3. Then suddenly, they became the fashion, and the Negroes found that nothing gave them more credit and prestige.

DANCE AND SONG

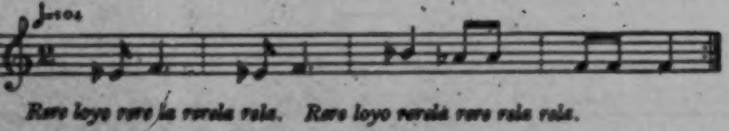
I have never seen boys more angry than these as they developed their indictment of Chainu and declared their grievance. 883x 578 They sprang to their feet one after another, trembling with rage, hardly able to speak for temper, pointing at the culprit who stood before them, at first haughty and defiant, but gradually weakening to a complete collapse. The boys called witnesses to show that he had insulted the god of the drums, that he was interfering with their old customs and spoiling their pleasure. Chainu tried to deny it, and called his witnesses, but they were not believed. The boys got more and more angry; tough little Panku of Kajen had to be held back by his friends. The boys demanded a fine of three rupees. Chainu apologized and offered one. But they did not accept this and insisted on their three rupees. The Pargana Manjhi was commissioned to see that the money was paid. At this point the bridegroom came rather pathetically into the middle of the crowd and said, 'Why do you want to have this quarrel at *my* wedding: I thought you all came here for me, but it seems that you are only interested in your own affairs'. At this people began to laugh and having won their point the boys went to worship the drums, and to dance.

The Muria are very good dancers: at their best, and taking into account 883x the great variety of their dances, they are not inferior to any in Bastar. They dance both with and without drums, sometimes with flutes, the sexes mixed 535 or separate. Many of the dances are accompanied by songs, and the music of 533 these, as well as many of the drum rhythms, were written down by Walter Kaufmann during a tour with me in February 1941. He recorded songs sung by the boys and girls of Kongera, Toinar, Markabera, Narayanpur and Kondagaon, and though the collection which he has generously allowed me to use here is not complete, it will give a fair idea of the type of music, which is undoubtedly of a very primitive character; it is entirely within the anhemitonic pentatonic scale, the 'Jhoria' songs being sometimes three-tone, sometimes four-tone and sometimes roughly five-tone. Kaufmann spoke of the clean, clear shape of the tunes, their purity and integrity; they were 'straight, delightful, impressive and very old'. He was however disappointed in the singing of the Narayanpur ghotul, which has come under the influence of education and the outside world. The singing there was vague and unbalanced; though still of the primitive pentatonic scale, it had become 'unclean'.

Muria music has decided Mongolian affinities, and the curious yodel of the 883x Relo chorus reminded Kaufmann of Chinese and Tibetan songs and even of those of the Pacific Islands. In the Muria country as in Mongolia all rhythms 533 can be divided by two or four.

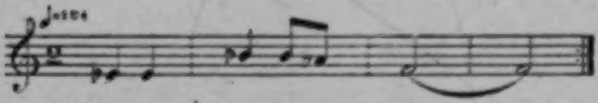
The Muria seem to distinguish tunes and songs mainly by the different rhythms of their choruses. When the songs are sung antiphonally, one party keeps the tune going and the other sings the words. 'One ploughs the tune; the other follows sowing the seed.' In Bandopal the Muria called the theme of a song the *lekna* and the chorus, which is generally a variation of the word Relo, is called the *rocké* or *tek*. The Relo chorus, for all its apparent verbal monotony, is capable of much subtle variation in tune and rhythm. Typical choruses are these:

I


♩=104
Rere loyo rere la rerela rela. Rere loyo rerela rere rela rela.

x883
533

2



O vere loyo vela vela. Re ve loyo ve vela. Re ve loyo verela. O verela vela vela verela vela vererela verela vela verelo oy.

The word Relo, however, has had a disastrous effect upon the Muria: it has served as a hypnotic drug that has destroyed their poetic faculty. Their songs, compared with those current in other parts of aboriginal India, aré singularly devoid of inspiration.

II. The Eighteen Instruments

x883
534

Lingo was the first of musicians; he brought music to the world; he had eighteen instruments and played them all at once. Many Muria cannot say more than that there were eighteen, but some can give their names, though the lists do not always agree.

In a Lingo Pata sung by the Phulpar chelik as they set out on their Pus Kolang expedition, they described:

> The eighteen instruments of Lingo-Rai,
> The Dhol Rai hanging from his shoulder,
> The Hakum Rai under his arm,
> The Madan Parrai drum hanging from his loins,
> The Paijna Rai on his feet,
> The Dhusir Rai played across the chest,
> The Jhikar Rai played when wind passes through the nose,
> The Sulur Rai played with wind passing through the mouth.

The Phulpar boys did not know more than this. But Suku of Bandopal knew the names of all eighteen, as do many of the chelik in the typically 'Jhoria' Parganas. The list is as follows:

1. *The nissan drum.*—A large single-membrane iron drum played with two sticks on the ground at festivals. When a new skin is needed, the Muria offer a bull to Lingo Pen, skin it and begin to prepare the hide that very day. The drum is also sometimes called *mändäloti* or *lohäti*.

2. *The goga dhol drum.*—A single-membrane wooden drum, 14" deep with a diameter of 17", covered with cow-hide.[1] It is slung round the shoulders and beaten with a single stick held in the right hand at festivals and at the funerals of very old and famous people.

3. *The dhol drum.*—This is a large circular double-membrane wooden drum, 15" deep and 17" in diameter, covered with cow-hide, which is fixed in place with a bamboo ring and cords of leather. It is said to be the local habitation of Bara Pen and Lingo, and is beaten with a single stick at festivals. Its loud and solemn note gives point to the riddle—

[524]

Kaide nehtihe bita mend dänta,	Beat it with your hand and it runs half a cubit,
Bargäle hitehe kos mend dänta.	Beat it with a stick and it runs two miles.

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[1] The measurements in this chapter are of specimens in my possession: there is naturally some degree of variation.

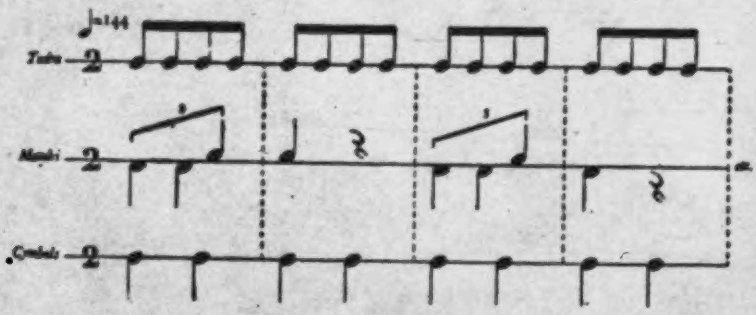
x 883
535

beat them for a few moments, up again and round, leaping, gesticulating, whirling round.

The best Mandri dancing I have seen was at Khutgaon under the inspiration of the remarkable old Muria landlord Kodu. A band of twenty-five black-coated boys headed by Kodu entered the ghotul. Several had silver belts tied across their shoulders from right to left, or chains of little bells hanging down behind; they wore silk turbans, cheap ornaments and used small parrang drums. Here, I thought, were typical decayed Muria of the lowlands. But there was nothing decayed about their dancing. They entered, and stood still without a sound. Kodu raised his hand in a fine gesture and a shout, and they all did the same. They gesticulated with both hands, and away they went in a swiftly moving circle. After a time the boys rushed outwards; they clapped their hands twice, turned, drummed on the turn, stopped, pointed, gesticulated, drummed again, clapped their hands twice, bent down, exclaimed loudly, stamped, went round again, clapped their hands twice, beat the drums twice, went round and round. Then more pointing in the air and shouting, a jump in the air, two claps of the hands, two beats of the drum, then round again, now facing out, now in, clap and drum again.

Now the dance changed. As they went round, the drummers hopped three paces on the left foot, turned inwards, stood still. There was a pause of silence, then all gesticulated and shouted together, faced about, shouted, turned to the right and circulated drumming with very wide movements of the hands, more and more quickly, left foot forward, right up to it with a little kick, right forward, left up to it with a kick. Then they stopped and moved backwards, round and round, drumming incessantly, with great vigour. At last they stopped, facing out from their circle, pointed to the sky, gave a great shout, and broke their ranks. It was a most invigorating dance to watch.

●[533]



Drum rhythm

During this magnificent parade, the motiari too were dancing, but in a corner, shy and subdued, their heads bowed and bodies bent to hide their charms. No one took any notice of them; all eyes were on the boys. Yet the girls' dances are interesting, and can be delightful. The motiari form two lines facing inwards, and generally begin by standing erect and singing antiphonally while they clash their cymbals or clap their hands. They do not hold each other. Presently one line bends forward while the other remains upright, and those bending forward clap their hands or cymbals low down between their legs.

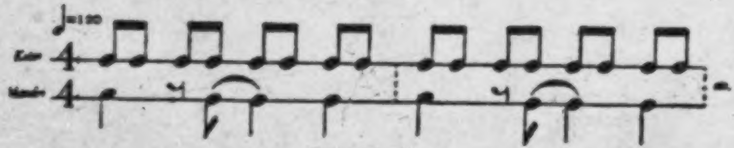
x883 535 cannot move about. They have, however, devised a most effective form of stationary dance which obtains its effect from the movements of the hands and the swaying, bending and jerking of the body. This is probably why the girls' dances are not synchronized to the boys' drumming. The girls have their special duties and must adapt their songs to these, but the boys can move about independently for a large part of the time.

VI. The Drum Rhythms

x883 535 533 585 In villages in the central area particularly, the Muria distinguish a great many *pār* or rhythms in their drumming. These rhythms are not connected with the *dāka* steps, though they are sometimes associated with special movements of the dance. Thus, there are *pār*-rhythms for the Pargao in a marriage, for the dances round the booth, for the great crisis of the Lagir, and to lead bride and bridegroom to the marriage-bed. Different rhythms accompany the worship of Mother Earth.

The *pār* are known by easily memorized sentences, the words of which have usually no connexion with the dance but describe it by their rhythm. The Jhoria Muria do not seem to know many of these. At Metawand, the chelik only knew of two—'When we beat the drum with both hands', said one of them, 'the drum says *nikun getha nikun getha*, copulate properly, and when it is beaten with one hand, it says *daos daos endāt*, dance jumping'.

It is in villages like Kabonga, Bargaon and Hathipakhna and in most of the ghotul of the east-central area that the practice of the *pār* has been most fully elaborated. At Hathipakhna there was a blind Mandar Guru, an old man who taught the boys their rhythms. He had only to say the words and the chelik immediately followed on their drums.



Drum rhythm

The meaning of many of the rhythms is obscure, and in some cases I can give only an approximate translation.

1. *Pargao Pār*, used when bride or bridegroom (according to local custom, see page 98) arrives at the other's house, and is greeted by a procession of dancers. The drummers first circle round, all facing one direction; they then split up into pairs and each pair faces his partner. A number of different rhythms are used, for this is a memorable moment in the life of every boy and girl.

(a) *Barha māne ke lukīwun khāwuds tey to ās tey to ās saga ke kahān le purāwuds ?*
You are eating the stolen pork. How will you give it to the saga ?

(b) *Jim jim jim nadum narka, jim jim jim nadum narka.*
Rain is falling in the dead of night.

(c) *Hāt jāsis duriya duriya, pej khāwun jāse.*
You are going to a market far far away. Eat your gruel and go.

(d) *Kahān le yilāsit duriya lāphi duriyāle.*
You have come from far away.

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(e) *Are baba kashār be.*
O father, it will bite.

(f) *Dur dur dur dur neyi kashār be.*
Drive it off; the dog may bite.

2. *Saga Pār*, used when the two fathers-in-law meet officially for the first time. The chelik dance round them in a circle, facing each other in pairs: every now and then they halt and each pair raise their hands off their drums and salute each other, crying on a long steady note *Johār ho saga*.

(a) *Johār ho saga johār.*
Johar, saga, Johar.

(b) *Tey samdhi mai samdhi surti minjun kānwuta.*
You are samdhi, I am samdhi, let us eat the powdered tobacco.

(c) *Aking koya korha dārango tuska ta.*
Pluck the leaf, O hoe, to serve the liquor.

(d) *Tehāt layor māndi tun.*
Boys, lift up your knees.

(e) *Gatla pāta sahla kim dāy pohre mām.*
Put on your clothes properly before you go away.

(f) *Johār ho saga johār bhet howun duno saga samdhi mand piyun.*
Johar, saga, johar, we've met so let us drink.

(g) *Adi narka bhum narka tara peka kal norka.*
Bring water to wash the feet at midnight and midday, O boy!

3. *Dārango Undāna Pār*, the rhythm for drinking liquor. This also accompanies the ritual drinking of liquor by the two fathers-in-law.

Dumun dumun kāha ta, dumun dumun kāha ta.
Take out liquor from the pot and drink.

4. *Manda Pār.* These are the rhythms used while the boys bring in the wood for the marriage booth—the drummers go to the forest and return dancing and drumming vigorously at the head of the procession; when the platform is plastered inside; and when any of the many minor rites are being performed under its shade.

(a) *Usta gundur gundur ta tin pekor wark wark!*
O the quail! Eat parched rice, O boys!

(b) *Bonyla bandwom jhatke māti ān gaitin.*
Let us make a platform; O Gaitin, quickly bring the earth.

(c) *Harda reka puita pekin penda sita.*
The char flower has blossomed on the way; the girl's vagina has swollen.

(d) *Chich penda bowrela.*
The vagina is a cowrie facing upwards.

(e) *Ani ani ani, āyo āyo āyo!*
That's it! That's it! No it isn't! No it isn't!

(f) *Gaon cho manuk siyān.*
All the headmen of the village.

(g) *Nowom nowom chepānom.*
Take her, press her.

(h) *Ad leya besta kandih surti desta.*
That girl is beautiful, give her some tobacco.

x883 (i) *Manda mandi tendsim dāy pohre mām.*
Throw away the mess in the booth and go away.

●533 5. *Neyi Tarhāna Pār.* The tedious business of anointing bride and bride-
535 groom with oil, which continues intermittently for two days, is enlivened by
585 some excellent dancing.

(a) *Teda mudiya tatti de.*
Stand old man and give the adze.

(b) *Gām chekli basunde ta.*
We will sit while the sun is shining.

(c) *Barha māns he chorun neyse lāchhu āy lāchhu mai hi dāda mai to ni chorey.*
It was Lachhu, not I, that stole the pork.

(d) *Dim dim dim hosum dim tumcho bāpcho polka dim.*
Testes! Testes! Kosum testes! The hollow testes of your father!

(e) *Dengur mundi me lamha āse, chu hābri chu.*
In the ant-hill is a hare, *Chu hābri chu.*

(f) *Teda bhuski hātum dāyi.*
Stand up, fat woman, and go to the bazaar.

(g) *Karanji gaon cho kursa, gaon hāje pursa.*
He is impotent in Karanji village; but he is a real man in ours.

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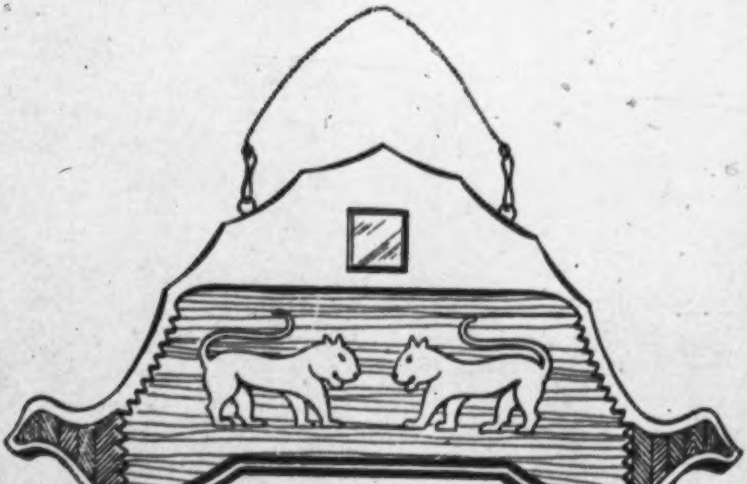

FIG. 141. *Pitorha* gong

6. *Maur Tatāna Pār.* The rhythm while the bride and bridegroom are having their crowns tied on their heads.

Tatti de tatti de hanwār bābu hanwār.
Give the adze, give the adze. But the boy won't go.

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7. *Lagir Pār*. The climax of the marriage is when the bride and bride- 883X
groom are escorted round the booth seven times in a procession of chelik with 533●
their drums and by loudly singing motiari.

(*a*) *Mai samdhi tuy samdhin johār bhet howun leka ke pāni rihāwun.* 535
We samdhi do Johar, pour the water over the boy.

(*b*) *Baniagāon cho ban bhainsa bāte chāra charese gucha bai kedendeta kedendeta.* 585
The wild buffalo of Baniagaon is grazing on the way. Move aside, girl, and I will drive it off.

(*c*) *Yergunda inta tāne tinia, kamka inta, tāne tinia.*
Say it is a water-snake and eat it. Say it is turmeric and eat it.

(*d*) *Korwāl kusir korasia agay mute narasta.*
The *korwāl* vegetable has sprouted; the girl went every day to see it.

(*e*) *Bāte ralo durki chu chu chu ta ta ta.*
The panther is on the road. *Chu chu ta ta ta.*

(*f*) *Johār layor johār kor phat phate manta.*
O boys Johar! It is cock-crow time.

(*g*) *Teda buda hātum te.*
Stand up, old man, and go to market.

8. *Kor Pude Pār*. Bride and bridegroom are not allowed to slip away quietly to bed; they must be escorted thither with the roar of drums. In these *pār* the boys from time to time raise both hands from their drums and wave their arms in the air like excited cocks—an obvious reference to the cock they are going to steal.

(*a*) *Adan luta dam-dama tarni bāyle gum guma.*
The charred saja wood is strong, the young girl is hard and firm.

(*b*) *Dulhi dudh ke dulha dhare dulhi thar thare.*
The bridegroom holds the breasts of the bride and the bride trembles.

(*c*) *Dhirey dhirey dhirey gumcha, chānd chānd chānd gumcha.*
Penetrate slowly! Penetrate quickly!

(*d*) *Dongur mund cho hewu, bhitre newun gab gab dewu.*
The root in the ant-hill; take it inside and press it hard.[1]

This is the end of the rhythms used in marriages. The following *pār* can 883X
also, of course, be used in marriages, but they are not connected with specific
moments of the ceremony. They represent the purely recreational side of 533
the dancing.

9. *Gondin Pār*. The drummers circle in a line of couples facing each other. 535

Gondin gondin bolsat kāy ke gondin bolsat? Buchah mand dese tablo gondin balāse.
To whom will you say Gondin, Gondin? If she will give a little liquor then you can call her Gondin.

10. *Māndar Pelni Pār*. The drummers first stand still facing each other in pairs. Suddenly they flourish their hands in the air and move quickly round with short steps, knees bent. Then they straighten their knees and dance to left and right on alternate feet.

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[1] It is said that the chelik sometimes use these rhythms as a sort of secret language to make proposals to the motiari. Even when no words are spoken they are understood; even the tapping of the rhythm with the fingers is enough.

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Karanji gaon cho bhursa aur bodi nāo pārun pārun sāng. Gotok bāhri cho gotok silik.
Speak of Bhusa and Bodi of Karanji. For one broom there's one bamboo pin.

11. *Sailori Pār.* The rhythm is very distinctive. The drumming is punctuated by shrill cries and the boys wave their arms in the air between the beats. Their circle moves constantly backwards and forwards.

(*a*) *Nāchun nāchun kahān jānwān? Hamke lāgli bhuk donāyek pej kon dewu āy?*
Where should we go dancing dancing? We are hungry, who will give us gruel?

(*b*) *Kedun kedun bāgdare yeklo manuk yend kare chichka chargod ke ār kare.*
The tiger makes the man run away; what can the fellow's testes do? He can only hide in a fish-net.

(*c*) *Chachān mārun neyse chachān mārun neyse jānw bohāri chandāwān.*
The hawk has carried it away; let us go, *bohāri*, to release it.

(*d*) *Chāh chāh pār ollom.*
The drum-beating is very careless.

12. *Kondagaon Pār.* A rhythm specially associated with the Kondagaon ghotul.

Dum dām Kondāgaon nāogaon Sonābāl.
Beating at Kondagaon and judgement at Sonabal.

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13. *Māndri Pār* or *Māndar Kelni Pār.* One of the drummers kneels down and the others go round him in line and then one by one jump over him. The last boy of the line also kneels and they then jump over two drummers, and so on till all save one are kneeling. He jumps over the whole line, kneels at the head of it, and leads them round, still kneeling and drumming in a circle, moving forward first on one knee and then on the other.

Māndar dandik kelun ta.
Play the drum for a little while.
Pāgi hitāwun desta.
Remove the cloth from the vagina.

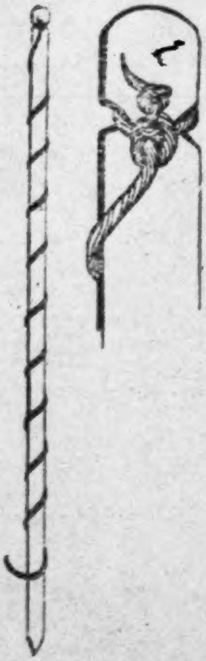

FIG. 142. Bull-roarer from Markabera
Length 1' 9"

14. *Uram Pār.* This complicated 'Pleasure Dance' is delightful to watch. The boys first move in a circle, beating their drums with both hands at the same end. Then they put them down on the ground, large end facing outwards, and go round beating each of the drums in turn until they return to their own. They sit down on the drums and beat each end in turn with both hands. Then they beat the outer ends, stand up and clap their hands in the air, swing round, bend down and beat the inner end, then roll the drums round in a circle, lift them two paces, put them down again, beat alternately inner and outer ends, roll them round again, beat outer ends, stand again clapping

their hands above the head, stoop down, swing the drums up over the shoulder and continue the dance in the usual way. 883x

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Basu nāur gāwun duno bāt cho.
Let both parties sit and sing.

15. *Wark Pār.* When the boys and girls eat parched rice on some ceremonial occasion in the ghotul, they dance to this rhythm.

Udi saga udila porbodela dāt sangi dāt sangi mamāt jāle wāyom.
Sit, saga, to play the Porbodela game.

16. *Māti Pār.* The only rhythm for a religious occasion. This is sometimes used when offerings are made to Mother Earth.

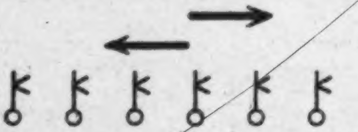
Buta bhitar cho lamha māns chāh chāh ne.
They left the hare's flesh carelessly below the shrub.

VII. Religious Dances

Muria chelik and motiari dance at the great clan festivals, at the ordinary village ceremonies, and during the Pus Kolang and other expeditions; they dance, in fact, in honour of the clan-god, the village gods and the ghotul god. I describe the songs and dances of the expeditions in the chapter on that subject; these dances, which were mainly stick-dances, seemed to fall readily into a class of their own and so have been separately described. We must now examine the religious dancing of the ghotul at the ordinary festivals. 883x 535

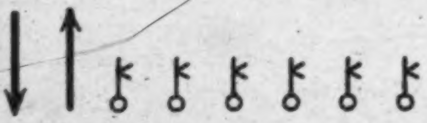
Here we find immediately a great difference between the south-west and the north and east of the Muria country. In the Chota Dongar, Karangal, Mardapal and Chalka Parganas mainly, and in villages not far from their borders, the Muria celebrate their greater festivals in typically Abujhmar Maria fashion. Elsewhere they have a distinctive Muria form of dance and drumming. Let us take the latter first.

The festival dancing of the northern and eastern Muria is not elaborate. A line of chelik, each with a large dhol drum slung from his shoulders, stands not far from the place of sacrifice. They drum very vigorously with a single stick held in the right hand and move to and fro in line. As they reach the end of their movement they drum with special vigour and shout at the turn.



Sometimes, however, the line moves forward a certain distance, all turn round and move back, then back again.

At the same time a group of boys with small turburi drums dances in a small circle, beating very fast and twirling round. The motiari form the usual double line and move to and fro (see p. 546).

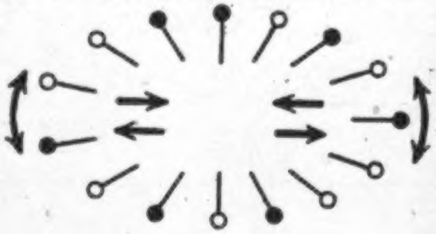


There is nothing spectacular about this dancing, though the dhol drumming is often impressive, and when flutes accompany the drums it is delightful.

It is a very different story, however, when we turn to the great festival dances of the Maria-Muria. When the chelik and motiari of a dozen villages assemble in their full dancing-dress it is a magnificent spectacle. Two conditions are necessary for the proper appreciation of this dance; it must be

THE MURIA AND THEIR GHOTUL

x883 535 Sometimes the Har is not done hand in hand, but each dancer places his left hand on his left neighbour's shoulder and lets his right hang down.



Everybody sings; they generally begin with the Lingo song, continue to describe the exploits of 'the gods, ancestors and the Raja', and use general songs without much meaning.

Songs

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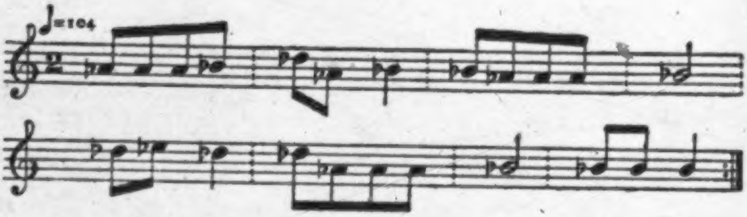

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Māri reka dengāl āto āto dīpāta reka gujal āti le:
Kākar mārile reka āti he.
Konem wedur gapa āti he niya miyār matek āti le.
Reka tinda loha āti he āta.
Hile āyo manta hāre he hāre tāne dārgon utona hāre le,
Tānke isi lohon hāre he.
Reka tinda dakom āti he.
Hipiya pite jori āti he jori dākom āti le.
Reka tijin wāikom āti he.
Niya hāre āyena ayen āti he he āti nikun āti inena āti le.

On the hill the char is tall;
    In the clearing it is small.
O the char on the Hill of Crows!
Were your daughter here, there would be a basket of soft bamboo.
Send her to eat char.
She is in the house, son-in-law,
    But we have already drunk liquor for another,
And I cannot send her.
We will go to eat the char.
Like a pair of birds we will go.
We will come when we have eaten.
    Send your daughter with me.
I will be your son-in-law,
    I will call you mother-in-law.

DANCE AND SONG

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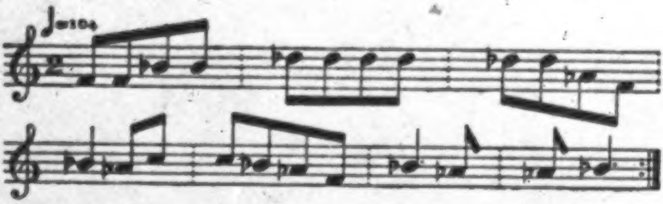

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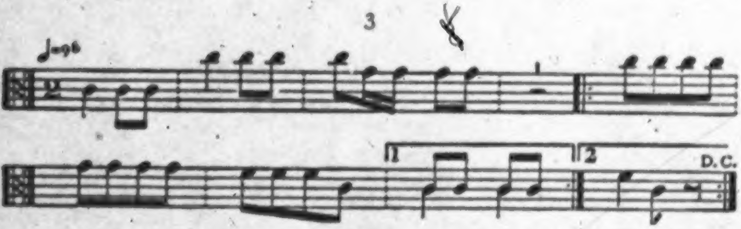
Where should I sell you, O bullock?
    Laharsingh, Lahari and Udamsai!
I will sell you to a Teli, O bullock!
Don't sell me to a Teli, brother.
Let me stay in a Muria's house, brother.
The oil-press sounds *kiur kour*.
I can't pull the oil-press, brother.
    Laharsingh, Lahari and Udamsai.

3



The cock has crowed, let Sona come.
The cock crows *kukuru kuru*, let Sona come.
Let it crow, Sona.
The dawn has come, Sona.
This is a thing of joy, Sona.
There is nothing here for anger, Sona.
We have come to dance for joy, Sona.
It is still dark, brother.
Don't go away, brother.
Let us dance together, brother, let Sona come.
The cock has crowed, let Sona come.

IX. Karsana

A large number of dances are not called *endanna*, dances, but *karsana*, games. The distinction is not one of form, but of occasion. Endanna, or dance, is performed at special times—at a marriage, a festival, an expedition. Karsana, game, can be performed at any time, and usually is danced informally in the ghotul. Some of the karsana, of course, are real games, jolly, boisterous frolics, but others are simply dances which have no deep significance.

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Kokora Karsana

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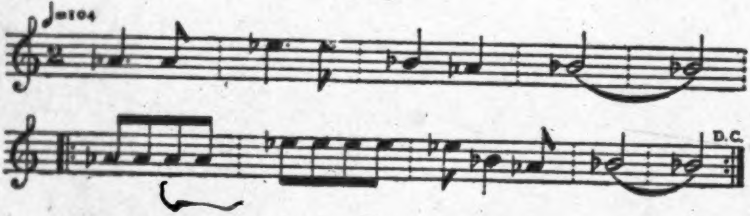
This is called Kokora (Crane) Karsana at Remawand, Mindachna Pata at Markabera, and Tutumri Karsana at Kuntpadar. It may have other names elsewhere. The girls form a circle; each puts her hands on her neighbour's knees, that is, her right hand on her right-hand neighbour's left knee while her right-hand neighbour puts her left hand on her right knee, so that all round the circle arms are crossed and the girls bending forward. They dance very vigorously, standing stationary, but jerking their buttocks inwards. Presently they swing round and face outwards, and now their buttocks knock against each other to the amusement of all. In Sidhawand, when the girls faced outwards they lifted their hands from their knees and clapped them together. But the essence of this dance is its frankly sexual imitations.

Songs

● [533]



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Kon pāra jābe re kokoda, durun ruchu durun ruchu.
Kalār pāra jābe re, durun ruchu durun ruchu.
Kewta pāra jābe re, durun ruchu durun ruchu.
Māhara pāra jābe re, durun ruchu durun ruchu.

Where are you going to, O crane? *Durun ruchu durun ruchu.*
Go to the Kalar hamlet, O crane.
Go to the Kewta hamlet, O crane.
Go to the Mahara hamlet, O crane.

[825]
The names of the hamlets are those of low Hindu castes. The refrain *ruchu ruchu* is reminiscent of the noise *ruchmuch ruchmuch* which a bed is supposed to make when intercourse occurs on it. The crane is everywhere a sexual symbol, the devotion of these birds to one another being proverbial.

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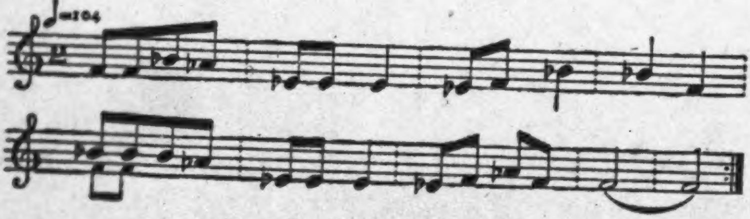

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O re re loyo re rela re re loyo oy!

O tu tumri parheli ātin! O toilet-twig from the ebony tree!

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Muria

DANCE AND SONG

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O niya mari bayāli bayāli ātin.	Your son has gone mad.
Ona nāna wāyon na nāna wāyon rāy.	I will not come for him.

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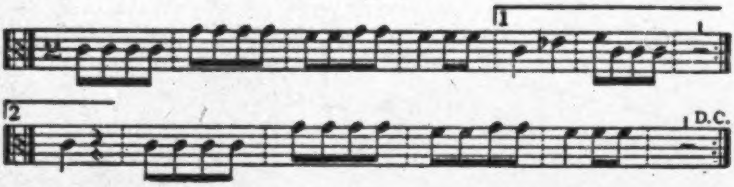
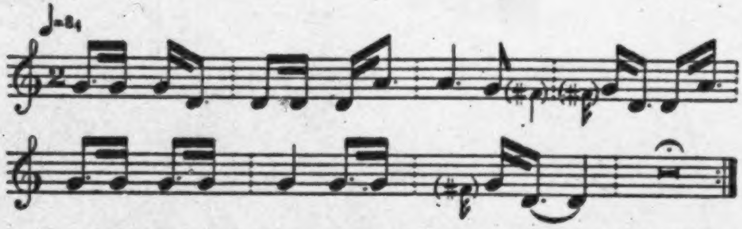


Andeknāta māndek jela jālum te jālum te!	O wearer of the long-tailed turban from Adangaon!
Kokti masri bhet pāwlu bhetum te bhetum te,	We catch the *kokti* fish,
Rahar pungār bhet pāwlu pudgānte.	We pluck the *rahar* flower.
Andeknāta māndek jela jālum te jālum te!	O boy with the long-tailed turban from Adangaon!

4



Tu tumri tumri rāndi jalkena!	Spit on the ebony tree, Call it widow, widow!
Neka jalkemaima rāndi jalkena!	Don't show off too much, O widow!
Kasur muda paima rāndi jalkena!	Don't use a broom, or your body will swing to and fro, O widow!

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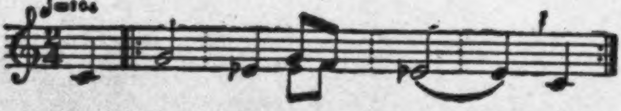

Chu ruchke ruchhela painjana.	*Chu ruchke ruchhela painjana.*
Kākerhāje daihi lābe painjana?	For whom will you bring a girl, O anklet?
Beldārhāje daihi lābe painjana.	Bring a girl for the Beldar, O anklet.
Bhuski bhuski donh lābe painjana.	Bring the fat girl, O anklet.

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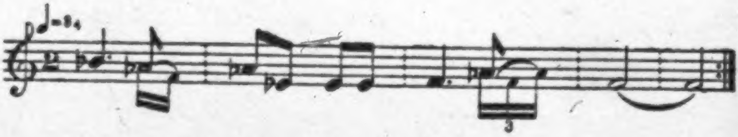
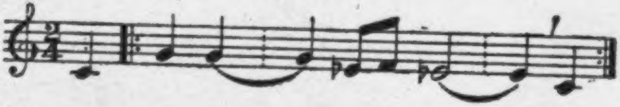


We will call Jalarsingh brother, O crane!
Whom will you call *bhauji*, O crane?
We will call Surtao *bhauji*, O crane!
What will she call you, O crane?
She will call you *dewar*, O crane!
You will trick her and eat her, O crane!

Jal-kanni (Shaking) Karsana

Girls and boys form a large circle, each with hands on the neighbour's knees. They circle round kicking out the right leg behind, moving sometimes to the left, sometimes to the right, but always with the right leg kicking out and a convulsive pushing movement of the body which is bent forward.

Song



Ut gur gur ut gur gur poya layāna nanāy warre na,
Hātum hanji pātum tawāna nanāy warre na.
Weda hanji koda tawāna nanāy warre na.
Harri hanji mudiyo tawāna nanāy warre na.

When the quail cries *ut gur gur ut gur gur* I am not afraid of the Poyami girl,
When I go to the bazaar to bring cloth, I am not afraid.
When I go to the field to bring the horse, I am not afraid.
When I go above the road to bring a husband, I am not afraid.

Nak Dondi Karsana

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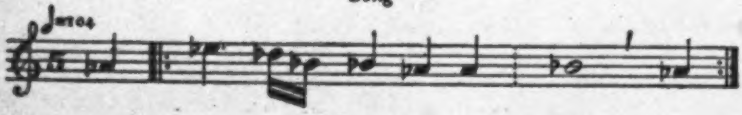
A variant on the previous exercises is the Nak Dondi or Bhais-sand Karsana which is supposed to imitate the tethering of buffaloes. A big circle is made of boys and girls. Each puts his hands between the legs of his neighbour's so that everyone is clasping the hand of the next but one. They then circulate with a lively skip and a hop, the right foot forward, the left foot to the left, the right foot to the left and the left foot to the left with a skip. All bend forward and move their arms up and down with the result that they catch each other constantly between the legs. As this is a mixed dance its sexual implications are obvious.

DANCE AND SONG

Song



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Re re loya rela rela re re la rela

What were you doing, girl, your anklets sounding *chiding-chadang*, in the cowshed?
I was just clearing up the cow-dung, brother.
There was no cow-dung there, girl, I know your heart.
I swear to you, brother, I was just clearing up the cow-dung.

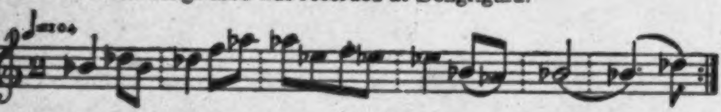
What were you doing, girl, your anklets sounding *chiding-chadang*, in the garden?
I was combing my hair, brother.
There was no head nor hair there, girl, I know your heart.
I swear to you, brother, I was just combing my hair.

What were you doing on the river bank in the shade of the plum tree?
What were you doing on the leaves, girl?
I was just sitting there in the shade, brother.
There was no shade there, girl, I know your heart.
I swear to you, brother, I was just sitting in the shade.

Re re loyo re re loyo rela rela re re la rela.

This song was not in Gondi but in Chhattisgarhi Hindi, and recorded in Sidhawand village. Its picture of a faithless motiari being interrogated by er true lover is a common motif in ghotul songs.

Another of the songs used was recorded at Dongrigura.



Kariya baila darbār chale;	The black bullock is going to the darbar;
Kariya cho lāri men dul wo champa kariya cho lāri men dul.	O Champa, sway to and fro in the black bullock's shed.
Dinda layan darbār chale.	The young girl is going to the darbar.
Dinda cho pagri men wo champa dinda cho pagri men phūl.	In the turban of the boy is a champa flower.
Munga baila darbār chale.	The red bullock is going to the darbar.
Munga cho lāri men dul wo champa munga cho lāri men dul.	O Champa, sway to and fro in the red bullock's shed.
Pandra baila darbār chale;	The white bullock is going to the darbar;
Dul champa dewra pandra cho lāri men dul.	O Champa, sway to and fro in the white bullock's shed.
Dinda layan darbār chale;	The maiden is going to the darbar;

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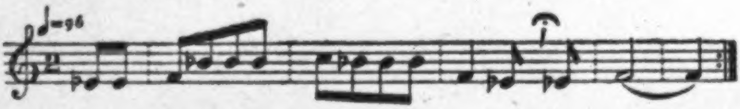
THE MURIA AND THEIR GHOTUL

Dinda cho lāri men dul wo champa dinda layan cho lāri men dul.	O Champa, sway to and fro in the maiden's shed.

Ujur (White) Karsana

Two lines of girls face one another and dance to and fro singing.



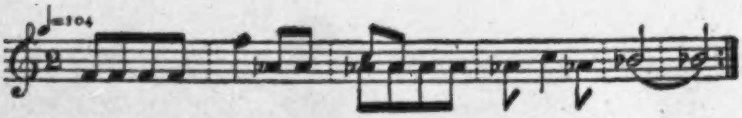
Ujur ujur kanār te dedākor mārte	From the white white corner of thirty hills,
Pais oya hewom,	We will not let her be taken away,
Ujur ujur kanār te dedākor mārte yer miya hewom,	We will not let them bathe,
Ujur ujur kanār te dedākor mārte nei tari woykom,	We will not let them anoint her with oil,
Ujur ujur kanār te dedākor mārte lagir paya hewom.	We will not let them perform the Lagir.

All the references here are to the marriage ceremony.

Durpa Dāndi Karsana (Plate CXXII)

The Durpa Dandi or Game of the Lotus Root is also called Chingri Bunbutti. The leading girl puts her right foot on her left knee. Another girl stands on her right and puts her left leg up over the leading girl's right leg, thus supporting it almost at a right angle to her body. The next girl does the same until there is a complete circle of girls each standing on one leg with the other tucked up in the air. This is supposed to represent a flower supported on its stem. Then the girls begin to sing and each jumps up a little on her one leg and claps her hands.

Song



Durpa dāndi dāndi layor jāmdār jāmdār!	O the lotus plant boy, *jām* leaf, *jām* leaf!
Dāndi tori dāwāt layor jāmdār jāmdār.	Go to pick the plant, boy.
Dinda layor āteke layor jāmdār jāmdār,	If you are unmarried, boy,
Jāti āwār āwār dewsi wāyki jāmdār jāmdār.	You will come pushing through the fence.
Pila hālār āteke layor jāmdār jāmdār,	If you are the father of children,
Pila wonde kis mandaki jāmdār jāmdār.	You will be busy looking after them.

DANCE AND SONG

Guguring Gus Karsana (*Plate CXXIII*)

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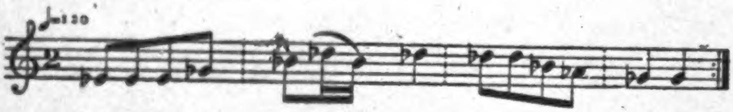
A line of girls, each with her hands on her hips, fingers to the front, runs round and round like a snake. This is a very attractive dance as I saw it in Alor in 1941. The girls ran quickly and gracefully round and round and in and out, bending their bodies slightly.



Hāhki mend kohla usta.	I husk the grain in a wooden mortar.
Nāwa nāri nolta guguring gus !	My back is aching, *guguring gus !*
Hāhki mend wanji usta.	I husk the rice in a wooden mortar.
Nāwa nāri nolta guguring gus !	My back is aching, *guguring gus !*
Hāhki mend kore usta.	I husk the pulse in a wooden mortar.
Nāwa nāri nolta guguring gus !	My back is aching, *guguring gus !*

The word *guguring* is used to describe *khulti* pulse that is boiled whole, without being ground.

GAMES

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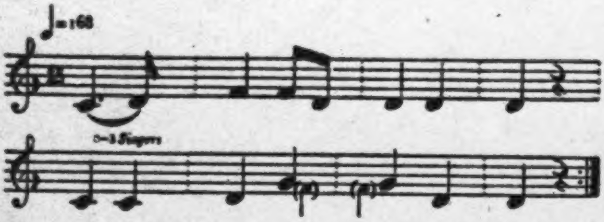

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Dhān kutat rahew wo dai.	I was husking rice, mother.
Dharis musar māris wo dai.	Holding the rice-husker he beat me.
Luga dharke parayenw wo dai;	I took my cloth and ran away;
Wahi bāt ais wo dai.	He followed me along the road.
Sind buta men lukenw wo dai.	I hid behind a chhind shrub.
Didi ghar gayew wo dai:	I went to my elder sister's house:
Bāsi pejla rikais wo dai.	She gave me stale gruel to eat.
Dāda ghar gayew wo dai:	I went to my elder brother's house:
Kukri sikār khawais wo dai.	He gave me chicken to eat.

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The game imitates one of the more tedious duties of the motiari, the husking of grain, sometimes—before a marriage—in large quantities. Sometimes the stick, which represents the rice-husker, is omitted, and the girls make a ring with their hands, and swing it up and down. When they do this it means they are imitating the grinding of wheat.

Another variant, the Dundum or Chuer Karsana,[1] where the girls join their hands in a ring and swing them up and down, represents the drawing of water from a well—another of the commonest of the motiari's tasks. One of the songs used is this:

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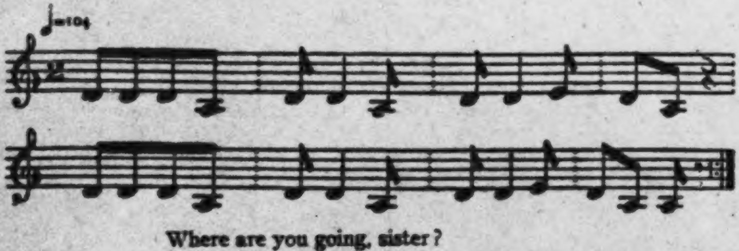

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Where are you going, sister?
I am going to play in the deep water.
Why are you going, sister?
I am going to be mixed with salt and savour.
I am going to get covered with turmeric water.
Where are you going, sister?

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[1] Ba-ila boys play a similar game which to them represents filling a pot.—E. W. Smith and A. M. Dale, *The Ila-speaking Peoples of Northern Rhodesia* (London, 1920), Vol. II, p. 251.

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Hoydel (Hearth) Karsana

A girl lies down on the ground. Two other girls each pick up one of her legs and put it between their own. A fourth raises the first girl's body by the shoulders and they swing her round singing '*Hoydel dhara, hoydel dhara*, pick up the hearth!'

Baipari-lad Karsana (Plate CXXXIX)

A big boy goes down on all fours. Two little boys lie on their backs on each side, put their legs over his back, and catch hold of each other's feet with their hands. They are thus slung like two sacks on the back of a bullock. The older boy gets up and carries them to market.[1]

Godel-gara Karsana

This represents the wooden wheels of a cart. Boys tuck their feet well into their thighs, and roll over and over like cart-wheels.

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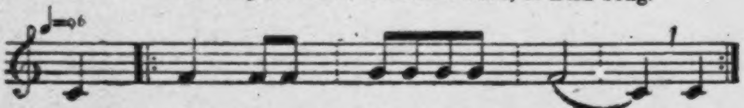
Other Games

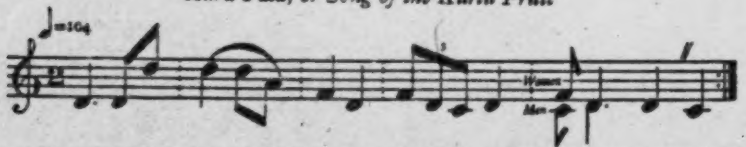
The motiari have a fairly large repertory of songs about the kitchen, which they use for almost any dance. The next four songs are sung while they stand in rows facing each other, alternately bending forward and erect, as they clap their hands and cymbals.

This, from Phauda village, is called the Thari Pata, or Dish Song.



Uth uth re thāri thāri māri!	Pick up, pick up the plate!
Pur genta unding.	The hill is burning.
Māta maoli dolinta dolinta.	This is of Mata Maoli the shaking, the shaking.
Uth uth re kasela kasela masela.	Pick up, pick up the pot!
Uth uth re sura mura mura.	Pick up, pick up the bangles!

Kuru Pata, or Song of the Kurlu Fruit



Mudur lopādāng kuru panding sāngo.	There is a kurlu fruit in the big jungle, Sango.
Sangen kei dātu ale sāngo.	Let us go together, Sango.
Panding tinda dākāt ale sāngo.	We will go to eat the ripe kurlu fruit.
Rende ālkāng keit ale re sāngo ui sāngo ri suy.	Let us call twice *Ui*, Sango, *ri suy!*

---

[1] This is exactly the same as the Sema Naga game 'Hog's-rub', described and illustrated by Hutton.—*The Sema Nagas*, p. 108. But boys in a similar formation among the Ifugas represent a wooden lounging bench.—R. F. Barton, *Philippine Pagans*, Plate VIII.

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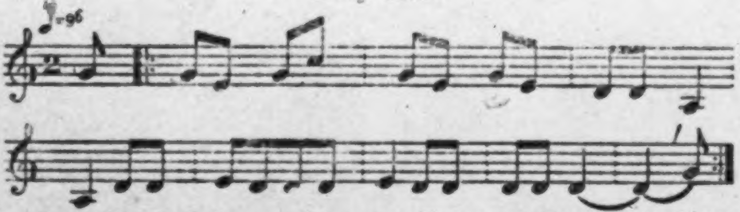
Mango Game



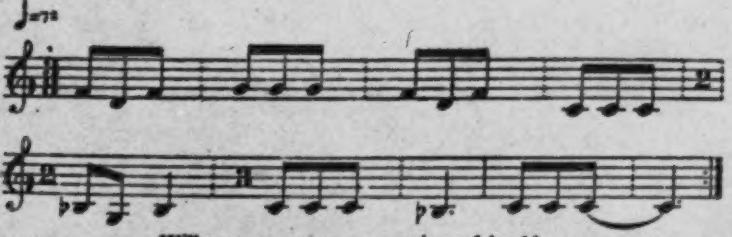
Jhopa jhopa āma phare wo dai.	The mango gives fruit in clusters.
Kon bai tore wo dai dāli dāli?	Which girl has picked a basketful?
Kon bohey wo dai kāwar kāwar?	Which girl is carrying a load?
Julpi bohey wo dai kāwar kāwar.	Julpi is carrying the load.
Kon bai bohey wo dai dāli dāli?	Which girl carries the basketful?
Sālo bai bohey wo dai dāli dāli.	Salo is carrying the basketful.

Chik-dondi Pāta[1]

Press down the *siliyāri* vegetable with a little pot.
Press down the juice with a little pot.
What was in the hand is gone.
What was on the head is gone.
Eat the *singri* fish with salt in a leaf-cup.

IV. MARRIAGE GAMES

The ghotul children never tire of imitating the marriage dances. Two big girls pick up a boy and girl and prance about with them, while the other motiari stand in a row singing. Another time the girls divide into two rows, clapping their hands, swaying to and fro and singing. Then each row comes forward in turn and touches the feet of the other. This is the Tarweling Karsana, when the girls sing a song with the refrain *Sāngo tarweling murweling.* A *sāngo* is a girl friend who is not a relative.



Will you come to our marriage, friend?
We won't come to your marriage, friend.
We have no cloth to wear.
We will give you cloth.
Your husband will abuse me.
I have no husband, friend.

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[1] *Chik-dondi* is actually the stick used for setting bird-lime.

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[539]

The dry river carried him away.
His tomb is by the road.
There is no tomb by the road.
We have not seen a tomb.

In another game one of the girls is made to take the part of the bride and the motiari sit round her, clutching her hands, weeping and singing mournfully.

The Kalsa Karsana is also popular, very similar to the games that imitate drawing water or rice-husking. The girls gather in a close circle, each grasps another's wrist and thus form a ring held low down. Then they raise and lower their arms singing the usual Kalsa song. This represents the ceremony when bride or bridegroom fill the kalsa-pot with grain.

Sometimes, the children make a little booth, put a boy and girl under it and smear their bodies with white earth (representing haldi) while a group of girls stand behind singing a marriage song.

The betrothal also is frequently imitated. A little girl represents the future bride. She sits in the middle of a close circle of girls who represent her family. Girls dance round and round them asking for her hand in marriage. From time to time they try to break through the circle of relations and carry the girl away.

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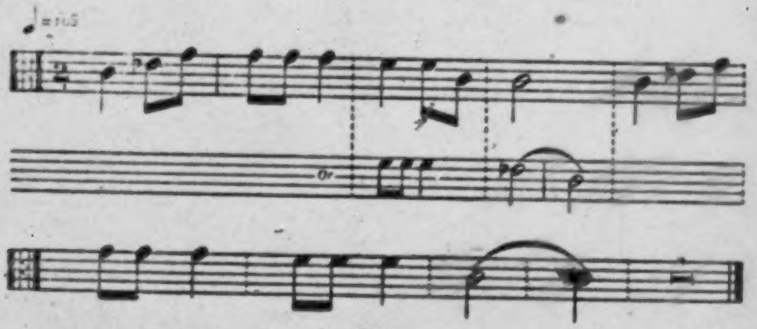

Song

[539]

Bad bain mahla hanerāt bahin loh?	For whose betrothal shall we go?
Sālobain mahla hanerāt bahin loh.	We will go for Salobai.
Bor dādan jori oyerāt bahin loh?	Who will be her yoke-fellow?
Silledār dādan jori oyerāt bahin loh.	She will be yoked with the Silledar.
Haring paring darango waderāt bahin loh,	We will give liquor to everyone, one by one,
Haring harri uderāt bahin loh.	And then we will sit in a row.

This can, of course, be done over and over again, pairing off the chelik and motiari with each other, not sparing close and forbidden relations.

V. Dramatic Games

Many games express and illustrate the Muria's sense of drama. The boys and girls act their little plays with vivacity, humour and intelligence. Some of the plays are about thieves, others about cock-fighting, others about livestock and cultivation, one about human sacrifice. As always in a State, the people love pretending to be kings and queens.

GAMES

Thief Games

×583 524 In the Paralkot area I saw the Hirka Karsana. Boys and girls sit in a line to represent a planting of brinjals. The owner of the garden puts a dumb fellow in charge to watch it. A thief comes by, and greets the dumb watchman, 'There's a fine wedding down in the village; come and see it'. He takes the watchman away with him and sits him down away somewhere, runs back and carries off a child (a brinjal) from the end of the line. Now the owner comes back, and abuses the watchman. He gives him honey, represented by a handful of earth, to persuade him to work properly. The dumb man shows in pantomime that it was a *fox* that stole the brinjal. Gradually the thief removes the whole garden. The last brinjal stands up as a sign that it has grown well. The thief takes this too and cooks it. The owner comes and asks what it is. 'It's *jāwa*-gruel', says the thief. 'Then give me some', says the owner. The thief is frightened and calls his dog, a boy on all fours, which chases the owner away, and the game is done.

In Phulpar I saw a simpler form of the brinjal-stealing game, here called Hapang-kultur. The children make a little pile of stones, each of which represents a brinjal. They divide into two parties. One party sits round the stones to protect it, the other has to break through and carry off as many 'brinjals' as it can.

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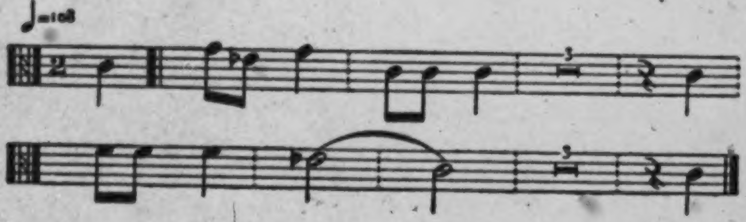

Song

[539]

Lito lito bānga parela;	Bunches of brinjal are ready;
Kāwar kāwar kon torela?	Who picked them load by load?
Kāwar kāwar jolma torela.	Jolma picked a load of them.
Chhai chhai bori kon bechela?	Who sold them six to a *bori*?
Chhai chhai bori manai bechela.	Manai sold them six to a *bori*.
Nakti paisa kon jhokela?	Who took the worthless money?
Nakti paisa jalām jhokela.	Jalam took the worthless money.

Meriah Games

In the north-western area both Maria and Muria play a game which recalls the days of the Meriah sacrifices of the Kond. The very name Meriah Karsana is used. Boys and girls form little groups representing houses in a village. A band of three boys comes round singing, begging, shouting. While the attention of the 'householders' is thus distracted, the Meriah party seize one of them and carry him off. Then they go through the motions of cutting off his head, pretend to offer him in sacrifice and return for the others.

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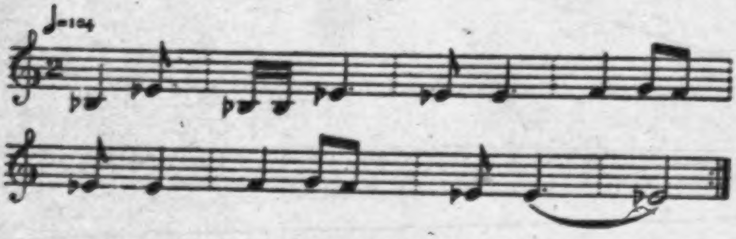
stick, to the Raja of the mice. He gives it to his Diwan, who passes it to the Tahsildar and so to the end of the line. Here a faithless she-mouse gives it away to the first person who offers her a cup of gruel.

Then the game follows the same pattern as at Berma. When the mice sit down, it means they have escaped into their holes, and naturally the hawk cannot get at them.

They played it very well at Masora; boys protected girls in the best tradition; they fell in heaps and tumbled over each other, and they all enjoyed themselves enormously.

Song

[533]



[539]

The hawk will swoop down like a wave,
When the midnight dew comes down.
It will carry off the chicken,
When the cock crows at dawn.
The hawk will eat the chicken,
When the midnight dew comes down.
O set the chicken free,
When the cock crows at dawn.

The Root Game (*Plates CXXX and CXXXI*)

This game, which imitates the growing of sweet potatoes or other roots in the garden, is played with many small variations all over the Muria area.[1] Boys and girls sit in line holding each other round the waist, the boy or girl at the end gripping a tuft of grass or a tree. These are the roots. A boy and his 'wife' and a 'servant' go up and down the line pushing sticks under the bottoms of the children, knocking them on the head and generally pushing them about. This is the cultivation of the soil. They go round again and now dig up a little dust and rubbish on either side and throw it over the 'roots'. The third time, they put their hands on the heads of the sitting children chanting '*Lud lud kuruch*, Are you ready? Are you ripe?' They pinch the 'roots' to see if they are ripe or no. All this time the 'owner of the field' is beating and abusing his 'wife', insulting her relatives, threatening to marry again—the patter is only limited by the inventiveness of the boys.

Then the gardeners go to the head of the line and begin to pull off the boys and girls one by one. They clutch desperately at each other, but in the end they are dragged off and away, hit twice and thrown in a heap. This represents the digging up of the roots. The last boy holds out for a long time and the wife has to tickle him before he lets go.

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[1] Compare the similar game described in *The Baiga*, p. 463.

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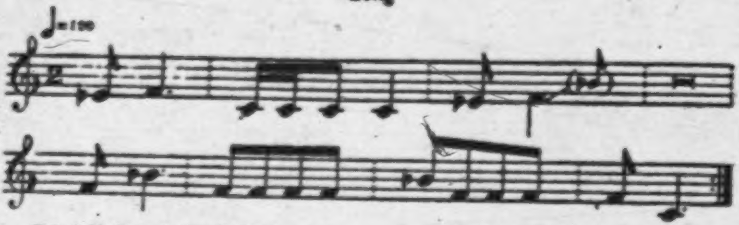
THE MURIA AND THEIR GHOTUL

Song

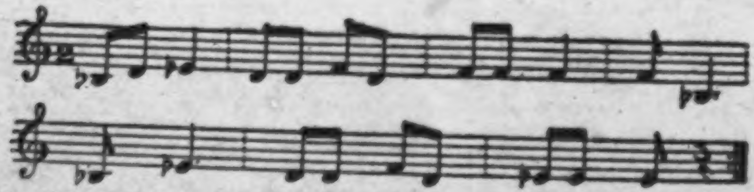


Rānicho bāta pahania lānten;	For the Rani we are bringing an armlet; O Rani, come slowly, go slowly.
Rājācho bāta darpanj lānten;	For the Raja we are bringing a mirror; O Raja, come slowly, go slowly.
Rānicho bāta paijjan lānten;	For the Rani we are bringing anklets; O Rani, come slowly, go slowly.
Rājācho bāta dhoti lānten;	For the Raja we are bringing a dhoti; O Raja, come slowly, go slowly.
Rānicho bāta churi lānten;	For the Rani we are bringing bangles; O Rani, come slowly, go slowly.
Rājācho bāta topi lānten;	For the Raja we are bringing a hat; O Raja, come slowly, go slowly.
Rānicho bāta sandra lānten.	For the Rani we are bringing a sari; O Rani, come slowly, go slowly.

Rajana Belori Karsana

The 'Game of the Raja's Love'. The girls form into two lines facing one another. One line darts forward and touches the other's feet and quickly retires. The others chase them and try to touch their feet before they have got home.

Song



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Tucho hāje tucho hāje bhilwān ankula mocho belori.	For you, for you, I have brought an ear-ring, my love.

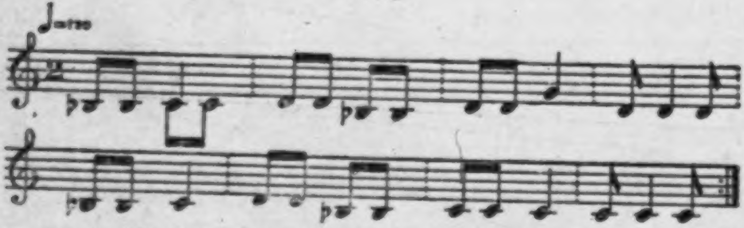
creeps through the grass and presently leaps out and seizes one of the bullocks; it drags it away and returns for a cow. The cowherds get their bows and arrows and large balls of cloth to represent bullets from their wooden guns. They ambush behind trees, track the tiger through the grass, play all the tricks of the hunter. At last the tiger is killed and slung on a pole to be taken home and skinned.

Mao Karsana (*Plate CXXVII*)

This is a variant of the hunting games. A ring of girls represents a forest-covered hill, and a girl representing a sambhar stands inside. Two girls march round and round singing, and every now and then charge the ring, trying to break through and catch the sambhar. This is how I saw it played at Markabera.[1]

Song

[533]



[534]

The deer has come, its tracks are over here.
There are no tracks this side, friend.
There is the mandia crop in the field of the Cat Stone.
It has gone to graze mandia, friend.
The *urad* crop is half ready, friend.
It has gone to graze it, friend.
The fencing is rotten, friend.
The game has come, its tracks are over there.

The hunters push the group of girls crying, 'The fencing will fall down'.

In Remawand, however, the circle that holds hands is a bamboo fence inside which are two chickens. A 'leopard' runs round outside trying to get it. He dashes against the fence, and if he can break through he catches the chickens and rolls them on the ground. This is called Durka or Niral Karsana. In the Paralkot area, the boys said the girl in the middle was a she-goat; otherwise it was played as at Remawand.

In Chimri, Kajen and Nariha, I saw yet another version called Paddi-dagan, or Pigs in the Garden. A ring of children squat down holding hands to represent the garden fence. Inside are four little pigs. These have to jump out without being hit between the legs.

The Parbodela game recorded at Berma is yet another version. A circle of girls hand in hand runs round and round; there is a boy inside to represent a dog, another—the tiger—chases round outside. The girls sit down for a moment, to give the tiger a chance to jump, then the fence is up again.

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[1] With these games, compare the Tuyu-merom of the Kharia, where the circle is a goat-pen and the jackal tries to get in to eat the goat.—Roy, *The Kharias*, Vol. II, p. 463.

THE MURIA AND THEIR GHOTUL

IV. FOLK-TALES

x883 538 Folk-tales and legends are told in the ghotul if there is a boy there who knows any. There does not seem to be a formal 'right' of possession over a particular story, but in practice certain stories are connected with special people. One boy knows a story which was taught him by an elder boy on leaving the ghotul or by his father, and this boy is always called on to recite it.

x883 538 ● 533 No one is likely to forget the experience of listening to one of these stories, which are often in a sort of rhythmic prose and chanted to a recognizable tune. The most remarkable that I have heard was a long and rambling Ghotul Pata chanted by Dasru of the Markabera ghotul. Dasru sat in the middle of the room, a little group of boys near him, the other chelik and motiari reclining near. He sat very upright and sang with great animation, gesticulating with his hands and the boys near him joined in a chorus and beat the ground with little sticks.

I heard another beautifully sung story in the Masora ghotul. This was the tale of the Ogre and the Little Girl; the boy who 'owned' it was a very small boy, the Anter. He and a friend sang in a curious shrill falsetto and the whole ghotul joined in the chorus:

> *Rai sarso sarso phul nunike nāngar gurdum—gurdum gurdum gurdum.*
> *Rākas bukas barma bhut des nuni kuchi kewar—gurdum gurdum gurdum.*

The story was chanted in a kind of rhythm, while the beat of the chorus was irresistible, the boys booming grandly on the *gurdum*.

Sometimes the narrative of the tale is in 'prose' and is recited in the ordinary speaking voice, and the dialogue is sung, occasionally in rhymed couplets. The boys and girls sit round listening with great attention, and nod their heads saying '*Hingo*, Yes', at the right moments.

x883 538 Most of these stories have been published separately for it would have taken too much space to include them here.[1] I am, however, giving two narrative poems which throw some light on conditions of life in the ghotul. The first is the Ghotul Pata mentioned above, which illustrates the custom of a ceremonial beat for fish before a festival, the appointment of the Gaita's children as ghotul leaders, and the relations of brother and sister in the dormitory.

x883

Ghotul Pata of Markabera

539 The Gaita of the village gathered them all together saying,
'Look brothers, the month of Magh has come again,
And we must decide about the Mango Festival'.
Everyone came and eagerly decided,
For already other villages had kept the Festival.
'Certainly, we also will keep the Festival, but what curry shall we eat?'
'Haven't we many chelik and motiari in our ghotul?
Send the chelik and motiari to catch fish for the Festival.'
So said the leaders, and the chelik and motiari prepared to go.
When they were ready the chelik and motiari went to catch fish.

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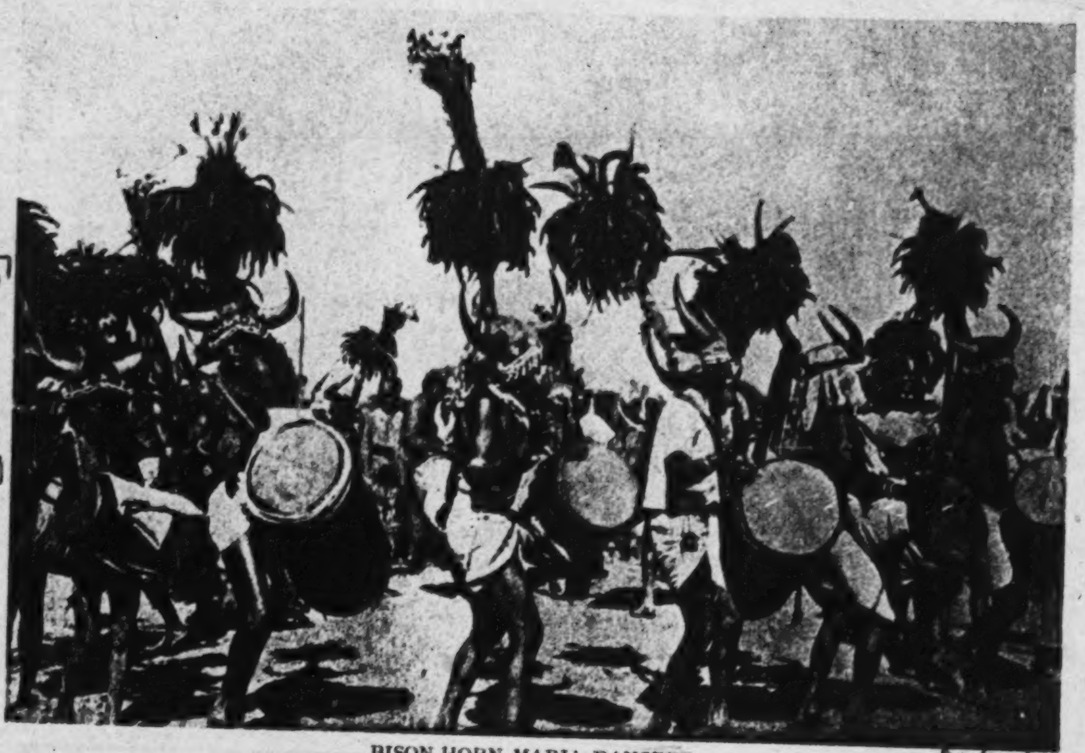
[1] See my *Folk-Tales of Mahakoshal* (Bombay, 1944), which includes many Muria stories; some appear to be original, others turn on such universal motifs as those of the Quest, Grateful Animals, Brother-Sister Incest, the Hero on Pilgrimage.

534

534 MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS--idiophones (e.g., clappers, gongs, rattles); membranophones (e.g., drums); cordophones (e.g., zithers, lutes, harps); aerophones (e.g., flutes, pipes, trumpets); special instruments (e.g., bullroarers). complex mechanical instruments (e.g., piano, organ); care and repair of musical instruments; etc. See also:

Drum signaling	202	Sound recordings	216
Radio	207	Musical supplies industry	549

PLATE VIII



BISON-HORN MARIA DANCERS

[Facing p. 78]

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535
292

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949
AW32 Gond AW32
Bison Horn Maria

PLATE IX

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534●
292
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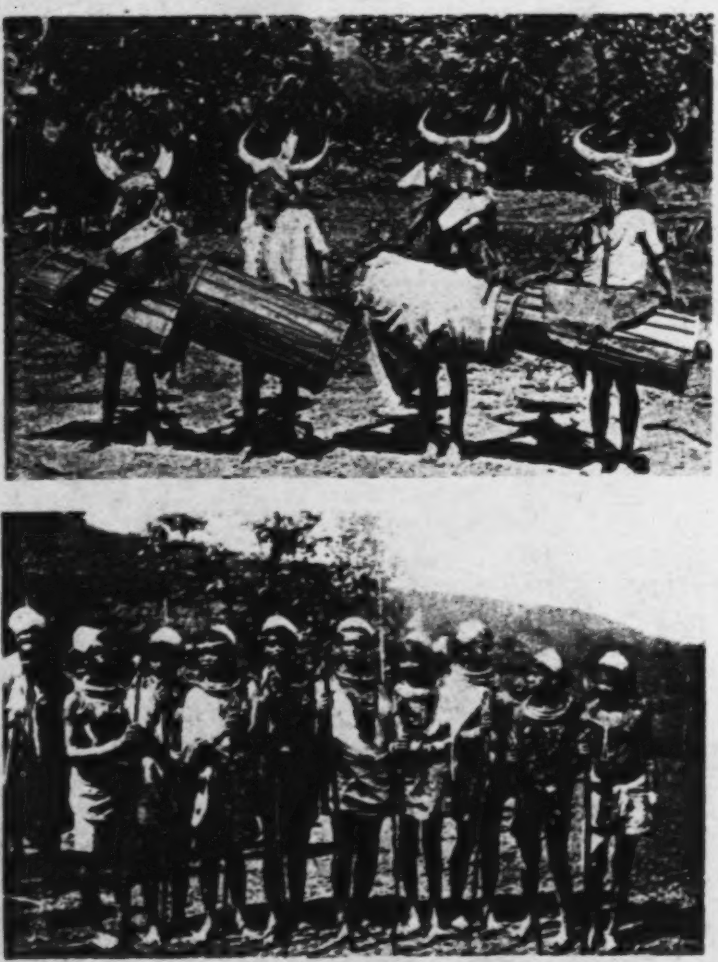


BISON-HORN MARIA DANCERS AT BAILADILA

Above Four men. (*Photograph by Mr. K. L. B. Hamilton, C.I.E., I.C.S.*)

Below Women. Note the clothes, the masses of ornaments, and the *tirdudi* bamboo dancing-staves

[Facing p. 80]

411 to the marksman's right. He stands obliquely to his target, with feet slightly apart and body bending forward over the left hip. The nock in the arrow shaft is held to the string of the bow, in the Abujhmar hills by the index and middle fingers only of the right hand unless the marksman is not strong enough not to use his third finger also; the Bison-horn Marias always use all three. The left thumb rests perpendicularly along the inner edge of the belly of the stave, the arrow resting, on the left of the stave, in the arch between the left thumb and index finger. The latter is laid lightly along the top of the shaft and pointed as a sight towards the target. The other left fingers are brought round the back of the stave. The string is then drawn to the rear by the right hand and released. No ring or other protector is worn on the thumb, though it is sometimes cut on the inner side a little above the knuckle.

Glasfurd, in para. 87 of his report, thus describes another form of release :—

> 'All the Marias . . . often use the feet in bending the bow, while they pull the string with both hands. An arrow discharged in this manner, it is said, would almost pass through the body of a man or deer : this method is only had recourse to in elevated positions, such as from the tops of rocks, hills, and precipices, upon any object below.'

Despite many enquiries, I never found a modern hill or plain Maria who could use this method. A few old men said it was used by wandering 'Nahal' hunters, now very rarely met in Bastar; none could remember it ever being used by Marias.

No quivers are used by any Marias. Arrows are carried in
415 the hand, or by fixing the point of a barb in the hair-tuft, or in
a cord tied round the head if bald.

No Marias appear ever to use a musical bow on a winnowing-fan
● 534 over a pot of water as is done by low Hindu castes and Murias
171 around Kondagaon for the *Tija* festival in the month of Bhadon.

The Hill Maria slays a very occasional panther or barking-deer
151 with his bow, but is not a good shot. The Bison-horn Maria, on
the other hand, is often a deadly shot up to forty or fifty yards. A young man in a village just below the Aranpur pass, with a powerful bow of *dhaman* (*Grewia tiliaefolia*) wood at fifty paces range sent an arrow through the bullseye of a target which I set up for him against a *tendu* (*Diospyros melanoxylon*) tree; it penetrated 4 cm. into the very hard wood of that tree.

No other actual weapons are used by Marias, save for an
411 occasional old sword of one of the traditional Indian *talwar*
patterns which has survived the general disarming after the 1910 rebellion. But it is as well to describe here the few digging hand-tools used.

695 There was a disputed boundary between the village of Kurmer in the Chhota Dongar Mar *pargana* and the adjacent Kutru Mar village of Jatalur; the Jata clan asserted possession over a strip of land belonging to the Parllo clan of Kurmer. I suggested, on the strength of a tale I had heard of former Chiefs' methods of justice, that the head of each village should come with a cock to the land, and that the land should go to the clan whose cock crowed first. This was hailed by both sides as a sound solution, and off we went to the land; but just before we reached it the Jata headman began to hang back, and finally backed out of the test; I awarded the land to the Parllo clan to the approval of men present from other clans, and on going over the land found that it contained a *pagh'ai* or alternative village site of the Parllo clan besides the cromlech left to mark the site of the Village Mother's 'temple', the *hasyeq-gaita's udam-garia* or seat of honour, and the *kotokal* or line of menhirs erected in the name of the Parllo dead. Here the Jata clan finally abandoned their claim when challenged by the Parllo *hasyeq-gaita* to eat earth from under the Village Mother's cromlech.

181 To be left to live the free life of the hills, untrammelled by restrictions on his user of forest, earth and water or his right to shift his village and his *penda* cultivation, is the unconscious ideal of the Hill Maria. If he is sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, he will beg to be hanged rather than be confined within walls; and few of them or of the wilder Bison-horn Marias survive long imprisonment.

517 The Hill Maria shows great artistry in his bead-work, and is
never at fault in his discrimination between colours and shades,
[832] though he uses for all shades of green and blue the one word
kaqarondla. He has general terms also for red, white, black and
yellow, but none for intermediate shades. In his houses he draws
532 rude cup-marking patterns, *swastikas* and strange creatures in
white earth on his mud plaster, or makes rough clay representations
of women's breasts. His songs are low and rather melancholic in
533 sound, the youths' voices verging on contralto; but they are far
easier for an English ear to understand than Hindu music, and have
often a haunting refrain. Both he and the Bison-horn Maria love
to hear European records on a gramophone, especially a good
soprano or contralto, sea shanties, and violins or trios and quartets
playing light chamber music; but operatic fireworks merely provoke
laughter, Chaliapin singing the 'Song of Prince Igor' making them
● [534] ache with laughter, but being often encored. The Marias as a
whole have no musical instruments except drums. Though the
517 Bison-horn Maria does not show the Hill Maria's artistry and
153

226 the water. On each side of each torch-bearer goes a man armed with bow and arrows; for small fish the arrows have heads like the handles of spoons, but for large fish they use arrows with heads with only one wing and barb, like an ordinary arrow-head bisected from point to shank. The torch-bearers and bowmen wade up against the current, and the fish, which at night are feeding in these shallows and not in the deep pools, are attracted or stupefied by the glare and are easily shot with the arrows or caught in the baskets.'

E. *Intoxicants and Other Drinks*

Sago-palm

273 The commonest intoxicant in the Abujhmar hills is the fermented juice of the sago-palm (*Caryota urens*), and the tree is common also in many parts of the Bison-horn Maria country. It is now propagated freely by Hill and Bison-horn Marias. The tree, unlike the toddy-palm, is monoecious. The flowering peduncles, which appear like thin elephant trunks, have their ends cut off before they flower, and act as taps, bamboo tubes being fastened below the cut to catch the sap; the Bison-horn Marias often use earthenware pots. The tubes are emptied in the morning and evening, bamboo poles still retaining the stumps of side-shoots being tied on to the trees as rough ladders. [272] When fresh, the sap is not intoxicating and has a pleasant dry taste, not unlike champagne. After two or three years' tapping the tree dies, when the inner tissue of the stem yields the starchy food substance 754 already mentioned. If the ends of the peduncle get worm- or grub-eaten before they are tapped, it is considered a sure sign of witchcraft, and more than one murder has been recorded on this ● 534 account. The bottom of the trunk of the dead tree is commonly used as the hollow body of the Hill Maria single-membrane *turam* or kettle-drums.

Toddy-palm

273 The toddy-palm (*Borassus flabellifer*) is not grown or tapped in the Abujhmar hills, but is common in the south of the Bison-horn country especially among the so-called Koyas and the Dorlas, and in Sukma and Konta. In this teluguized region whole villages camp out in the toddy groves from March till June in a perpetual state of semi-intoxication, taking solid food only in the evening, and sometimes going without that for three or four days or even a week. The sap is tapped by cutting the ends of the flowering spadices, in much the same way as the sago-palm; the spadix appears in the male trees from November to March, while the female tree yields sap from April to June. The vessels used to catch the sap are generally thick bamboo tubes three or four feet long, of about three gallons capacity. Excessive tapping soon shortens the life of the trees. The juice rapidly ferments, though not intoxicating when drawn, and fermentation is expedited by the habit of mixing the fresh juice with that left

there is no need to describe their processes in this book. The potter, 326 like the Gharwa, expects immediate payment for his goods and is not a tribal servant remunerated with a retainer of grain at harvest like the blacksmith; but he often takes payment in grain. For a Bison-horn Maria marriage, the potter will make and supply as many pots as are required, but after the marriage is paid a bullock, cow or calf for his work.

C. *Musical Instruments*

1. Drums

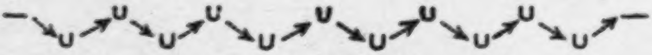
The Bison-horn Marias use the large double-membrane drums 534 ● called *birya-dol*, of which typical specimens are shown in the illustrations in Plates VIII and IX. The hollow cylindrical body of these drums is a section of [824] the trunk of a *bija* (*Pterocarpus marsupium*) or a *seona* (*Gmelina arborea*) tree up to sixteen or seventeen inches in diameter. The right hand membrane is made of goat-skin, even by those who have the goat as totem, and this is struck by the finger-tips of the open right hand. The other membrane is of cow- or bullock-hide, and this is struck with a bamboo stick carried in the left hand, and sometimes adorned at the end with a bunch of the pea-pod iron pellet-bells that are attached to the *tirdudi* bamboo dancing-sticks of their women. The membranes are stitched to each other by thongs of cow-hide criss-crossed over the outside of the wooden cylinder. That cylinder is sometimes as much as three feet long, and the weight is very considerable. The drum is slung over the right shoulder by a sling of hide or cord, sometimes adorned with cowries, and is carried obliquely across the stomach, the right end being the higher. There is no season among them when drum-beating is taboo or *melo* (their term for the Hill Maria *polo*). They [533] have different drum rhythms for different dances, for weddings, for success in the chase, and a dactylic beat, for the drum beaten from the roof of the house to announce death; for the *pen-harsita* dance at their festival corresponding to the Hill Maria Koqsar they use the drum-stick only, and not their right hands, the rhythm being seven short beats followed by two long beats.

These *dol* drums are occasionally found in Hill Maria villages also, but are a sign of cultural contact with the Bison-horn Marias. The essential Hill Maria drum is the single-membrane *turam* drum. The body is a wooden bowl, generally the rounded base of the hollow trunk of an exhausted *salphi* (*Caryota urens*) tree, trimmed with [824] the waist-knife to bowl-shape; sometimes a section of *bija* (*Pterocarpus marsupium*) trunk is similarly whittled into bowl-shape. The membrane is dried untanned cow-hide, hair outwards, and this is

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949
AW32 Gond AW32
Hill Maria
Bison Horn Maria

534 attached by criss-cross thongs of the same material to rings of the same material tied round the outside of the bowl in its centre and just above its base. The thongs are passed through holes pierced in the overlap of the membrane with the point of the knife or of an arrow, and pulled taut without anything being done to guard the edge of the membrane from tearing. Occasionally pottery bowls [177] are used instead of *salphi* or *bija* wood, a practice learnt both from the Teluguized Gonds of the south and the northernmost Murias of Antagarh tahsil.

533 The *turam* drum is placed on the ground between the outspread legs of the player, who sits on his buttocks with legs bent at the knee. The drum-sticks are held lightly between the index and middle fingers, the right stick being somewhat larger than the left. [784] It is taboo to beat a *turam* except at Koqsar and weddings, though nowadays most of them regard the taboo as lifted for a dance at a high official's camp. The ordinary rhythm at Koqsar and weddings is :—



The rhythm thus begins and ends on a long beat with the right hand, with six short left hand and five short right hand beats alternately in between.

534 I saw once at Nugur a small drum of the *turam* shape made with a hollow gourd bowl.

When it is taboo to use the *turam* drums, boys use what are called by them *pak-dol* or *veddur-dol*, literally 'bamboo-drums', which are really split-stringed instruments.[a] They are made of two-foot lengths of the thick bamboo called *noli-veddur* by the Marias, or *bendri-bans* in Halbi. The outer rind of the bamboo is prised apart from the rest of the bamboo for a length of about eighteen inches, three inches being left joined at each end. The prised rind is about one-eighth of an inch thick and an inch and a half wide. It is raised from the body of the bamboo by two small bridges (*barga*) of bamboo inserted at each end as near its junctions with the body of the bamboo as possible, and is made into three 'strings' by two longitudinal cuts. The drum is laid on the ground and rubbed firmly into position in the dust, and dust is poured along its sides; the 'strings' are then struck with light drum-sticks in the same way as the *turam*. The Bison-horn Marias do not make this.

Brass dish-shaped gongs (*gatta*) struck with sticks used, till a few years ago, to be an indispensable part of the bride-price or

[a] [see cat. 116, pp. 421-422, —Analyst]

2. Gongs

sponsalia at a Hill Maria wedding. They were brought to the 534 markets by itinerant Telugu dealers, but for some reason or other they have ceased to stock them, and the modern wedding takes place without them. Several remain, and are now highly prized, but are generally brought out for a camp dance, along with any old brass pot or piece of metal with which a clanging noise can be made.

3. Other instruments

A few northern Hill Marias and, occasionally, Bison-horn Marias use the brass *tori* hunting horns of the Murias, and towards the Parja country the Bison-horn Marias sometimes imitate these by a 'horn' of strips of palm-leaf wound like a bandage round and away from the end of a wooden mouth-piece, each fold being gummed on to the edge of the preceding fold to the extent of the overlap.

Some Bison-horn Marias use bamboo flutes to accompany the *dol* drums at wedding dances, but I had no chance of examining one closely. They use also little iron jews-harps (*kach-tendor*) made by the blacksmiths, but of the primitive type, with the tongue straight and welded to the bend between the two arms of the frame, and of the same length as the arms, but only a thin narrow strip of iron.[a] They say they have also a small wooden stringed instrument which they call *kikir*,[a] probably a derivative of the Indian *chikara*.

4. Bull-roarers

The only other instruments are the bells and jingling anklets already mentioned in describing the dancing-dress of Hill Maria men and the dancing-sticks of the Bison-horn Maria women, unless mention is made here of the bull-roarers, which Hill Maria boys call *ate* and make of a strip of split bamboo, pointing one end and notching it near the point for a bark string, with which, looped round one finger, they whirl the bull-roarer round counter-clockwise. It seems to be purely a toy, and to have no religious or magical significance. At various camps the lads present made them on request; none were holed at the bottom.

D. Dancing

1. Hill Maria

The description of Maria dancing given by Russell and Hiralal 535 (III, pp. 136-7) is brief and misleading; it possibly relates to Marias of the Chanda plains, though the dancers illustrated are wearing typical Hill Maria dancing-dress.[a] Russell and Hiralal do not mention the remarkable Bison-horn dancing.

It is taboo for Hill Marias to dance except on the night of Koqsar and at weddings, or at the rare visits of State officials. For practical purposes, therefore, it may be said that they dance only

[a] [See cat. 116, p. 4223 - Analyst]

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949
AW32 Gond AW32
Hill Maria
Bison Horn Maria

CHAPTER XVI

DEATH AND FUNERAL CEREMONIES

A. Hill Marias

THE ordinary rule throughout the Abujhmar hills is to cremate the 764 bodies of headmen and elders of influence and standing and of their 766 wives, and to bury all others.

Except on the southern fringes of the hills, where the villages are influenced by contact with their Bison-horn Maria neighbours, the Hill Marias do not follow the Bison-horn custom of beating a drum from the roof of the house, which Russell and Hiralal predicate of all Marias. The custom is creeping into the hills from south of the Indrawati, and has for example already reached the Kutru Hill Maria villages of Lakka (Lanka) and Karangal; but there it is reserved for men of higher status. The drum used is the [534] hill *turam* kettle-drum, and is usually one of those kept in the village dormitory; the village lads beat it continuously day and night from the death till the burial or cremation of the body.

News of the death is sent out to all the brother-clan and wife-clan 764 relatives and friends of the deceased. The funeral is postponed for two or three days, to give them time to assemble. Then all the 763 women gather in and around the house where the body is lying. A man is never left to die on a cot, but is lifted on to the ground as his end draws near; they say that their reason for this custom is simply that they do not want the dying man to fall off the cot in a last convulsion. Women are never allowed to sleep on a cot. They close the eyes of the corpse, and lift it on to a rough wicker-work bier, covering it over with a length of cloth. It is burned or buried with the clothes and jewellery that were on it at death. The women sit around the corpse and outside in the street, and break into loud keening for the dead.

For the last rites the body is not washed or otherwise prepared, 764 but is left just as it was composed after death. Friends and relatives carry it out on the bier, the only person for whom it is taboo to touch or carry a body being the *waddai* clan-priest medium and his medium assistant (*leski*). The bier heads the procession to the burial and cremation ground, and is followed by the remaining relatives and friends, the women still keening and beating their breasts.

796 Next morning large parties of Marias and Murias came from every direction, some of the Murias from the Mardapal Pargana and the villages round Chhota Dongar. A little rain fell and there was a lot of blowing of horns. At midday the Anga and other symbols of the gods were taken down to a stream for a bathe and during the afternoon many Sirahas fell into trance and postured and danced in ecstasy. A little shrine was set up in the middle of the clearing and as more and more people arrived and other gods came to visit Usendi Pen, the Sirahas danced wildly round and round it. A procession was formed, the Anga leading it, with tall poles decorated with peacocks' feathers following, and a crowd of children carrying [534] gongs and various substitutes for gongs—bits of painted wood, the lids of old kerosene oil tins, anything that could be banged to make a noise.

Gradually the place filled up and by four o'clock there were three or four thousand people present—a small attendance, I was told. The Marias and Murias showed little interest in the shops which were mostly attended by local Hindus and officials, and there was very little drinking, though many a boy brought a gourd or a bottle of rice-beer or palm wine hanging under his arm. Then the dancing began, and hundreds of boys and girls in the full Hill Maria dancing attire (though no Hill Marias were present) and carrying decorated sticks and axes over their shoulders, formed lines and processions and great circles, until the entire ground was alive with slowly circulating movement.

As evening fell little fires sprang up under every tree where groups of people made their camps. The older people drank, cooked and gossiped with their relatives. Like all bazaars the Marhai is a great occasion for repairing friendships. During the night the boys and girls continued dancing, and from time to time the Sirahas brought out the Anga-gods and danced with them.

The moon rose at midnight and turned the scene into one of extraordinary majesty and beauty. The festival was decorous and restrained, but very happy. There was no orgy and practically no drunkenness. At dawn the dancing stopped and in a few minutes the whole great assembly melted away back into the forest.

IX

764 On page 281 Grigson refers briefly to the Bison-horn Maria custom of erecting carved wooden pillars in memory of well-known or wealthy tribal leaders. There are not many of these pillars, though the custom of making them is far from moribund, but the expense is great and only the most important people are considered worthy of them.

241 to the Telis, send relays of young men to earn the needed cash by
426 working at Allapilli, and it is noteworthy that these workers do not
621 regard the wages thus earned as their individual property, but as the
earnings of the village which sent them there and provided them with
food for the journey. Let us hope that the economic self-sufficiency
which has hitherto kept these hillmen out of the clutches of the
money-lender will be preserved (which means that their *penda* must
661 not be stopped). They are subject, however, to three pests. The
first is the frequently corrupt *kamdar* of the zamindar. The
second are the village watchmen or *kotwar*, generally of Mahra or
kindred untouchable castes, to whose circles these hill villages are
attached. These Mahras have their headquarters in plain villages,
whence they make periodic tours of the hill villages to levy various
illegal dues from the Hill Marias. The third pest is the itinerant
439 cloth pedlar, usually a Mahra, who supplies cloth on credit and then
tries to levy a perpetual tribute in kind. I met one of these men in
this tour during my visit to the adjacent Bastar village of Nelanguri.
Bazaars are so remote that these pedlars, if they could be prevented
from selling on credit, and be made to charge reasonable prices,
would fulfil a useful function. All these abuses could be checked by
effective official touring: Mr. Kerawala's and my visits were
unfortunately red-letter events in the Marias' lives.

535 Dancing at Kuvakodi was all in the traditional Hill Maria
style, but sadly inferior to dances at such Bastar centres as Orcha
292 or Handawada, although at least half the dancers were Bastar
Marias. But even in physical type these Marias from the western
fringes of the Abujhmar Mountains are inferior. Here, as I noted of
Bastar during my March 1934 visit, the Maria dancer has given up
the rib-dress or *gatikarhana*, the dancing-shield and the gay head-dress
and skirt, though he still retains the traditional buttock-bells,
the songs, the *pata-bhita* or 'song fellows' and the dance-steps.[1]

535 The descent back to the Lahiri camp was almost more tiring
than the climb had been. Lahiri that evening was full of an eager
crowd, to watch the dancing and partake of the liquor that was ready
for the dancers. Here the dancing was lively and vital, but differed
in various ways from Hill Maria dancing, if of Hill Maria type. The
534 *dol* drumming was marked, even though the single-membrane
turam drum more typical of the Hill Maria was much in evidence.
301 Perhaps, however, the strongest impression was the astonishing
wealth of 'jewellery' worn by the girls: enquiry showed that apart
from strings of beads, almost all the silver and brass and aluminium
necklets, armlets and other trinkets worn by the women had been
purchased from metal-workers in Bastar State. There seemed here

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[1] See pp. 75-6 and 183-4

and see the bulk of the Council's funds, including their own contributions, spent on the open and advanced tracts of the district where the villagers must be placated for political reasons. More will be said on this point later in this Note, in dealing with the Garchiroli zamindaris. 632

The dancing at Surjagarh stands out in memory as faster and livelier than any other dancing seen on this tour. The drums too were different, great double membrane drums of short sections of *semur* (*bombax malabaricum*) trunks, up to 2 ft. 6 in. or 3 ft. in diameter. The *Gazetteer* well describes the typical Maria dance :— 535 [534]

> 'The favourite dance is a peculiar rippling step forwards, with the foot dragged, not very graceful when done by a single individual, but looking quite different when done in unison by a great circle of dancers singing a *re-la, re-la*, chorus to which the step keeps time. In some villages where the headman is an enthusiast for the pastime a trained band performs weird and wonderful step dances to the sound of the drum. At a big dance the trained band occupies the inner ring round the fire, while the common folk, men and maids, in separate rings move round in great circles in opposite ways. All are dressed for the occasion in their best, bearing in their hands weird ornaments of wicker work, with garlands of flowers on their necks, and, in their hair, feather ornaments humorously or coquettishly placed. Seen in the red glow of a huge log fire, glinting on the shining beads and barbaric ornaments of the dancers, with the throb of the drums, and the beat of many feet moving in unison to the wild music of the voices in chorus, a Maria dance is a spectacle not easily forgotten, but lingers as a characteristic scene when other details have faded from the memory.'[1]

That would well describe that wild night at Surjagarh, when the dancers, their spirits enlivened by several earthen pots of *mahua* liquor, kept up their dancing nearly till dawn. It had been a long and tiring day, and I retired early, the last thing seen from my tent before I closed the flap to shut out the blaze of the many log fires, the dust and the tramp of hundreds of feet, being our now nearly nude Local Board Member, well warmed by liquor and congenial surroundings, leading a ring of dancers and gravely demonstrating the right steps.

Next morning after an early breakfast we climbed with many of the night's dancers up to the keep of the old fort that crowns the Surjagarh hills, 1,273 feet above the forests at their base, the ascent being over what the *Gazetteer*[2] truly calls a noble cliff of black ferruginous mica schist. 712

> 'The ascent at first is by a narrow rift in the mountain, whose sides rise vertically on either hand 600 feet in height, and then the path winds round the face of the cliff in natural steps formed by the weathering of the schist. The whole ascent has been carefully fortified by a series of stone breastworks, here thrown across the path, there perched on an overhanging ledge of rock; and if properly defended would be impracticable for troops without means of shelling. Within the keep on the summit there used to be a small tank which

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[1] *Chanda District Gazetteer* (Allahabad, 1909), pp. 99-100.
[2] Pp. 428-9.

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949
AW32 Gond AW32
Hill Maria
Bison Horn Maria

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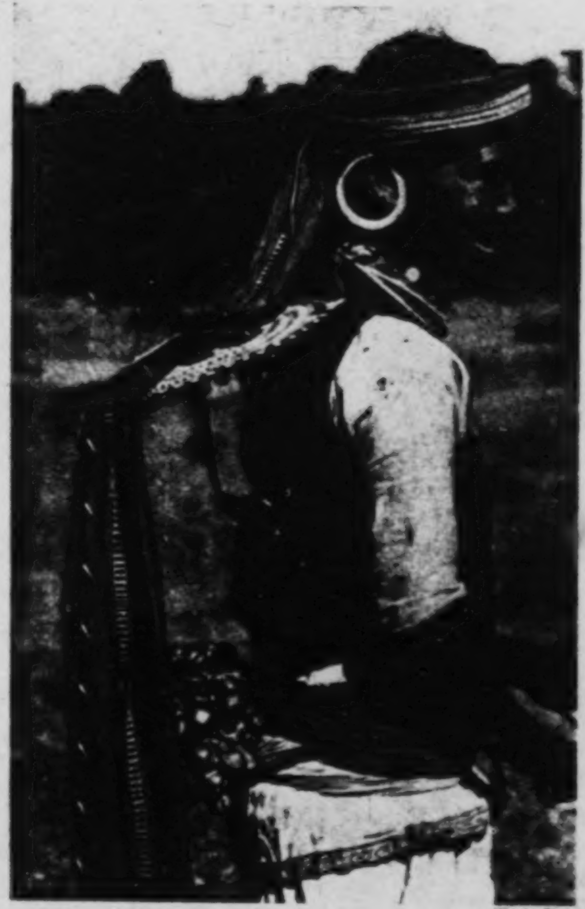

[Verrier Elwin

Bison-horn Maria youth of Kaklur in Hill Maria festival dress

[End Plate D]

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949
AW32 Gond AW32

Bison Horn Maria

142
292
534

Verrier Elwin

Bison-horn Maria dancer

[End Plate E]

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949
AW32 Gond AW32

Bison Horn Maria

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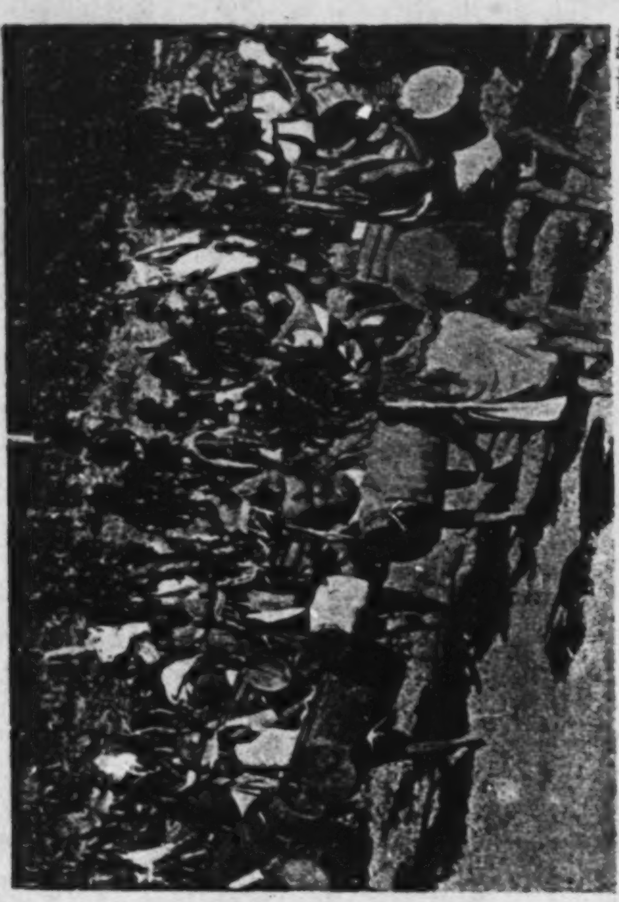
534



Bison-horn Marias dancing

[Verrier Elwin

[End Plate R]

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949
AW32 Gond AW32

Bison Horn Maria

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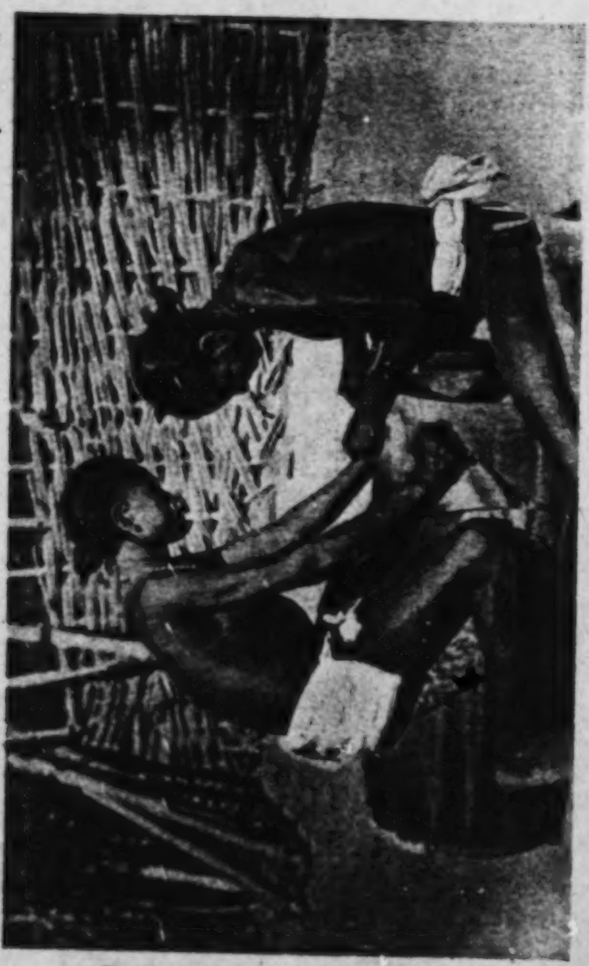

Bison-horn Maria boys repair a drum

[Verrier Elwin

[End Plate ZB]

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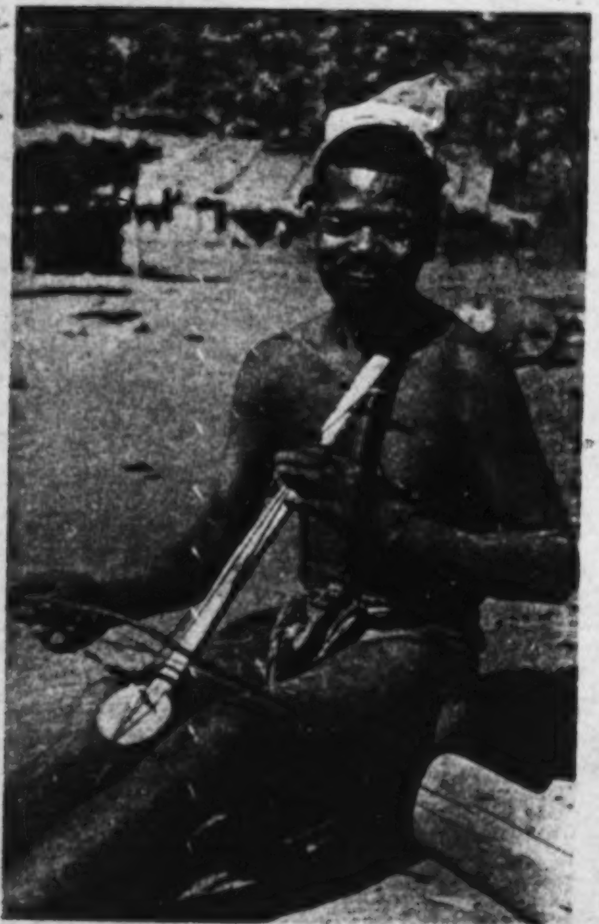

[Verrier Elwin

Hill Maria playing stringed instrument

[End Plate ZC]

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949
AW32 Gond AW32
Hill Maria

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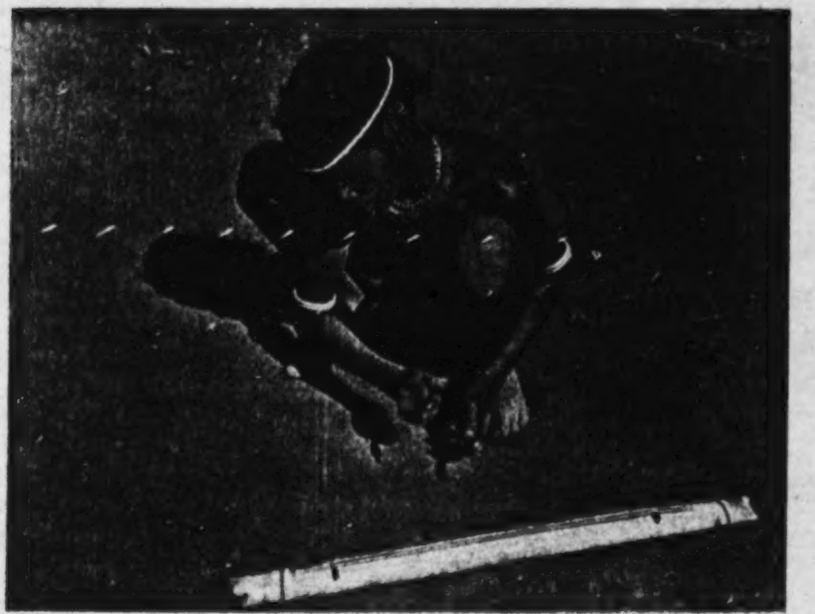

Verrier Elwin

Hill Maria youth playing a *veddur-dol*

[End Plate ZD]

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949
AW32 Gond AW32

Bison Horn Maria

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535
292

[Verrier Elwin

Bison-horn Marias dancing

[Verrier Elwin

[End Plate ZE]

142
301
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534

Plate V

A study in contrasts. The two boys are brothers, but one goes to school

[p. 18 (a)]

THE COURSE OF MURIA LIFE: YOUTH

585
539

Setina setina haida nana getil huhena;	I will wear cloth from a merchant's shop;
Nani re nani re rumjum rumjum getil huhena.	When I wear that cloth, my waist goes *rumjum rumjum.*
Sonārān sonārān haida nana suta harena;	I will wear a goldsmith's neck-band;
Todara re todara re rumjum rumjum suta harena.	The neck-band sounds *rumjum rumjum.*
Sonārān sonārān haida nana dāru harena,	I will wear a goldsmith's ear-ring,
Kaiwu re kaiwu re rumjum rumjum dāru harena.	The ear-rings sound *rumjum rumjum.*
Kaserān kaserān haida nana chura harena,	I will wear the Kaser's bangles,
Kālu re kālu re rumjum rumjum chura harena.	The bangles tinkle *rumjum rumjum.*

6

[534] ●

Nāwa tehendor turil roy ange,	My *tehendor*[1] is lost,
Baga ise turil roy bābu?	Where was it lost?
Jamha jumur manda roy ange,	It was lost among the crowds beneath the booth,
Agēy ise turil roy ange.	It is lost there.
Niya sang nor layor roy bābu,	Your friend the chelik
Niya layor bara oyor roy bābu,	Has taken everything,
Or ise oyor roy ange,	But he did not take that away,
Niya sang nāng layāh roy bābu!	O your friend the motiari
Ore bāra oyong roy bābu.	Must have taken it away.

7

Bera lopa bārang helo le nuni?	O what is in the field, girl?
Jhumjhum āyana nuni hanki tulawa.	The girl is cleaning pieces of rice, *jhumjhum.*
Bera lopa tarāy helo le?	What is in the field, sister?
Tarai lopa wārang helo le.	The tank is in the field, sister.
Tarai lopa durpa helo le?	What is in the tank, sister?
Durpa morede wārang helo le.	The lotus-root is in the tank, sister.
Durpa morede kanjal helo le?	What is under the lotus-root, sister?
Kanjal rosela wāyena helo le.	Under the lotus-root there is a mouse, sister.
Wāyen ayo wāyena dāda le?	Will you come to catch the mouse, sister?
Nāke dai rāngār dāda le.	I would love to come but I cannot, brother:
Niya dai matek helo le.	Mother would be angry with me, brother.
Jhāpil sandra hitona helo le.	I have given cloth from the basket, sister.
Hitek icho waiha dāda le.	If you have given it, brother, then I will come.

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[1] Iron Jew's-harp.

776 by the tragic circumstances of his origin. According to universal legend he is the ghost of a young bridegroom who, on the way to his wedding, was killed either by lightning [1] or by a tiger. Frustrated at the moment of achieving happiness, he lives on, soured and bitter, to trouble mankind.

For this reason Dulha Deo is regarded as particularly touchy and there are many stories about his quick temper and his readiness to take an insult and notice a slight. For example, at Silati the Muria described how he interrupted a Kalar marriage at Bara Dongar. A Muria neighbour had dedicated a pig to Dulha Deo. On the morning of the marriage the pig wandered over to the Kalar's house and the Kalar exclaimed, 'Alas! I have seen a pig's face early in the morning'. When Dulha Deo in the form of the pig heard this, he was very angry and stood snorting with rage in front of the house, refusing to allow the marriage to proceed. At last the Kalar had to touch the pig's feet and promise a goat in honour of Dulha Deo.

A practical reason for Dulha Deo's bad reputation may be the fact that at a marriage everybody is very excited, more or less drunk, and hitches in the procedure and quarrels between relations are always likely to occur. Whenever anything goes wrong, the blame is put on the god who must then be properly appeased. Dulha Deo serves a useful purpose as the divine whipping-boy.

Bhimul Pen

[778] In many Muria villages there is a small shrine of four wooden pillars and some cross-poles, but no roof, round one or two stones that may be anything from one to three feet high. These represent the deity who is called variously Bhimul Pen, Bhima or Bhimsen and his wife Bhimsenin or Gorondi Dokari.

I think it probable that there was a very ancient aboriginal deity, a rain-god called Bhimul, whose cult has been assimilated to that of the mightiest of the Pandava brothers, Bhimsen. The Muria expect both Lingo and Bhimul to [789] provide them with rain in due season. If there is a drought, Bhimul's stone is covered with cow-dung with the idea that he will quickly send rain to wash himself clean.[2]

But the Muria Bhimul has many other functions. In eastern Kondagaon, he takes the place of Lingo as the founder of the ghotul and its protector. ●[534] He is regarded as having a special interest in drums and must be worshipped when a mandri drum is made and when it is used at a wedding. He and his wife are associated with stilt-walking. He appears as the cause of thunder and the fertilizer of the crops.

[796] Bhimul has a special festival to himself in order to ensure a good rainfall. The villagers bring in March a little of whatever seed or vegetable is available and throw it over Bhimul's stone. The Gaita makes the usual offerings. Chelik and motiari dance all night.[3]

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[1] Crooke, op. cit., Vol. I, p. 119; Russell and Hiralal, op. cit., Vol. III, p. 73.

[2] To get rain, Bombay Hindu villagers 'besmear the phallus of Shiva with cooked rice and curds'.—Enthoven, op. cit., p. 321. The Parja of Bastar are described as fixing a piece of wood into the ground in the name of Bhimsen over which they pour water when they are in need of rain.—Russell and Hiralal, op. cit., Vol. IV, p. 377.

[3] For the widespread cult of this 'heroic godling' both among Hindus and aboriginals, see Crooke, op. cit., Vol. I, pp. 66, 89, 250 and Vol. II, p. 182; Grigson, op. cit., pp. 206, 215, 219; S. C. Roy, *The Mundas and their Country* (Calcutta, 1912), p. 98; *The Baiga*, p. 59 and *passim*; *The Agaria*, p. 95; *The Census of India, 1931*, Vol. I, Part III B, p. 78 (for the cult among the Nagpur Gond); ibid., p. 235 (for the Urali's idea that thunder is the result of a duel between the two Bhima in heaven); Thurston, *Castes and Tribes*, Vol. IV, pp. 56 and 71 (for the Koyi tradition that traces the origin of the tribe to Bhimador who while hunting in the jungle met a wild woman of the woods and married

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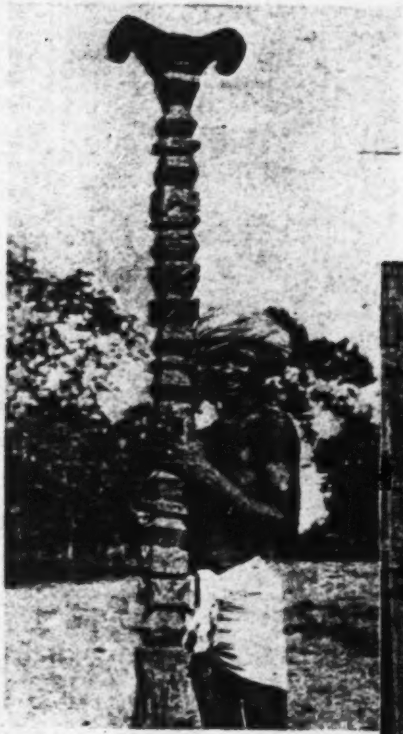

Pillar at Binjhe
with the chelik
who carved it

Drawing
old cens
number-bo

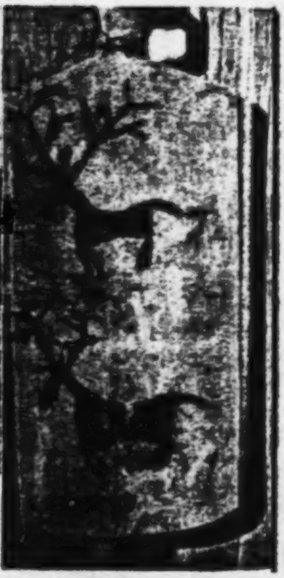

Plate LXXIV

● [534]

Carvin
a pit
drum
Dongri

[p.356(v)]

2: Elwin E-5 (1935-1942) 1947 AW32 Gond AW32
Muria

276

Motiari of Palli pounding tobacco in a wooden mortar for the chelik

Plate LXXXIV

•534

The Chalan of Jhakri preparing a pitorka drum

[p. 410 (B)]

831
534

Itwa lewa patwa tado.
Touch it and up it goes.
—A mat, or the penis.

Mela aur jela bahir jhule
Mantor hach kutile lopa narey kiyãntor.
Mela and Jela swing to and fro outside;
The iron rice-husker is at work within.
—Sexual congress.
Three are dancing in a thick jungle.
—Sexual congress.
There are two witnesses to this thief's escapades.
—The testes and penis.

But if their anatomical knowledge of the genitalia is slight, the Muria compensate for it by an extensive mythology of sex, which is, I think, even nore elaborate than that of the Bison-horn Maria and the Orissa tribes. 831

It is remarkable that the Muria seem to regard the sexual organs, whether nale or female, as living things with an independent life of their own.[1] For xample, one of the reasons given for forbidding urination inside the ghotul s that the girls' urine would smell abominably because her labia majora are lways chewing her urine as she walks about—just as a goat chews its food, nd therefore a girl's urine smells as strongly as a goat's.

There are several stories about the vagina, though the Vagina Dentata egend, known throughout the Central Provinces and Orissa, is comparatively are. The following story is from Masora. 831 539

Long ago the vagina had the power of leaving its body at night and going out to feed in the fields. It had teeth with which it could eat; it would stay out all night grazing in the fields and return satisfied in the morning.

By and by the village people began to say, 'What is this thing that comes at night and eats up our crops? Let us set traps and catch it'. So they set traps in their fields, and that night when the vaginae came to feed they were caught and the villagers collected them and took them to the Gaita's house in a big basket. They shut them up in an inner room and went to report the matter to the Raja. The Raja sentenced the vaginae to be hanged.

When they heard this, the villagers were frightened, for they said, 'How are we to live with our wives if their organs are destroyed?' So they went to the Raja asking him to forgive them and promising to repay the owners of the fields for whatever damage had been done.

The Raja said, 'First of all the teeth must be broken and removed from the vaginae. Whoever can do this will be rewarded'. No one knew how to do it until at last a one-eyed policeman, who himself had a knife growing from his penis, declared that he would deal with the matter. With his knife he removed the teeth and then with hammer and nails fixed every vagina back in its place. The nail he used is the clitoris which stands above the vagina to hold it steady. The vaginae then cursed the man who had done them this injury and turned him

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[1] A similar idea is found in the Crow Indian tale *Mentula Loquens*, where a man's penis gins to talk and refuses to stop.—R. H. Lowie, 'Myths and Traditions of the Crow dians', *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, Vol. XXV 908), p. 225.

Here the chelik said that the animals represented were lizards and they were climbing the tree to catch a wood-pigeon (Fig. 124). At the top of each toy were cymbals that clanged whenever its strings were pulled.

883x
484x
796
535

[534 ●
532]

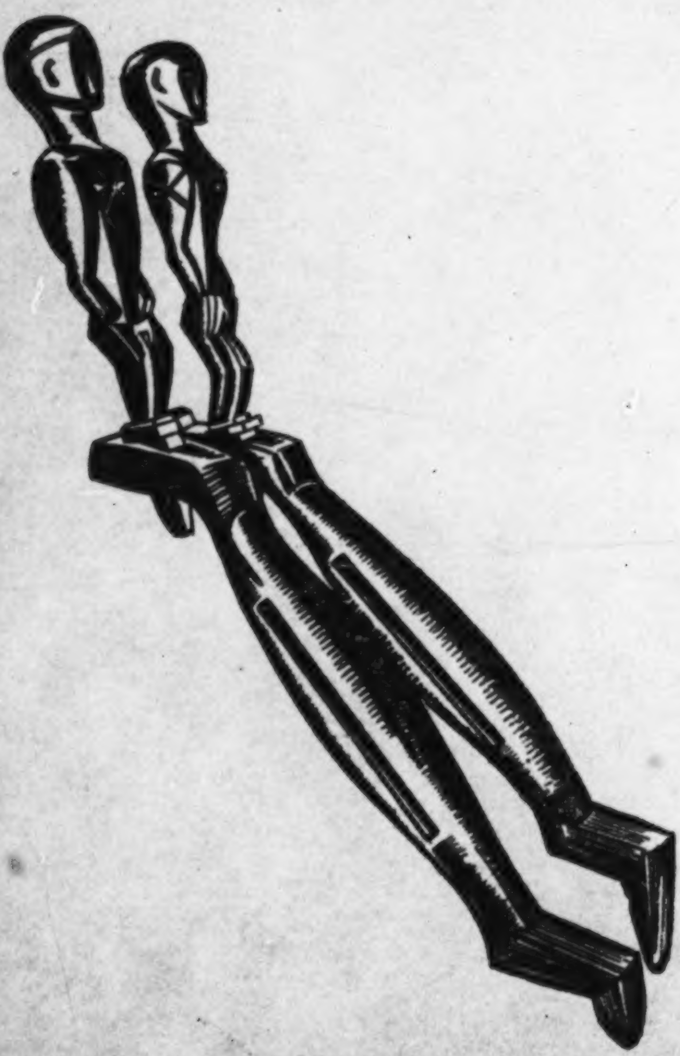


FIG. 125. Gongs from Alor
Cf. Plate CV

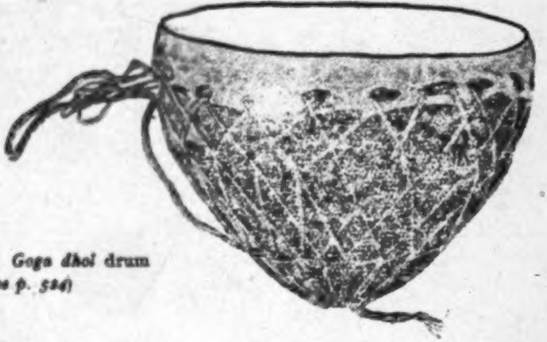


FIG. 127. *Goga dhol* drum
(*See p. 524*)

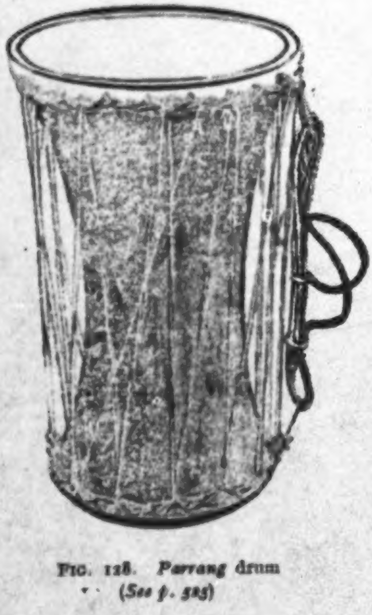


FIG. 128. *Parrang* drum
(*See p. 525*)

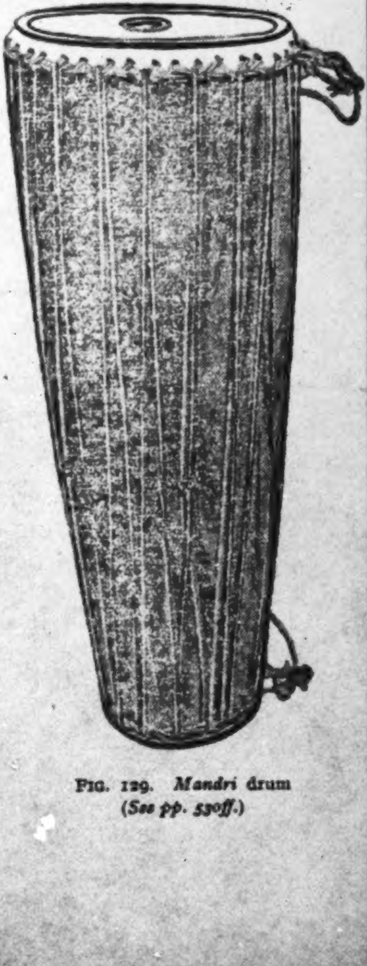
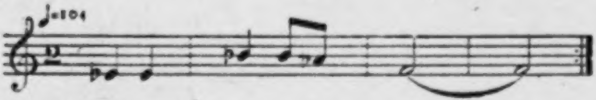


FIG. 129. *Mandri* drum
(*See pp. 530ff.*)

x883
533

2



O rere loyo rela rela. Re re loyo re rela. Re re loyo rerela. O rerela rela rela rerela rela rererela rerela rela rerelo oy.

The word Relo, however, has had a disastrous effect upon the Muria: it has served as a hypnotic drug that has destroyed their poetic faculty. Their songs, compared with those current in other parts of aboriginal India, are singularly devoid of inspiration.

II. The Eighteen Instruments

x883
534

Lingo was the first of musicians; he brought music to the world; he had eighteen instruments and played them all at once. Many Muria cannot say more than that there were eighteen, but some can give their names, though the lists do not always agree.

In a Lingo Pata sung by the Phulpar chelik as they set out on their Pus Kolang expedition, they described:

> The eighteen instruments of Lingo Rai,
> The Dhol Rai hanging from his shoulder,
> The Hakum Rai under his arm,
> The Madan Parrai drum hanging from his loins,
> The Paijna Rai on his feet,
> The Dhusir Rai played across the chest,
> The Jhikar Rai played when wind passes through the nose,
> The Sulur Rai played with wind passing through the mouth.

The Phulpar boys did not know more than this. But Suku of Bandopal knew the names of all eighteen, as do many of the chelik in the typically 'Jhoria' Parganas. The list is as follows:

1. *The nissan drum.*—A large single-membrane iron drum played with two sticks on the ground at festivals. When a new skin is needed, the Muria offer a bull to Lingo Pen, skin it and begin to prepare the hide that very day. The drum is also sometimes called *māwāloti* or *lohāti*.

2. *The goga dhol drum.*—A single-membrane wooden drum, 14" deep with a diameter of 17", covered with cow-hide.[1] It is slung round the shoulders and beaten with a single stick held in the right hand at festivals and at the funerals of very old and famous people.

3. *The dhol drum.*—This is a large circular double-membrane wooden drum, 15" deep and 17" in diameter, covered with cow-hide, which is fixed in place with a bamboo ring and cords of leather. It is said to be the local habitation of Bara Pen and Lingo, and is beaten with a single stick at festivals. Its loud and solemn note gives point to the riddle—

[524]

Kaide nehtihe bita mend dānta,	Beat it with your hand and it runs half a cubit,
Bargāte hiteke kos mend dānta.	Beat it with a stick and it runs two miles.

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[1] The measurements in this chapter are of specimens in my possession: there is naturally some degree of variation.

4. *The mandri drum.*—This is the chelik's favourite drum, the marriage drum. In shape it is a long barrel of wood, with two membranes of unequal size. It is so important to the life of the ghotul that I describe its manufacture and use in a separate section.

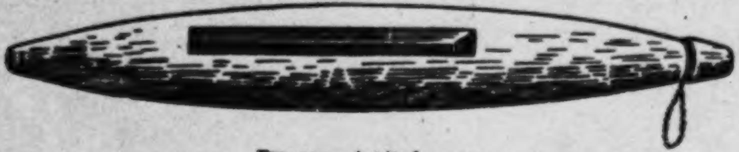

Fig. 130. A *pitorka* gong

5. *The parrang drum.*—This is a waisted drum of earthenware, shaped like an hour-glass, 18" to 2' long with a cow-hide cover of 9" at either end. It is used as a substitute for the mandri in some villages. It is also called *tori parra*, *parrai*[1] or *parrayin*.

There is a wooden variety of this drum, smaller but of the same pattern, called *hulki māndri*, *ojha parra* or *damru*. The first name derives from its use in the Hulki dance, the second because it is played by the wandering minstrel Ojha. The drum is a little under a foot long; the ends have a diameter of 6" and narrow to 3" at the waist. It is hollowed out of a single piece of wood. Lizard-skin membranes at either end are fixed in place by rings of bamboo and tied by a cord that is crisscrossed round the drum. A leather belt, to which is attached a carved wooden peg, passes round the waist and is held by the left hand.

This is the Muria version of the widely-distributed *dāmaru* used by beggars all over India. In its very small shape it has a stick or stone tied to a string: it is shaken and the stone strikes each head in turn. In Madras it is called *udakkai*.

6. *The turburi drum.*—This small earthenware drum, hemispherical in shape, is also called *kundur*, *kundri*, *kundurka* and *kunderi*. Its Muria form is a sophisticated version of the Hill Maria *turam* drum made by them of sago palm or bija wood. Its single membrane is of cow-hide. It is tied to the waist and beaten with two sticks at festivals. (See Plate CX.)

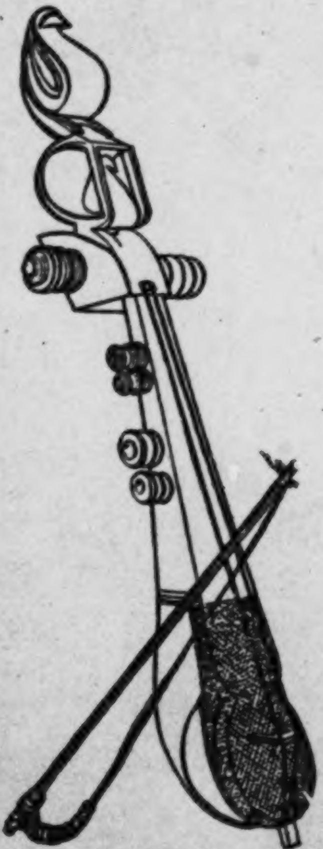

Fig. 131. A *sarangi*
(*See p.* 526)

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[1] *Parai* is a Tamil word for a drum, from which the Paraiyan caste may possibly get its name.

x 883
● 534

7. *The pitorka gong.*—This is a wooden gong, also called *tudra, hutorka* and *thuturka*, which seems to have developed out of the wooden cow-bell. But this hollowed-out, membraneless instrument differs from the cow-bell in having no clapper; it is beaten with two sticks during marriage dances and makes a sharp penetrating noise. The name *pitorka* means a bulbul. Riddles about the gong are:

Hayle kor kara kara inla. The dead cock cries *kara kara.*
The cock's belly is removed, but it goes on crying for food.

It is this class of instrument that gives most scope to the chelik for carving the little decorations and symbols of which they are so fond. The gongs often have small mirrors fitted into the wood, carvings of tigers, birds, chelik and motiari, and crude drawings of the vagina (Fig. 141). The heavy cow-bell type of *pitorka* is often fairly large; one in my possession measures 21" by 10½", another 23" by 14", a third 27½" by 14". Sometimes the *pitorka* takes the shape of a hollowed-out canoe (Fig. 130). I have one that is 26" long with a slit 10" long, 3" deep and 1" across. A small hole is made in the bottom of the slit to improve the tone.[1]

The wood used is generally semur or siuna. A chelik goes to the tree and throws rice and pulse at it in the name of Lingo. 'To improve the sound', the gong is worshipped with oil and haldi before a marriage.

8. *The sarangi.*—A fiddle of the ordinary Indian pattern, made of a single block of wood, with a hollowed-out belly. The Muria sometimes carve a bird at the top (Fig. 131).

9. *The dhusir.*—This is another type of fiddle with a bamboo neck attached to a resonator made of half a coconut. This is covered with lizard skin. The strings are of horse-hair. The instrument is held to the shoulder and played with a bamboo bow which has horse-hair strings.

10. *The toheli.*—This resembles the Indian *sitar.* A bamboo neck is attached to a gourd resonator. It is played specially in honour of Bara Pen and Bangaram.

11. *The dumri.*—A guitar made of a thick board over which brass strings are tied, with a large gourd resonator. It is held with one hand and the strings are plucked with the other. If any of these stringed instruments are played at a wedding, they are first worshipped with oil and haldi in the name of Lingo.

12. *The hakum hunting-horn.*—Originally this was an ordinary buffalo horn, and still many of them may be seen slung from the roofs of shrines. They are blown at festivals to announce the arrival of a god or to mark any important turn of the ceremonial. The Ghasia make an elaborate brass horn by the *cire-perdue* process, which is eagerly bought by those Muria who can afford it. Such brass horns are common in Madras, where they are called *kombu*, and in Nepal under the name of *sringa.*

13. *The solor flute.*—This is also called *kalur* and *husor* in Gondi and *bansuri* in Halbi. It is a cylindrical bamboo tube with from four to six stops. Among the Muria flutes in my possession, one is 3' long. It is closed by the

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[1] This appears to be a miniature edition of the large wooden xylophone made from a hollow log and sometimes called a canoe-drum which is frequently found in the Naga Hills, among the Wa of Burma, in the Malay Peninsula and in Borneo. Hutton connects it with the Fijian *lali*. 'It may be associated with the use of the war canoe, as its construction appears to be attended in the Naga Hills by taboos identical with those attending the construction of canoes in Melanesia; and canoes have been used, occasionally at any rate, for drumming in Manipur, in Papua and in Oceania.'—J. H. Hutton, 'Races of Further Asia', *Man in India*, Vol. XII (1932), p. 10.

natural joint at the proximal end near which a circular sound-hole has been burnt. Half-way down the pole is a set of three holes and then after a space of 4" another set of three holes. A bamboo stick with a bunch of cloth at the end is kept inside the flute to clean it. Another flute, with five stops, has a lozenge-shaped sound-hole which is divided into two by a lump of wax, so that the air can escape from both ends of the flute which has no joints to close it. A small piece of tin, held in place by a roll of salphi fibres, can be slid up and down to close one or both of the sound-holes. This flute is 14" long; a third, of the same size, has four stops and a sound-hole. This, which is only capable of the anhemitonic pentatonic scale, is, of course, the most primitive. I have found it distributed in the remoter villages throughout the entire Muria area. It is curious that contact with the bazaars and main roads should even add stops to the flute, but it is so.

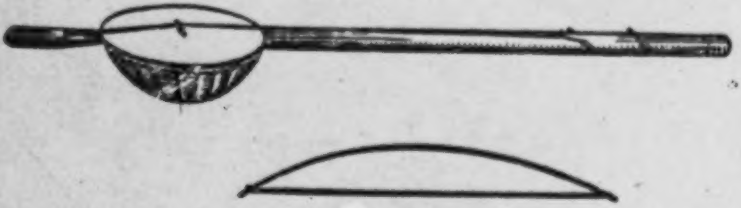

FIG. 132. *A dhusir*
(*See p. 526*)

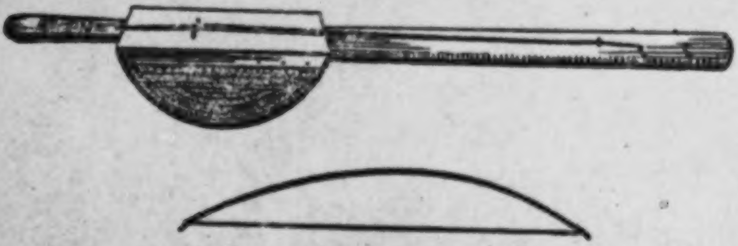

FIG. 133. Another type of *dhusir*

The chelik sometimes play their flutes very well. They dance with them at festivals, and play them while watching cattle or sitting lonely in a field-hut at night. In Bermakot, the chelik distinguished ten different tunes.—Matapar, Bangarampar, Maolipar, Budha Dokarapar, Khanda Dokarapar, Lingopar, Son Kumarpar, Kuari Maolipar, Bhamnipar and Bhagarampatpar.

14. *The kekrong.*—This is the curious musical rasp, a notched stick belonging to the idiophone class, found also in south-east Asia and Africa. The rasps are generally made of bamboo poles about 5' long with a bunch of feathers at the top. At the lower end a slot is made and notches are cut along it on either side for about 8". A bit of wood is rubbed over these notches making a rasping noise which can be adapted to the rhythm of the drums. A similar rasp made of wood, 1' long, 1½" deep and ¾" broad, was attached to the bottom of one of the elaborate toys carried on Chherta and Pus Kolang expeditions.

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Here the wood was hollowed out like a little canoe and the notches were cut in its sides.

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I have also an elaborate iron stridulator; it is a hollow cylindrical tube 18" long notched right down its upper surface, and twisted at the narrower end into a crude representation of a cobra with hood erect. Attached to its lower side by an iron loop is a 4" 'hair-pin' of twisted iron which is used to rub against the indentations of the upper surface.[1]

15. *The kach-tehendor.*—This little iron Jew's harp is said to make music so sweet 'that even a snake would dance to it', but it is not popular because it is supposed to damage the teeth. It is made by Muria-Lohar from locally smelted iron; a prong is enclosed in a small frame which is held by the teeth, the mouth thus acting as resonator, and it is played by jerking the vibrating prong (Fig. 138). There is also a very delicate instrument made of thin bamboo cut so as to leave a vibrating tongue tied by a string at the end. Held between the teeth, the string is jerked and a sweet low humming noise is produced.[2]

16. *The muyang bells.*—Small pellet-bells are tied to the buttocks by the Jhoria Muria for their festival dances. They are jerked up and down or swung to and fro. With them are usually two or three larger clapper-bells called *irna*. They are made of brass by the local Ghasia. Pellet-bells are also tied round the arms, the calves or the ankles, and strings of them are hung from the girdle.

17. *The kalwaking anklets.*—These are hollow, made of iron or brass, and contain small pellets of the same material. When the chelik dance vigorously stamping their feet, the clash of the anklets blends pleasantly with the rhythm of the drums.

18. *The chitkul cymbals.*—Nearly all Lingo's instruments are still used only by boys, but the *chitkul* are more common in the hands of girls. They are made of brass by Ghasia or Bharewa and are often attached to each other by long chains of cowries. Men and boys also use them—there is no taboo

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[1] Grigson found the Baiga of Arwar in the Balaghat District using a musical rasp, which they called *kirr-kiski*, made of a 'tapering rod of dhaman-wood carved by a series of bulges into a kind of ratchet. The key-board is a short piece of bamboo one foot long, one inch wide and a quarter of an inch thick, obtained by tangential section so that the outer surface of the bamboo is retained for roughly one-fifth of the periphery of the complete bamboo. This piece of bamboo is then bisected lengthways by a second tangential cut extending for two-thirds of its length. Five cuts in the radial direction are made to produce a double set of five "fingers", which have a common groove about 1½" from the open end. To operate the instrument the tapering "ratchet" stick is stabbed vertically downwards through the groove.'—W. V. Grigson, *The Aboriginal Problem in the Balaghat District* (Nagpur, 1941), p. 14. This is similar to the South Indian *kokkara*, used by Pulayar, Vedar and Kuruvar sorcerers. The *kokkara* is 'formed of a plate of iron turned into a tube, the edges strongly serrated and not closely united. From it hangs a chain and an iron pin which is rubbed along the dentate edges of the iron cylinder, making a horrid grating noise'.—S. Mateer, *Native Life in Travancore* (London, 1883), p. 49. The Savara *doddowrdjan* is a stridulator made of a hollow bamboo with a slit, either side of which is rugged with small grooves, the upper part of the slit being covered with the hand to regulate the volume of resonance.—G. V. Sitapati, 'Sora Musical Instruments', *Bulletin du Musée Ethnographie du Trocadéro* (Paris, 1933), No. 5, p. 23. I have also seen Savara use as a rasp the inner ribbed core of a buffalo's horn.

[2] The Jew's harp is common in Assam and Burma, where it has been recorded for the Lakher and Chin, though it is absent among the Lushai. The Naga tribes call it 'mouth music' and use it for serenades. The Mikir and Garo make a double harp and for the Kachin 'all love passages are conducted with this as the chief musical instrument'. Still more elaborate harps are found in the Sadiya District. So seductive is the music that the use of the harp is forbidden by many missionaries.—A. W. Young, 'The Jew's Harp in Assam', *JASB*, Vol. IV (*N.S.*, 1908), pp. 235f. I have found little bamboo harps popular in the Juang and Bondo dormitories (cf. Fig. 136).

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about it—but generally for fun; an old man dressed as a beggar may do a turn by himself, mournfully clashing a pair of cymbals; a couple of chelik will take them and imitate the jerky dance motions of the motiari.

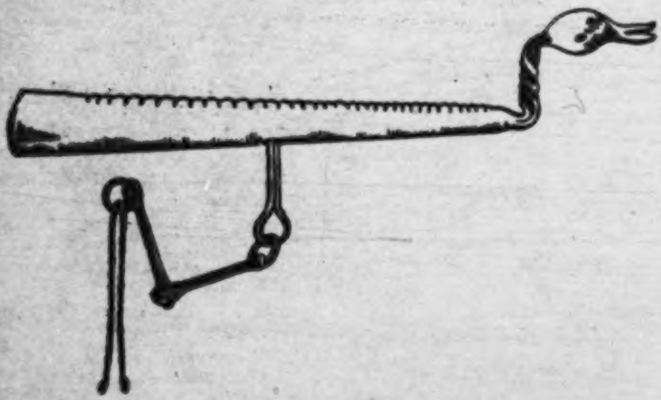

FIG. 134. An iron *kekrang*
(*See p. 527*)

These were the eighteen instruments of Lingo, and even today they are still full of the love-charms that he put into them. Not every chelik can make and use them all. Every chelik, it is safe to say, can deal with the drums; every motiari can handle the cymbals. But the buttocks-bells are not known in eastern Kondagaon, and in any ghotul there are rarely more than two or three boys who can play the stringed instruments.

Most of these instruments are not, of course, peculiar to the Muria, and it is certain that several of them do not go back to the days of Lingo. The dhol and turburi are of the ordinary Indian pattern, so are the stringed instruments. But the hunting horn, the four-holed flute, the musical rasp, the bamboo Jew's harp, the canoe-shaped gong are very primitive.

Beside the eighteen instruments, the Muria have a few others. They sometimes use a tambourine called *dahi*, made of goatskin stretched over a wooden ring, 15" in diameter. This instrument is common throughout Orissa: it is the chang of the Juang. The Jhoria of the western parganas make bull-roarers for amusement. I have not been able to discover any religious or magical significance in them; they are only used as toys. The Muria make their bull-roarers of bamboo slats, 12" to 18" long and ¾" to 1" broad; they are notched round one end and a string is attached; sometimes they are pointed at the other end. The blade is then whirled round in the air and a roaring noise is made, as a result of the edge and flat surface being alternately presented to the air and thus acting as a closing and opening valve.[1] The *mora*, which is the *shanai*-clarionet of other parts of India, is sometimes used at marriages.

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[1] The bull-roarer is widely distributed throughout the world, but can hardly be called common in India. It is used in the Uraon *dhumkuria*, and Roy discovered it among the Santal, Ho and Munda. Munda and Uraon bull-roarers have been found perforated as well as notched, but elsewhere, as in Bastar, only the notched type has been recorded. See S. C. Roy, 'The Bull-Roarer in India', *Man in India*, Vol. VII (1927), pp. 6ff.

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A very simple drum is made by Muria living in the neighbourhood of the Abujhmar Mountains. Two slats are made on the upper rounded surface of a split bamboo about 3′ long and these are raised by small wooden frets placed at either end. These are beaten with two small wooden sticks, the operator sitting cross-legged on the ground.[1] (See Figs. 53 and 139.)

III. The Mandri Drum

So important is the mandri drum to the chelik and so essential to their chief dances that I devote a special section to its manufacture and use.

The drum exists in two forms, the first akin to the *mridang* pattern universal throughout India, the second of the *damaru* hour-glass type. The *khut māndri* is a double-membrane drum, 30″ long, of wood or earthenware, the two ends being of different sizes, one 10″ in diameter and the other 7″. The membranes are made of cow-hide attached by strips of the same material criss-crossed round the body of the drum. The *hulki māndri*, which is also called *ojha parra* or *damaru*, is a waisted drum, shaped and hollowed out of a single piece of wood. At either end it is covered with lizard-skin which is fixed in place by a ring of bamboo held by cords made of siari bark. A normal size for this drum is 11″ long and 6¼″ diameter at either end.

It is said by the Muria that only a great lover, a man who desires to shine before the maidens of the village, will go to the trouble nowadays of making a wooden mandri. Earthen drums or earthen bowls from which drums can be manufactured are easily obtainable in the bazaars and there is a growing tendency to use them. Those who make the mandri of wood do so, therefore, with great care and elaborate ceremonial.

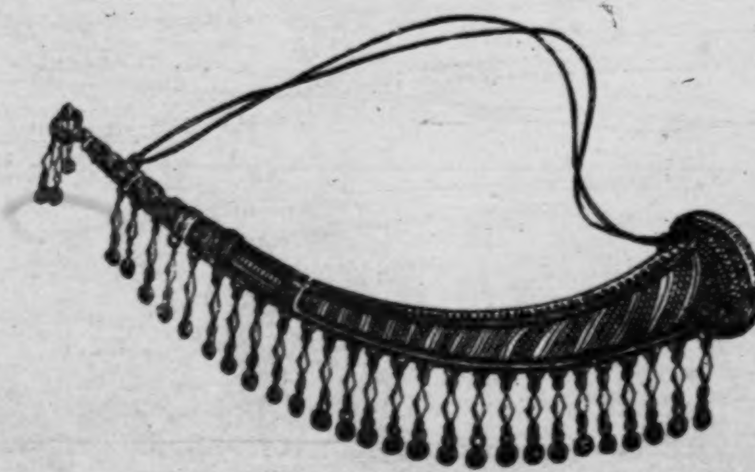

FIG. 135. Hunting-horn of brass
(*See p.* [illegible])

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[1] This resembles the *teeung* of the Shan States. But the Shan instrument has a sort of sounding board made by a hole in the bamboo. The Reddis have a similar split stringed instrument—C. von Fürer-Haimendorf, *The Reddis of the Bison Hills*, p. 348—so have the Bondo (Fig. 53), and the Savara.

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In the month of June, when the first rain falls and the frogs begin to croak, a boy goes to the jungle to find a suitable tree. The tree may either be bija, sirsa, mahua, mango or dumar fig. Probably the most commonly used is the bija. Before cutting the tree the chelik must offer it an egg with some siari gum as incense on a little fire saying, 'Look, we are taking you to make you into a drum; may the sound you give be that of a good drum'. Another prayer is, 'Look Bhimul, let our drum sound well'. In Palari the boys used to offer *supari* and coconut in the name of Danteshwari and the Departed saying, 'May our drum give a good sound and may we learn every kind of step (*dāka*) and rhythm (*pār*); may the chelik have no kind of sorrow; may the songs of the chelik and motiari be good'. The reference to Bhimul, which is repeated at the worship of the drums before the marriage ceremony, is probably due to his association with rain and thunder. In some legends thunder is caused by the noise made by Bhimul dragging his water-skin across the sky. He who gives thunder in heaven is the best person to promote the thunder of the drum on earth.

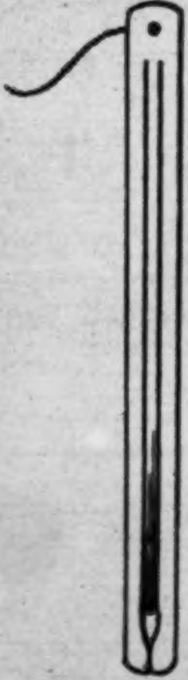
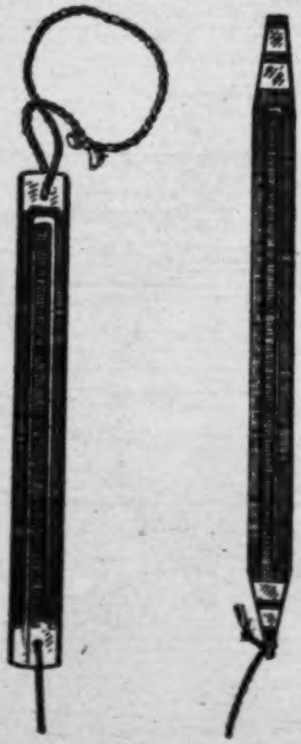


FIG. 136. Bamboo Jew's harp
Length 4½"



After a drawing from A. Williffer Young's article 'The Jew's Harp in Assam' from *JASB*, Vol. IV, 1908, p. 238

FIG. 137. Chin and Mikir harps

Then the boy cuts down the tree and takes it home. He hollows out the wood with his *kerse* (Fig. 14) and axe until it is of perfect shape. He makes a little hole in one side and closes it with a wooden plug. This is called the drum's umbilical stump. Later when the drum is ready the boy will blow into it, the idea being that when there is more air inside, it will sound better. Then he puts it aside for a year. During this year he should offer Bhimul a pig for the success of his drum. Then in the same month that he originally cut the wood, when the frogs are croaking again, he ties the skin to either end.

The preparation of the skin also has its appropriate ritual. The boy takes the cow-hide to the river and puts it in the water to soak. When he finds after three or four days that the hairs come out easily, he removes it and offers red and black powder, seven rings of aonra leaf, egg-shells, a chicken and liquor to the Yer Kanyang saying, 'O Kanyang, for so many days you have been defiled; to free you of this I make these offerings; let the skin be good and let it not break'. The idea that the water is defiled by contact with cow-hide is, of course, an accretion on older Muria thought. It is quite inconsistent, for the same Muria do not hesitate to eat beef and to offer cows and bulls to their gods. It is said that once a Siraha, when consulted as to why the skins of the drum broke rather quickly, declared that it was because the Water Maiden was angry at her defilement by contact with leather, and the custom arose from this.

The skin is tied to the drum in the months when the frogs begin to croak so that as the frogs croak loudly the drum too will give a loud noise'.

Then the boy with the help of his friends makes a little platform of sticks on the ground, lays the skin upon it, stands on either end to keep it taut, scatters ash over it and with a bit of wood rubs off the hairs. He doubles the skin, lays the drum mouth-downwards on it and cuts round leaving an ample margin. When it has dried he cuts the upper skin to the exact size required, leaving the underskin to project all round. He makes long strips of cord from the hide, cutting it out circlewise. Then he ties the skins to either end, fixing them in place with the cords that he criss-crosses over the body.

It is said that cow-hide is better than bullock's, but that the skin of cow or bullock killed by a tiger gives the best sound of all. This is obviously based on the idea that the drum thunders as the tiger roars.

Now as the chelik is finishing his work he soaks a few mahua flowers in water and offers them to the drum with a little rice, pulse, haldi, an egg, and a chicken saying, 'Look, Bhimul Mandri Guru, O all ye Departed, I am offering you this so that my drum may sound well every day'. In the villages of the north, where the cult of Lingo is prominent, the offerings are made in his name. This is more appropriate, since Lingo was the first musician who taught the Muria the art of drumming.

Then the boy puts some oil and flour mixed together on both ends of the drum; he sometimes attaches a sort of saddle of polished cow-hide to protect his body. I have also seen ordinary blankets, deer-skin or leopard-skin used for this purpose. At last when everything is ready, on that very night the boy summons the chelik and motiari and dances with them the whole night beating the drum all the time. The drum thus introduced to the community of youth may last a lifetime.

The drums are hung in the verandah or sitting-room of a house or suspended from the roof of the ghotul. In some ghotul the entire ceiling is covered with drums, a very impressive sight. The instruments are treated with reverence and are honoured on special occasions. The mandri is used mainly for marriages; for religious festivals a circular dhol drum is employed. When the boys go for a marriage, as they enter the village they exclaim, 'May no hostile god or goddess, witch or warlock trouble us'. They pluck a little dub grass and

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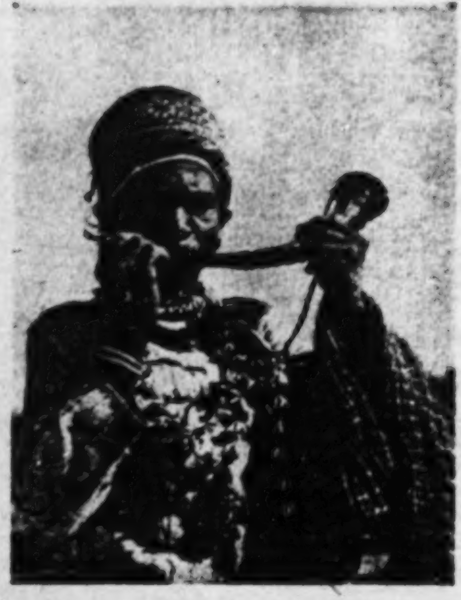

Chelik of Temrugaon wearing typical Hill Maria cap and playing the hunting-horn

Plate CVI

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Chelik panchayat denouncing a would-be reformer

[p. 532(a)]

x883 ● 534 throw it behind them as they go. They also tie a little to each drum, pushing the ends of the grass under the strings. As they enter the village, they drum what is called the Bhimul Par or the rhythm in honour of Bhimul, and go once round the marriage-booth. Then they go apart and stack the drums in a row or pile and the leading drummer, who is called the Mandri Guru, offers liquor and the usual gifts of rice, haldi and flour to the drums in the name of Bhimul, Lingo or Danteshwari Matal, according to the local custom, and always in the name of the Dead. 'Let the sounds of the drum be good', they say, 'and let the variety of our dance-steps and rhythms be right. O Mandri Guru Bhimul, as your drum used to sound, so may ours.' As they finish the offerings the boys gather round and each stoops down and catches hold of his drum by its cords; then at a given signal they all together lift the drums into the air and, with a loud cry, sling them across their shoulders and begin to beat them vigorously.

When a drum is broken, the owner asks the Siraha why, and only repairs it after making the appropriate offerings to whatever god or ancestor caused the trouble.

Some of the riddles about this drum are picturesque:

[524] 'The seed is outside, the bark inside.'
'In the elephant's stomach buzzes a fly.'
'It cries *tihito*, this bird with no teeth.'
'The bullocks come from Porrobhum [the Upper World] crying *burum burum*.'[1]

IV. Dancing Dress

x883 29✓ Chelik and motiari wear no special dancing dress for weddings or any ordinary occasion. They simply put on as many ornaments as they can, stick feathers in their hair and occasionally tattoo their faces with white dots and stars.

Even for festivals the Muria of the east have no special dress and they go out on their Hulki and Dandar expeditions in their ordinary clothes. But the Jhoria have a very elaborate and distinctive dress for the festivals of the clan-god; and the Muria of the north and west wear a special uniform (which I describe elsewhere) for the Pus Kolang and Chait Dandar expeditions. Here I shall confine myself to a description of the Jhoria festival attire, which closely resembles the dancing dress of the Hill Maria.

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[1] It is interesting to compare these riddles about drums with those current in other tribes. The following are Uraon:

'A brown cow lows in the middle of a field.'
'The boy who only speaks when beaten.'
'Outside pretty
Inside empty.'
'Put down silent—picked up noisy.'
'The fishes gather when the dry tree is beaten.'

These are Kharia:

'The jack-fruit tree is a tree full of mandri drums.'
'The little fishes gather at the sound of the clouds.'

These are Baiga:

'At the least touch, it growls.'
'An orphan boy with a big belly cries all night.'
'He is brought and hung up. When the crowd gathers, they beat him.'

See Archer, op. cit., pp. 181ff.; Roy, *The Kharias*, pp. 450ff.; *The Baiga*, pp. 464ff.

THE MURIA AND THEIR GHOTUL

x883 292 The basis of this dress is a very commonplace shirt and a white skirt with red bands, held in place by a wide sash, all of bazaar cloth. The chelik wear on their heads either turbans tied straight round to make a sort of box or a round cap of bamboo lattice-work covered with red cloth with one end hanging down behind as a streamer. This *topi*, as it is called, is decorated with feathers, cowries, coloured balls borrowed from the motiari and anything else available. When a turban is worn, it is similarly decorated and has one or two long streamers, or strings of cowries hanging down behind.

Round their waists the chelik tie a cord and attach to it bunches of small and big bells which hang above their buttocks.[1] I once saw a boy with a large wooden cow-bell. From the shoulders hangs the very distinctive dancing-shield called *moghi*. This is a circular shield of carved wood or basketwork, with bamboo hoops underneath to support it away from the back and often four smaller hoops of bamboo or brass on the upper side, through which are threaded more streamers of red, white or blue cloth (see Fig. 33).

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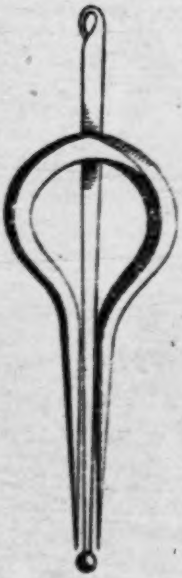

FIG. 138. Iron Jew's harp
Length 3½"

Sometimes coloured shawls are thrown over the shoulders spoiling the effect, since they conceal the shields. I have only once seen the older type of Hill Maria 'rib-waistcoat', and that was at Bandopal where the boys covered their waistcoats with folded strips of white cloth so arranged as to look like a series of ribs down the body. Round their necks the boys wear masses of ornaments, many of them borrowed for the occasion from their sisters and cousins.

Every dancer must carry something over his shoulder. Nowadays this is often an umbrella, though an umbrella decorated with strings of cowries or even bunches of fruit. Traditionally the Hill Maria carried a large pharsa battle-axe over his shoulder: the Muria still sometimes make exaggeratedly large wooden pharsa, carved wooden godel axes, sticks with bunches of peacock feathers tied to the top; the less enterprising carry ordinary pharsa and godel axes and even wooden sticks.

The most interesting objects carried by the Muria for their festival dances are the 'horses', or *kohti* as they are called (Figs. 27, 29). These are roots of trees chosen because their shape roughly resembles the head of a horse, often a fringe of smaller roots being left on the upper side to indicate the mane. This 'horse' is given horns or ears by fixing pointed bits of wood, barking-deer horns, or the tusks of the wild boar to the front of the 'head'. From its nose hang long streamers of white feathers, and the nose itself is often decorated with crisscross patterns. Into the back of the *kohti* are fixed three or four ornamented sticks each with a tuft of feathers at the end. The general effect, specially when a very large number of these 'horses' appear together, is magnificent.

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[1] These buttocks-bells, which are characteristic of the Hill Maria, have also been recorded in the Coorg area of the Western Ghats. See M. B. Emeneau, *JAOS*, Vol. LIX, p. 132.

DANCE AND SONG

V. THE MANDRI DANCE

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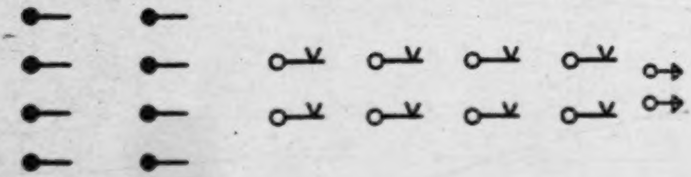
I include here all those dances which are primarily exhibitions of drumming with the earthen or wooden mandri, the large waisted parrai, and the wooden tudra. These dances are performed at marriages or for amusement in the ghotul; they are the dances normally displayed at the camps of touring officials and visitors.

There is no special uniform; the dancers wear what they can. Boys sometimes carry carved wooden axes over one shoulder: girls and boys may decorate their faces with white spots, lines and stars. There is often a boy in peacock-dress or a cowrie-jacket. All the pomp and excitement of the dance is for the boys; the peahens to these exuberant peacocks are usually pushed into a corner where they sing a subdued little Relo on their own.

There are a great many different movements in the Mandri; I will describe them one by one. The prelude, or grand entrance, is done at the beginning of the dance always, when the boys bring in the wood for the marriage-booth, when they go to welcome the bridegroom on his arrival at their village, and when they escort bride or bridegroom to the Lagir ceremony. The formation is simple—boys form a double file followed by two rows of girls.



The procession advances a few steps, halts, retires a little, advances again. Sometimes it comes forward with a rush, halts, turns round and rushes back not quite so far, comes on again; with each rush the procession makes a slight advance. I saw this done very effectively at Sidhawand, where the boys held antlers in their hands. When they reached the limit of their advance they bowed with them to the ground, then all together raised them into the air with a fine flourish, and retired. At Kokori, boys entered in a long serpentine column. Every four paces, they knelt down, then advanced crab-like sideways, knelt, went back, came on again, knelt, moved to and fro on their knees. Sometimes the line of drummers squats down and hops along, drumming vigorously the while. When the drummers have made their entry, they should perform the drum worship in the name of Bhimul or Lingo.

They then usually form themselves into the first movement, which is quite simple. They go round in a circle, with a straightforward rapid walk, the

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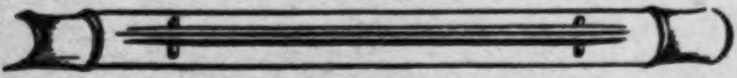
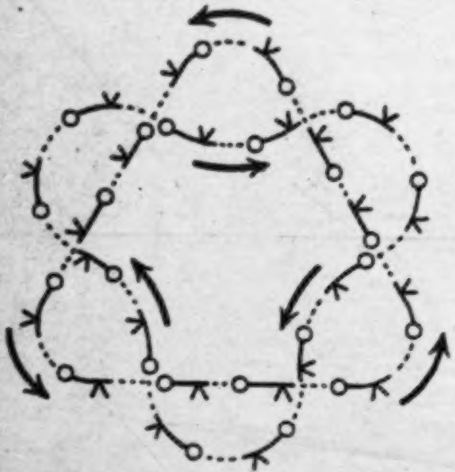


FIG. 139. A bamboo drum (*see p. 530*)

knees slightly bent. If there are any boys with wooden kutorka or tudra, these gyrate inside the main circle. The girls form two lines some distance



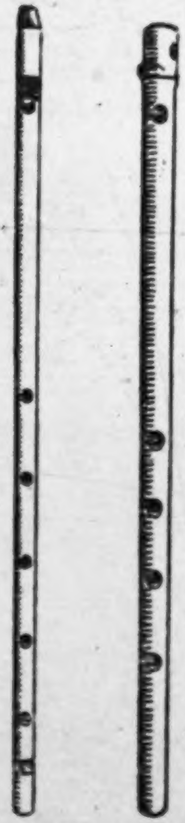


FIG. 140. Flutes
(*See p. 526*)

[534]

But there is no limit to the variations of the Mandri. At one moment the dancers are going round in a circle, and each boy has one hand on the shoulder of the drummer in front of him; the next they have closed in and are kneeling down facing inwards clapping their hands; soon they jump up, turn round, open the circle and kneel again facing outwards, clapping their hands. They put their hands on their hips and sway twice on their feet. Sometimes they gyrate with the drums between their legs, beating with the left hand behind the left leg, then they swing the drums up and forward. Between beats, they touch first chest, then buttocks with their hands, then beat the drums.

Sometimes they do a sort of leap-frog: the circle shakes out a little, and they kneel down with the drums on the ground and each in turn jumps over the others. When that is done they begin to gyrate, kneeling down, and hopping forward.

In another movement, the boys kneel in a circle facing one way; they shuffle round on their knees, upright, they lean back on their heels, one foot to one side, then to the other. They go round slowly on their knees, like a fantastic ring of cripples, then lean right back and go backwards supporting their bodies with one hand, drumming with the other. Then they go forward on all fours beating with alternate hands and at last spring up and go round quickly.

When they tire of this, they sit on the drums lengthways as though riding a horse; then they turn inwards and move towards the centre pulling the drums in with graceful movements, and later widen the circle again with the same movements reversed. They abandon their drums and dance round the circle, clapping their hands, sometimes sitting down on each other's drums to

2: Elwin E-5 (1935-1942) 1947 AW32 Gond AW32
Muria

Plate CVII

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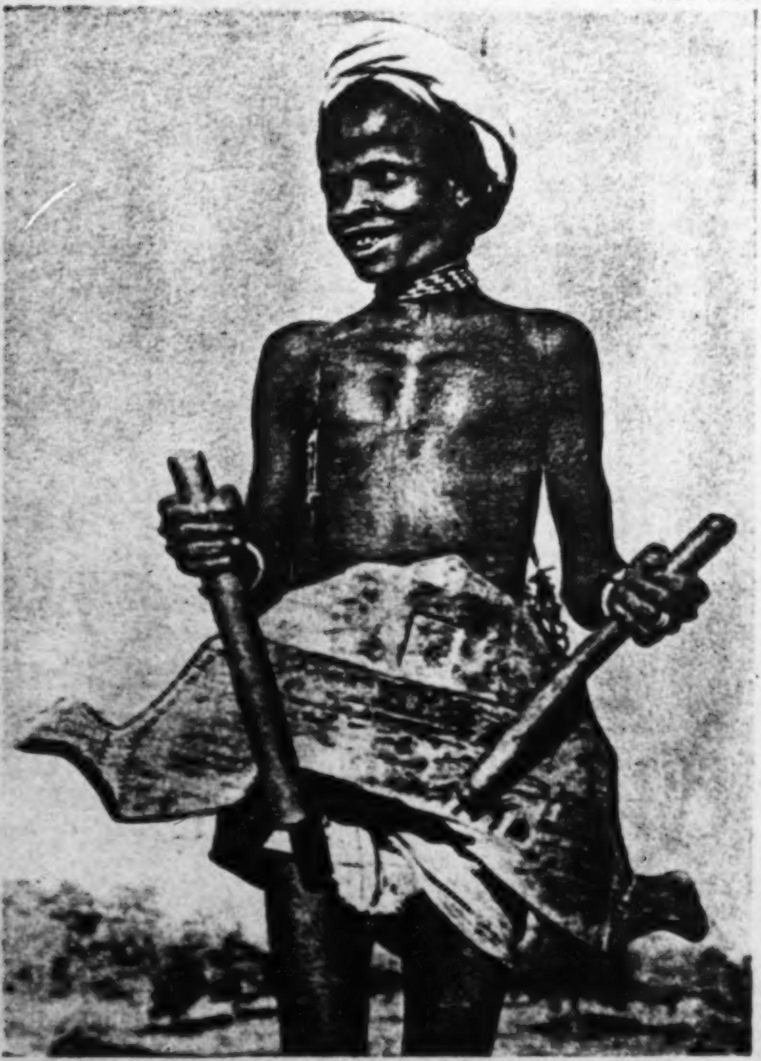
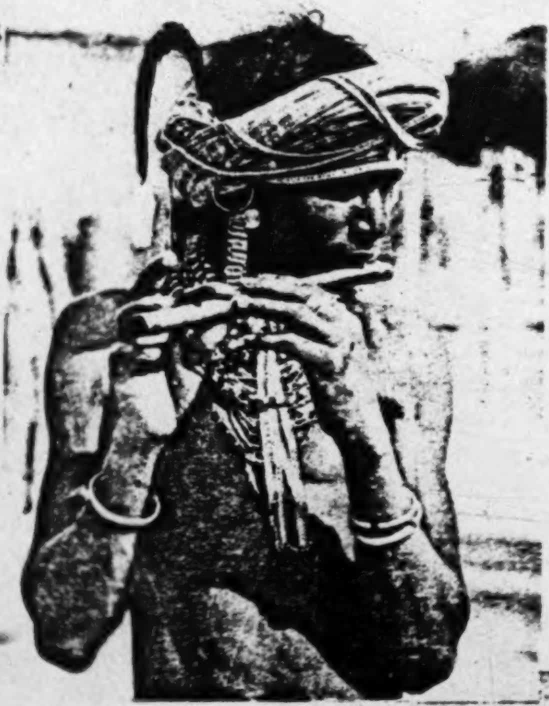


Kachora chelik with tudra drum

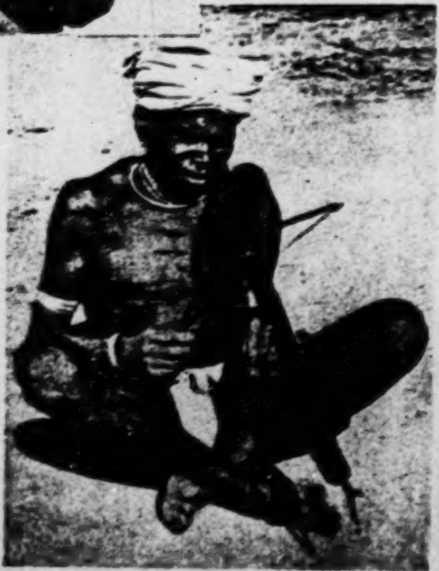
[p. 540 (A)]

Plate CVIII

X883
●534



Chelik playing the flute at Nayanar



Ghotul Kotwar of Markabera playing the dhusir

[p.540(B)]

x883 (i) *Manda mandi tendsim dāy pohre mām.*
Throw away the mess in the booth and go away.

533 535 585

5. *Neyi Tarhāna Pār.* The tedious business of anointing bride and bridegroom with oil, which continues intermittently for two days, is enlivened by some excellent dancing.

(a) *Teda mudiya tatti de.*
Stand old man and give the adze.

(b) *Gām chekli basunde ta.*
We will sit while the sun is shining.

(c) *Barha māns ke chorun neyse lāchhu āy lāchhu mai ki dāda mai to ni chorey.*
It was Lachhu, not I, that stole the pork.

(d) *Dim dim dim kosum dim tumcho bāpcho polka dim.*
Testes! Testes! Kosum testes! The hollow testes of your father!

(e) *Dengur mundi me lamha āse, chu hābri chu.*
In the ant-hill is a hare, *Chu kābri chu.*

(f) *Teda bhuski hātum dāyi.*
Stand up, fat woman, and go to the bazaar.

(g) *Karanji gaon cho kursa, gaon hāje pursa.*
He is impotent in Karanji village; but he is a real man in ours.

●[534
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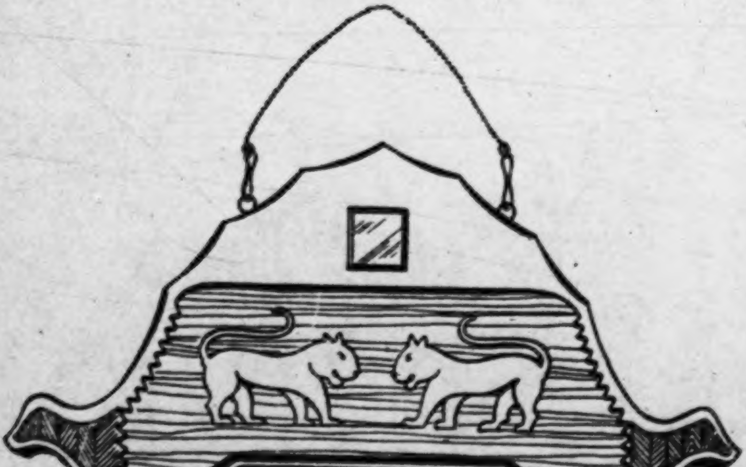

FIG. 141. *Pitorka* gong

6. *Maur Tatāna Pār.* The rhythm while the bride and bridegroom are having their crowns tied on their heads.

Tatti de tatti de hanwār bābu hanwār.
Give the adze, give the adze. But the boy won't go.

Karanji gaon cho bhursa aur bodi nāo pārun pārun sāng. Gotok bāhri cho gotok silik.
Speak of Bhusa and Bodi of Karanji. For one broom there's one bamboo pin.

11. *Sailori Pār.* The rhythm is very distinctive. The drumming is punctuated by shrill cries and the boys wave their arms in the air between the beats. Their circle moves constantly backwards and forwards.

(*a*) *Nāchun nāchun kahān jānwān? Hamke lāgli bhuk donāyek pej kon dewu āy?*
Where should we go dancing dancing? We are hungry, who will give us gruel?

(*b*) *Kedun kedun bāgdare yehlo manus yend kare chichka chargod ke ār kare.*
The tiger makes the man run away; what can the fellow's testes do? He can only hide in a fish-net.

(*c*) *Chachān mārun neyse chachān mārun neyse jānw bohāri chandāwān.*
The hawk has carried it away; let us go, *bohāri*, to release it.

(*d*) *Chāh chāh pār oltom.*
The drum-beating is very careless.

12. *Kondagaon Pār.* A rhythm specially associated with the Kondagaon ghotul.

Dum dām Kondāgaon nāogaon Sonābāl.
Beating at Kondagaon and judgement at Sonabal.

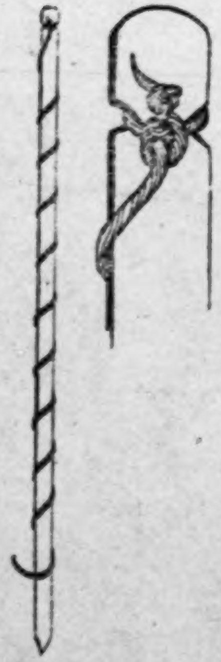

FIG. 142. Bull-roarer from Markabera
Length 1' 9"

13. *Māndri Pār* or *Māndar Kelni Pār.* One of the drummers kneels down and the others go round him in line and then one by one jump over him. The last boy of the line also kneels and they then jump over two drummers, and so on till all save one are kneeling. He jumps over the whole line, kneels at the head of it, and leads them round, still kneeling and drumming in a circle, moving forward first on one knee and then on the other.

Māndar dandik helun ta.
Play the drum for a little while.
Pāgi hitāwun desia.
Remove the cloth from the vagina.

14. *Uram Pār.* This complicated 'Pleasure Dance' is delightful to watch. The boys first move in a circle, beating their drums with both hands at the same end. Then they put them down on the ground, large end facing outwards, and go round beating each of the drums in turn until they return to their own. They sit down on the drums and beat each end in turn with both hands. Then they beat the outer ends, stand up and clap their hands in the air, swing round, bend down and beat the inner end, then roll the drums round in a circle, lift them two paces, put them down again, beat alternately inner and outer ends, roll them round again, beat outer ends, stand again clapping

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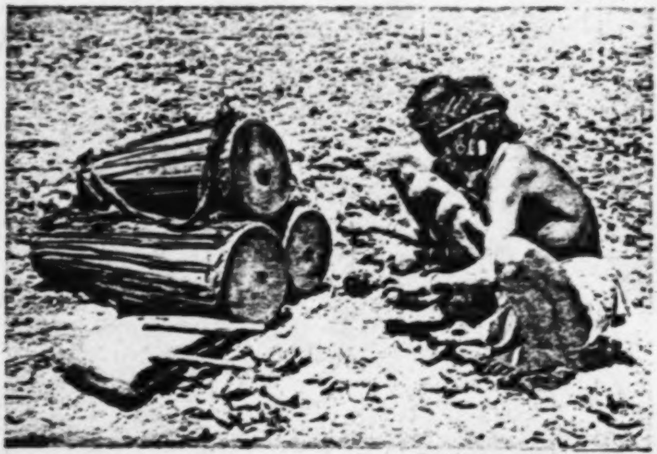
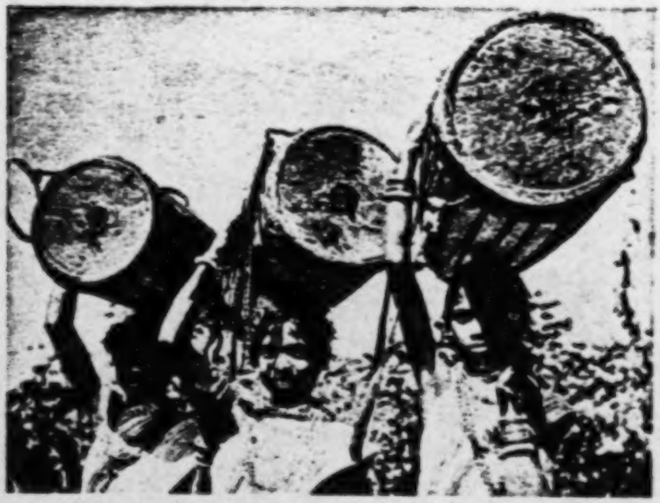
● 534

Plate CIX



Chelik worshipping their drums at a marriage at Nayanar

Motiari carrying drums for their chelik



[p. 550(A)]

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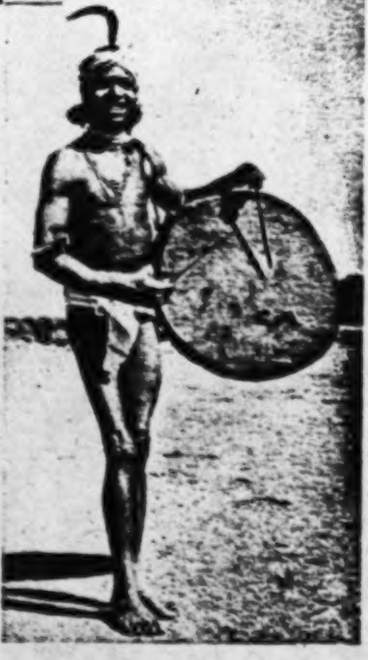
Plate CX

The Sirdar of the Sidhawand ghotul

The Danga of the Belora ghotul with daki drum



The Salki of the Kongera ghotul with kundri drum

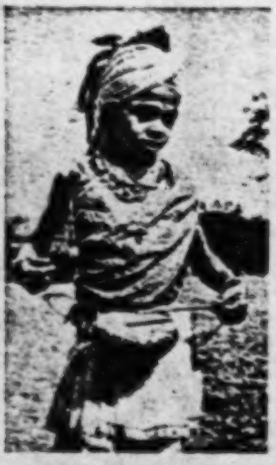
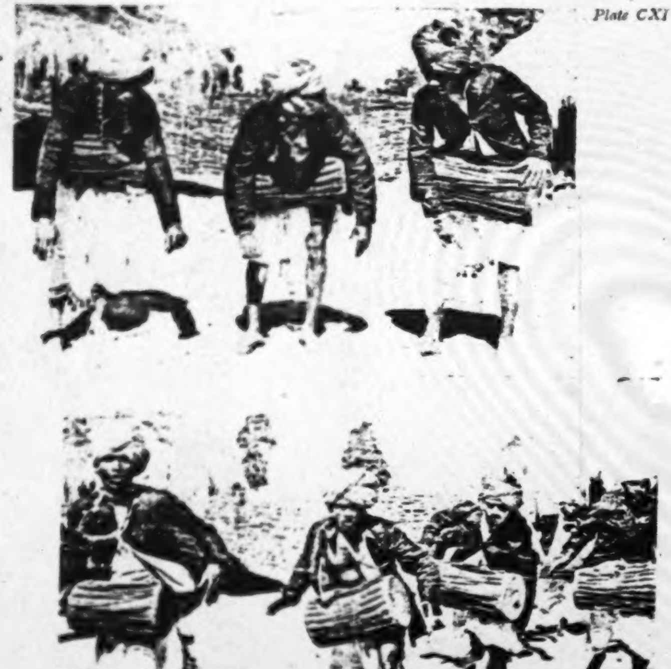


Plate CXI



Movements in a Mandri dance at Khutgaon

[p.554 (A)]

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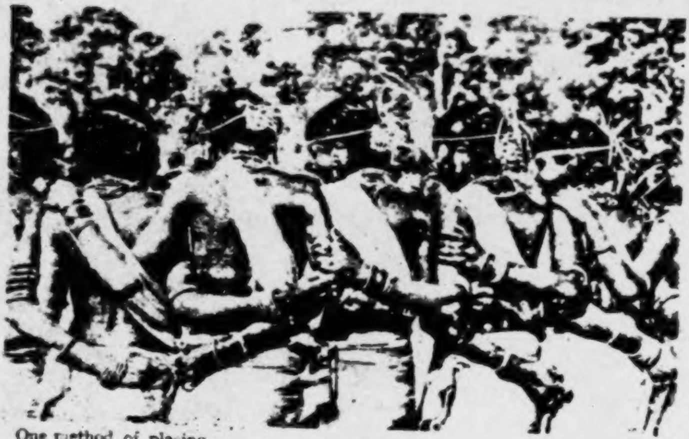
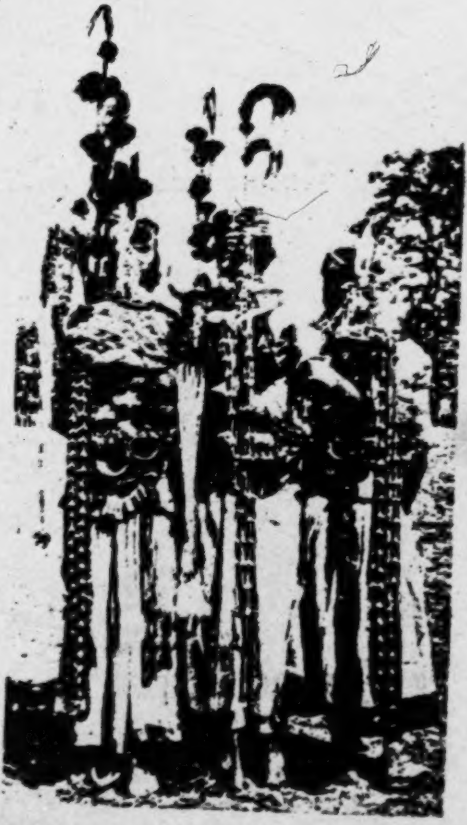


One method of placing the arms in the Hulki dance.

Plate CXIII



Chelik of Atargaon, showing buttock bells and cowrie streamers

[p. 560 (A)]

X 883
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Plate CXIV

Movements in the Mandri dance, at Kabonga

[p.560(B)]

Plate CXV

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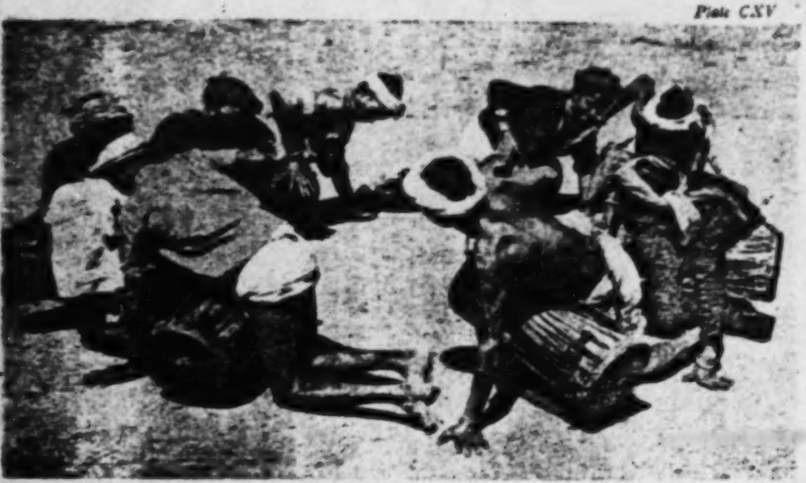
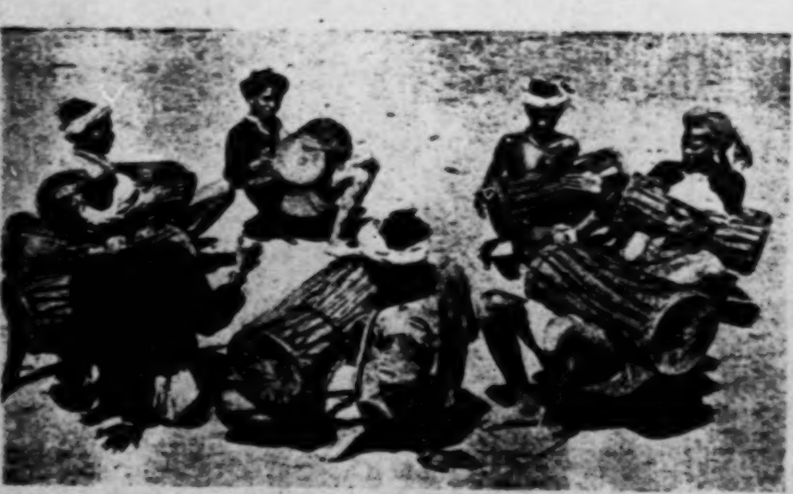


Movements in the Mandri dance, at Kabonga



[p.560 (c)]

Plate CXVI

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Mandri and Relo dancing at Kachora

[p. 560 (b)]

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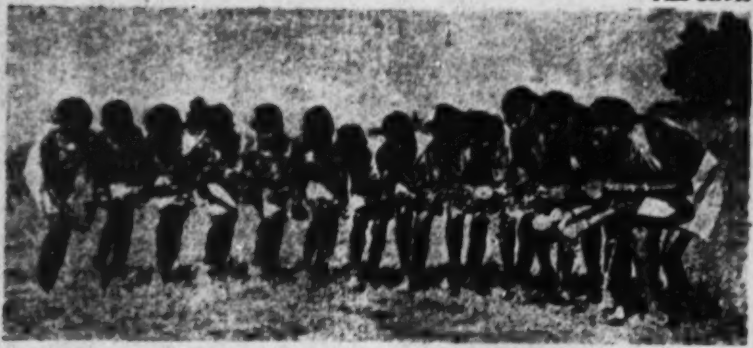
Plate CXVII



Relo dancers accompanying the boys

Mandri dancers on their knees

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[p. 564 (A)]

Plate CXVIII

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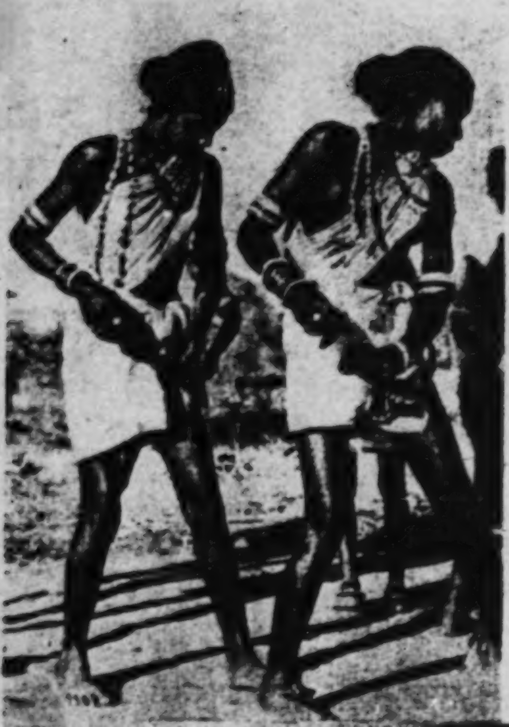

Marriage dancers at Kachora

Motiari of Kachora practise the marriage dance

[p.564 (R)]

x883
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●534
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Plate CXIX

Chelik and motiari of Atargaon and Kongera doing a variation of the Maria dance

Chelik of Toinar doing samdhi-par

[p.572(A)]

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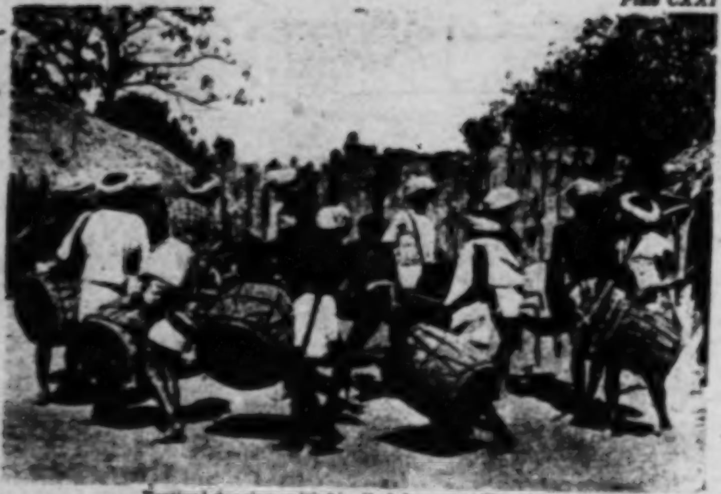
Plate CXXI



Festival dancing, with big dhol drums, at Phunder

Festival dancing, with small drums, at Phunda

535 but with a great variety of turns and changes: the 'bison'
585 charge and fight each other, pick up rings or leaves on the points of their horns, and chase the girl dancers. The girls, each with a dancing-stick in her right hand, form a long line and go round and through the men dancers with many different movements and steps. They do not usually sing, and indeed the tune would be lost in the thunder of the drums. As they go, they beat the ground with their sticks *dum-dum-dum, di-dum, dum-dum*. Masked mummers, clowns dressed in straw, naked acrobats with enormous imitation genitalia, add to the gaiety of the scene. There is no finer dance in India.

293 The head-dress of bison horns is the chief treasure of a Maria home. It is kept with the utmost care, dismantled, in closed bamboo baskets, and it takes nearly an hour to assemble it. Horns are rare nowadays in Bastar and have to be imported from Jeypore. A Maria may give a bull in exchange for a pair of good horns; they should be white at the bottom turning to black half way up.

A bamboo frame forms the base of the head-dress. The horns are attached to the front and a great tuft of feathers rises behind. Cloth, often old and costly silk, is tied round and round and a tail hangs down behind. Across the front a fringe of cloth adorned with cowries covers the dancer's eyes.

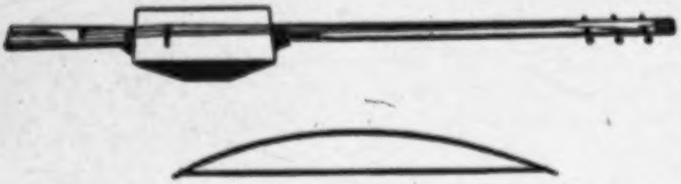
The feathers used are those of the peacock and of domestic
[237] cocks specially castrated for the purpose. It is considered
[787] unlucky for a feather to fall to the ground during a dance, and before they begin the dancers address the Earth Mother and the Ancestors: 'Save us from the dangers of magic and let none of the feathers fall'.

428 A man's head-dress passes to his son or brother's son after
682 his death. His bow and arrow and his drum are also heir-
762 looms and are highly valued. The loss of a head-dress drove one Maria youth to suicide, and a dispute about possession of an outfit of buttocks-bells led another to murder.

184 In the north of the area, many Maria dance both with bison
535 horns and in Hill Maria fashion. The latter wear the skirt, decorated cap and streamers, and buttocks-bells characteristic of the Abujhmar Hills.

534 The Maria are not very good at musical instruments. They use a small fiddle called kikir, a Jews-harp made of iron or

534 bamboo and the usual flute. They are fond of gongs, but these are not now so common as they were. At the great Pen Karsita at Ghotpal in 1942, the dancers used slabs of coloured wood, bits of old tin and indeed anything that would make a noise instead of the traditional gongs. Like the Muria, at festivals and even for amusement the Maria use a hunting horn, either a real horn or one made of brass.



Kikir Fiddle
(*Length 2'*)

541 Besides dancing, the chief Maria relaxation is the cock-fight. At the conclusion of all the bigger bazaars, the men retire to a grove of trees and set their cocks against each other. The cocks are armed with sharp and deadly little knives tied to their feet and fights are to the death. The victor has the privilege of taking the defeated bird, but the real excitement comes from the betting.

V

844 The ceremonies attending birth and marriage are very
[843] simple. The pregnant mother is not hampered by many restrictions on her movements. After the birth of the child the placenta is buried in a pit behind the house. Logs are placed above it and the arrow with which the cord was cut is driven into the ground near by. A small shed is made and the
846 mother lives here for some weeks with her child, taking a daily bath above the placenta-pit. At the end of this period of segregation, the husband gives a feast to the neighbours,
[551] the child is named and the mother is permitted to return to her household duties. It was to such a feast that the unhappy victim of the Mardum sacrifice was enticed.[1]

881 There are no ceremonies of initiation at puberty, though a

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[1] Case No 31.

585
535
534

3: Elwin E-5 (1935-1942) 1943
AW32 Gond AW32
Bison Horn Maria

[facing p. 144]

The famous 'bison-born' marriage dance

535

535 **DANCING**--dance styles (e.g., imitative, pantomimic, symbolic, stylized); technique (e.g., movements of the head, trunk, and limbs); gestures, postures, and their symbolism; solo, pair, and group dancing; choreographic patterns; extemporization and formalization; rhythm; musical accompaniment; occasions for dancing and associated dance forms (e.g., war dances, shamanistic dances, ballroom dancing, tap dancing); participants and spectators; dancing places (e.g., dance halls); dance costumes and paraphernalia; emotional expression in dancing; training in dancing; specialized dancers and dance leaders; choreographic arts allied to dancing (e.g., figure skating); etc. See also:

Gestures	201	Dance performances on the stage	545
Postures	516	Night clubs	547
Skating	526		

582 hand some Hill Marias say that there is no theoretic obstacle to intermarriage, but that actually 'it isn't done', though they occasionally take part in each other's festivals. The Bison-horn
177 style of dancing with long *dol* drums is gradually spreading among
●535 the lower villages just north of the Indrawati. Hudala Karka, for example, some eight miles from Barsur and on the northern bank of the river, now dances entirely in Bison-horn style, and claims to be a Bison-horn village, the claim being admitted by the Bison-horn Maria *pargana* headman in theory, and in practice by intermarriage with undoubted Bison-horn villages[a]; but in several houses I found old Hill Maria dancing shields (*moghi*) and buttock-bells, and the older men admitted that when they were young they
177 danced in the Hill Maria style. Another sign of this is that Hurra Gunda, the log-god of the Tamo clan at Tumirgunda, near Hudala
[176] Karka, is also the log-god of the Atami clan of Hudala Karka and of two other Atami villages south of the Indrawati. The clan-priest of the god is a Tamo, and the Tamo villages of Tumirgunda and Padmeta still dance in Hill Maria style. In a few years, therefore, the Bison-horn Marias will have adopted the valley villages north of the Indrawati; the *pargana* headman already virtually claims them as such, since they are under his direct jurisdiction and not that of the Hill Maria *chalki* or assistant appointed to help him manage the eight Hill Maria villages of his *pargana*. In speech, too,
[197] they are approximating more and more to the Bison-horn Marias, as there is a marked absence of the harsh guttural sounds so characteristic of the Hill Maria language, and they use the Bison-horn technical social and religious terms.

101 Westward along the valley, as observed above, Bison-horn Maria influence gets less. For a few miles, roughly from Nelasnar
177 to Jegur on the Matawara-Kutru road, and in the village of Ketulnar beyond Jegur, the people are now known as Murias but are really Hill Maria stock, and still dance in Hill Maria style. Ketulnar still intermarries with the hill villages of the Kutru Mar *pargana*. The villagers of Bheriabhum, on the south bank opposite their former village of Pali, five or six miles north of Bhairamgarh, are of the Hill Earsal clan, and cannot be distinguished from Farsalor of the hills. In the hill villages above the valley I verified occasional marriages with girls from the valley villages and vice versa.

101 The tract west and south-west of Kutru, marked by the letter L on the ethnographic map, contains a very scanty population, which appears to be Hill Maria in origin, much modified by contact with the Telugu-influenced Dorla Koitor from the south, who are shown by the letter K. These mixed elements also were returned

[a] [See cat. 116, p. 418. - Analyst]

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949
AW32 Gond AW32
Hill Maria
Bison Horn Maria

439 Dongar, sleeping the first night at Orcha, twenty-five miles from
484 Kurmer, descending in the morning fourteen miles to Dhaurai,
doing their selling and buying and eating a noon meal, and then
return that afternoon to sleep again at Orcha, reaching Kurmer on
the third day by noon. And their route is no easy one, but up hill
[483] and down dale along rough mountain paths. The men will carry
heavy loads balanced at either end of a carrying stick borne on
their shoulder, proceeding at a jog trot, for nine or ten miles over
similar paths, but stop to drink and paddle at the streams, and get
very exhausted if they have to carry weights much farther; on
the other hand, after food and an hour's rest they are ready to
walk back at once to their villages. Three Hill Marias on my last
481 visit to the hills came to my camp at Itulnar some seventy miles
across country, with letters, and met me on the march at 8 a.m.
in the hills on the third morning after they had set out, having done
twelve miles that morning along an exceptionally arduous mountain
241 path. When the crops are ripe on the *penda* slopes and the men
are sleeping there, the women go twice a day to them with their
food, and sometimes have a heavy day's reaping as well; the *penda*
may be five or six miles away from the village and high above it.

Like the Nagas of the Assam hills, the Hill Marias prefer
481 walking over hilly country to long treks on the plains, and are
excellent hill and tree climbers. All the Koitor of Bastar, in fact,
are remarkably agile tree climbers, and seem to walk up trees rather
than climb.

147 The Bison-horn Maria is even better developed physically than
the Hill Maria, and has similar powers of endurance, though on
● 535 the level plateau villages he does not become the adept hill climber
that every Hill Maria is. He leaves less, however, to his women.
He can be seen at his physical fittest when dancing for hours with
tireless verve and agility, wearing on his head a heavy head-dress
of bison-horns with plumes of peacock and jungle-cock feathers and
strings of cowries, with a heavy cylindrical drum of hollowed
tree-trunk three feet or more long slung from his shoulders, and
sometimes carrying a small son frogwise on his chest. He will carry
482 stick-loads of grain sixty or seventy miles to market in the Godavari
492 valley, for even he makes as yet only little use of carts or beasts
of burden; the Hill Maria makes none at all.

The Hill Maria wears nothing but a loin-cloth of coarse cotton
291 in winter, summer and rains, though an occasional man may have
147 a piece of similar cloth big enough to wrap over his shoulders at
night, and a few headmen have blankets. His body, therefore, is
inured to heat and to great cold; for frosts are frequent in his hills,
[132] and even as late as the end of March the thermometer may fall to
42°

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949
AW32 Gond AW32
Hill Maria

301 from behind, it makes her appear very thick-, in fact bull-necked, and creates a false impression of her often slender build.

304 What beauty the girls have they mar to Western eyes by excessive tattooing over all the face and forehead, and often the breasts also. Mothers begin to tattoo their daughters when they are eight or nine years old, using lengths of the brass wire used for the rings in the helix of the ear, sharpened into rough needles, and black charcoal powder. The girl lies on her side with one cheek flat on the ground while the mother operates on the other cheek. Sometimes only one breast is tattooed, often neither. They seem never to tattoo legs or arms, though Glasfurd speaks of their arms and thighs being covered with tattooing. A swastika with the corners slightly rounded and not right-angled, and a pair of very small parallel vertical lines between each arm is a common motive, on face and breast. On the centre of the forehead, vertically one below the other, are usually tattooed a circle with a dot in the centre, for the sun, a circle and a crescent for the full and crescent moon respectively. Thence fairly symmetrically vertical hatching alternates with horizontal round and round the face, becoming oblique at the corners and down the sides of the nose; and over the corners of the cheekbones three dots are made triangle-wise. This is only one common pattern. The only tattooing on men is single, double or treble horizontal rows of dots, varying in number from three to nine, over the glabella. I did not ascertain at what age or by whom these marks are made. There are no special tattoo marks for the different clans. There seems to be no significance behind tattooing; it is considered merely an adornment. The Nagpur Gonds speak of tattooing as marks by which ancestors and clan-gods can identify [775] persons in the next world; but the Marias have no formulated idea of another world.

292 535 The dancing dress of the Hill Maria men is completely different from that of the Bison-horn Marias and most other tribes. The women have no special dancing dress. The young men wear on their heads either red and white turbans, or, more often, curious Chinese fig-box head-dresses which they call by the Hindi word *topi*, covered with red or blue cloth, and piped at the edges and centre with peacock feather quills. Often a peacock, jungle-cock, hornbill or raquet-tailed drongo's feather is stuck in the *topi*, or spiral coils of feather quill fastened on both sides of a stick; or scarlet 'Scissors' cigarette packets found empty at the bazaars, lead seals from petrol tins, old brass cog-wheels from watches, little tins, cheap mirrors, the round of bright tin-foil cut out when an airtight cigarette tin is opened; dried snipe or woodcock neck and skull; or anything bright-coloured or interesting to the Maria.

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949
AW32 Gond AW32
Hill Maria

PLATE VII

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Hill Maria dancers. Note, in 2, the use of bark rain-coat as dancing skirt
(*Photographs by Mr. K. L. B. Hamilton, C.I.E., I.C.S.*)

Hill Maria dancers, showing dancing-shields and bunches of pellet-bells worn over the rump

A Hill Maria of Kurmer, using his rain-hat and rain-shield, as he works with his *gudari* digging hoe

[facing p. 74]

[*face p.* 74

292 Sometimes the 'fig-box' is made of a lattice of split bamboo strips.
Generally a streamer or two of red or blue cloth hangs down from
535 the back of the *topi* or turban. Over the chest a sort of sleeveless
vest of red cloth is worn, almost neck-high, and over this from breast
to waist, strands of white cloth are twisted, back and front, so as
to produce a rib-like effect, the ribs radiating from a central double
plait of cloth running vertically from navel to breast, then passing
on either side of the neck and repeating the pattern in the rear.
The 'ribs' vary from five to nine in number, according to the means
or taste of the dancer. This cloth arrangement is known as *gatikarhana.*
Below is worn a long skirt of red-edged white or dark blue
cotton, called a *kochi*, with a white or coloured sash round the waist
over the bottom of the 'ribs' and the top of the skirt; the sash is
called *poriya*. Over the sash round the waist runs a cord, from
which is suspended over the rump a great bunch of large and small
pellet-bells (*muyang*), in the middle of which two or three large
clapper-bells often are prominent. From the neck is hung over
the back of the shoulders a basketry dancing-shield or *moghi*, made
to slant downwards away from the back by two hoops of bamboo
protruding underneath. Over the top of the shield either streamers
of coloured cloth reaching nearly to the ground, or peacock's tails
292 are looped. The shield is made of two targes of twined basketry
joined together so that the rough edges are in the middle; the
535 warps are flat slices of bamboo about 13 mm. wide, radiating from
285 the centre of the targes, and the wefts, the twining of which begins
from the centre, are for the most part thin rods of bamboo pared
to the thickness of a straw; but at intervals bands of red are made
on the targes by using red yarn from the markets as wefts for three
or four rounds of twining; flakes of shining mica are worked into
this yarn, and over the outermost red band often cowry shells are
sewn. The ends of the bamboo hoops are forced through the joined
targes and held either by horizontal pieces of bamboo tied across
them, or by ornamental studs of *cire-perdue* brass-work. When not
292 in use, the dancing-shield is never kept inside the house, but either
535 sewn up in leaves and hung high in the boughs of a tree, or on the
outer wall of the *manda* or granary under the eaves; this is to
protect it from smoke, sun and rain. Each dancer makes his own
dancing head-dress and shield. Formerly every dancer held in
his left hand the handle of an axe, of which the head, decked with
coloured cloth streamers, protruded behind his back; and the axe
was a *pharsi* with blade shaped like vulture wings. Now even the
ordinary Maria workaday axe is ceasing to be used, a twisted
tree-root, or plume of peacock feathers with the stalks plaited
together in a basketry pattern, or a stick, taking its place.

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949
AW32 Gond AW32
Hill Maria

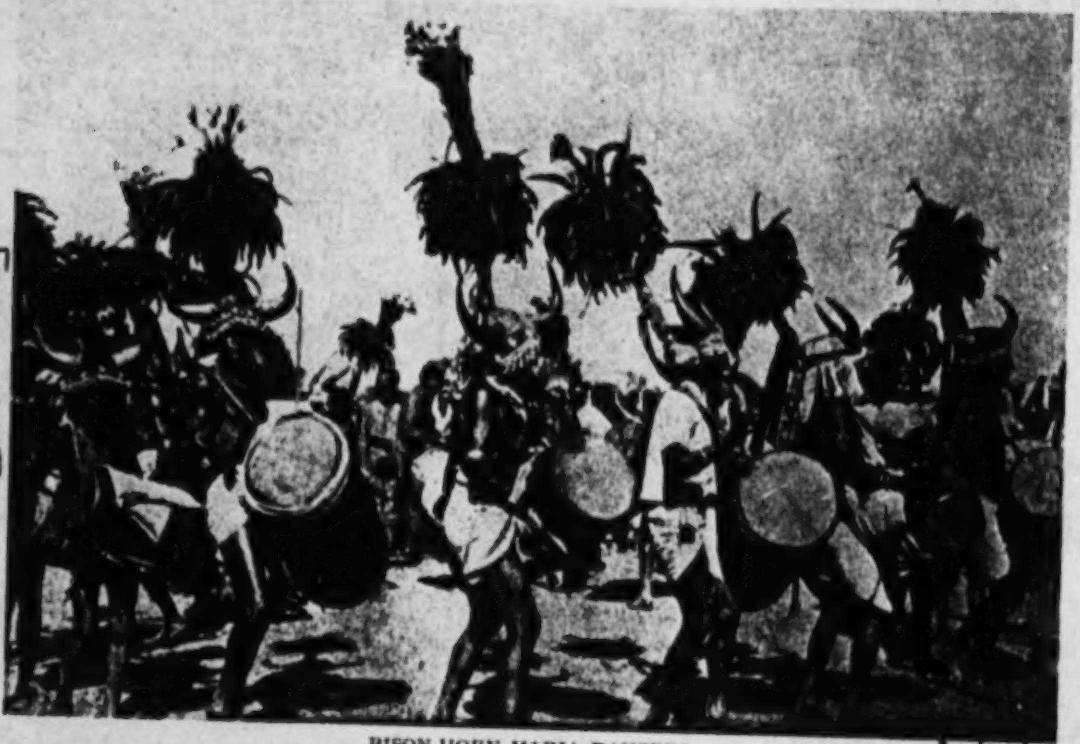
This dress was in regular use in every village in Metabhum 292 until a year or two ago. At my last visit in March 1934, I was 535 amazed to find that, almost as in obedience to some decree that had gone forth, the youth of the hills had abandoned the rib-dress, the 178 shield and the gaily-coloured head-dress and skirt, sometimes wearing in lieu cheap bazaar singlets and a *dhoti*, retaining, however, the buttock-bells, the songs and the dance-steps. The older men all said that it was a spontaneous decision of the younger generation, decided upon because of the cost of buying the expensive yards of cloth needed for the dress; but this would not account for the abandonment of the shield, which they make themselves, and for which peacock tails are better than cloth streamers. Many have actually thrown away their cloth and shields. But some still think it necessary to hang them up round fresh graves, and I found that all the youths still know how to make them, and were willing to make them in camp. In 1932 a rumour went through all the tribes 203 of Jeypore and spread thence into Bastar that a god had descended 184 on one of the mountains of the Eastern Ghats and commanded all men to give up keeping black poultry and goats, wearing clothes or 178 using umbrellas or blankets with any black in them, and using beads or articles made of aluminium alloy. The message was rapidly bruited abroad, and everywhere villages had '*bohorani*' ceremonies for purifying themselves from disease, and cast out black goats, cocks, hens, umbrellas, blankets, 'waskats', beads, aluminium ornaments and domestic utensils on the village boundary. Mohammedans began to make a good thing out of slaughtering the goats or exporting them. Strenuous propaganda by the State soon stopped this impoverishing rumour, and some of the villagers in the end recovered much of their property from the police, who had been ordered to take charge of it. At the time, the Bison-horn Marias seemed to have been only a little affected and the Hill Marias not at all; possibly this sudden abandonment of the most picturesque features of their dancing costume may be a late repercussion. Such sudden moves amongst Indian primitive tribes are not uncommon; the Gonds of Nagpur and adjacent districts a few years ago suddenly decided to give up keeping poultry and pigs as a measure of social uplift.

Rain-clothes

The *taghali* or bark cloak used by the Hill Maria for warmth 292 or, primarily, protection against heavy dew and rain, has already been mentioned as deputizing occasionally for the sleeping-mat. Hutton speaks of the Angami Nagas making 'a large hat of leaves and basket work . . . as well as a rain-coat of plaited grass, the ends of which hang out loose, to

PLATE VIII

[Facing p.78]



BISON-HORN MARIA DANCERS

1:Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949
AW32 Gond AW32
Bison Horn Maria

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535
292

301 favourite beads. They are fond also of necklaces of small, brightly gilded beads, which they call *mirako-mungya*. They may wear one or two armlets (*danda-bhata*) on one arm above the elbow, or a pair of bracelets on one wrist (*ka'i-bara*), of silver, brass, or aluminium, and similar in type to those bought by the Hill Marias. They wear a plain waist-cord (*para-nori*) instead of the cowry-cord of the hills for carrying knives and tobacco boxes. A comb is attached to this, for regular use. They may have hanging from a fastener of aluminium wire, shaped like the eye of the hooks-and-eyes of ladies' dresses, two thin aluminium toothpicks, and an aluminium ear-scoop; the Hill Marias also use these. They hang like a pendant on the chest.

The women's hair ornaments have been described along with their hair-dressing; it need only be added here that occasionally, instead of the polished brass fillet there mentioned, they wear bead fillets like those of the Hill Maria women. Armlets and wristlets are worn on the same arm, and are similar to those of the hill women. Instead of the white-bead ropes and the coloured-bead collars worn by the hill women, they wear long ropes of red, red and green, or gamboge beads; and over these they wear a vast number of the iron and brass rings of the type already described as borrowed by the hill women from them; they here call the iron neck-rings *tiya*, not *suta* as in the hills. Their ear plugs are similar to those
301 used in the hills, but from the lobe plug to a ring worn, as by their
304 men, in a hole in the cartilage near the darwinian tubercle, is often fastened a cord on which is threaded between two blue or green beads a slightly oblong, cube-shaped bead of brass or aluminium. The nose is symmetrically adorned by two gold or gilt rings in the wing of each nostril, and, between them, hanging from a small ring in the septum, a small gold or gilt ornament like a leaf pointing downwards, sometimes with a piece of red glass set in the middle.

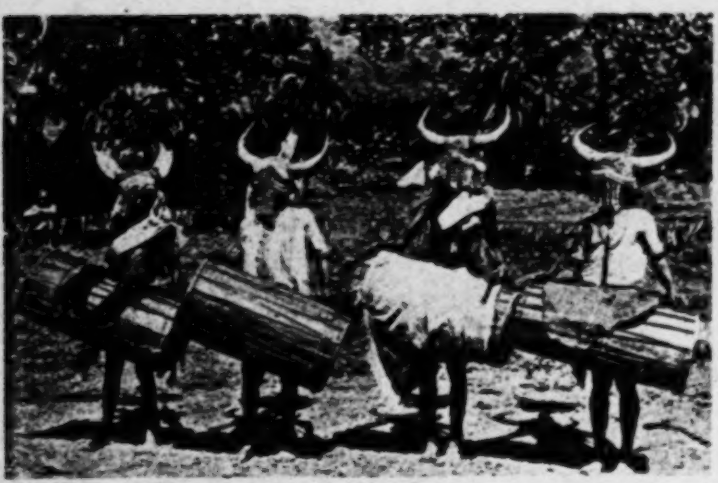
I have taken the wearing of the Bison-horn dancing head-dress
292 as the most obvious distinction between the two kinds of 'Marias'.
● 535 **Dancing-dress** This is known as a *tallagulla*. I had one made from horns and peacock feathers supplied by me. After my head had been measured round the plane of the temples, a basketry 'cap' was made, fitting loosely round the brows, and sloping backwards and upwards into a low peak. It is made loose,
294 as it has to support the horns and the plume of feathers, as well as strings of cowries and many folds and streamers of cloth of various colours, which subsequently tighten it and make it fit snugly round the head. The basketry is of twilled bamboo strips running diagonally from the edge that fits over the brows. The bison-horns were pared with a sharp knife to remove outer dirt or callosities and

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949

AW32 Gond AW32

Bison Horn Maria

PLATE IX



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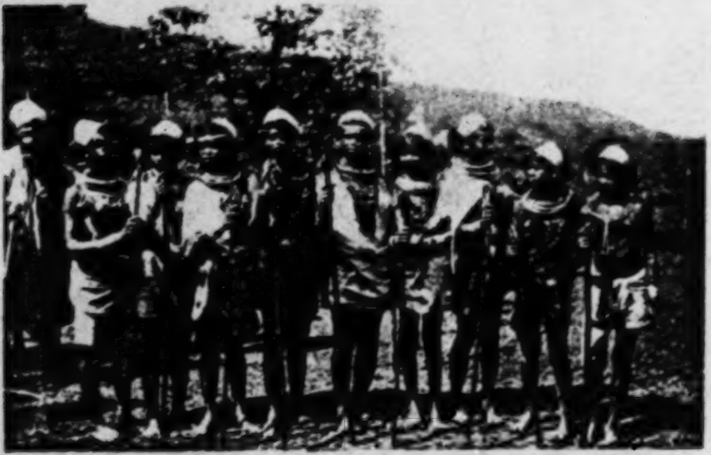

BISON-HORN MARIA DANCERS AT BAILADILA

Above Four men. (*Photograph by Mr. K. L. B. Hamilton, C.I.E., I.C.S.*)

Below Women. Note the clothes, the masses of ornaments, and the *tirdudi* bamboo dancing-staves

[Facing p. 80]

136 many of the places where game of all kinds was plentiful in his father's time. Every Maria has his bow and arrow, the population has multiplied, and miles of jungle have been beaten annually for game in the great spring hunts. Wild buffalo and bison had been [224] so reduced in numbers that they were declared protected thirty years ago, and heavy fines have been imposed for shooting them. ● 535 The supply of bison-horns is thus not equal to the demand, and the head-dress is therefore a highly prized hereditary possession. 292 No one should try to buy them from their owners; if a specimen is needed, the collector should provide the horns and other materials and see it made up for him.^ Bison-horns being now rare, and obtainable only from a bison found dead or by purchase from the State Forest Department, various substitutes are being used, such as domestic bullocks' or small buffaloes' horns, wild boars' tushes, the long beaks of the hornbill, and, occasionally, the antlers of the [326] spotted deer (*Cervus axis*). The most interesting substitutes are brass patterned horns, of the shape and size of bison-horns, made by the *cire-perdue* process by the local Gharwa (Ghasia) brass workers.

Except occasional dancing anklets of hollow iron with pebbles inside, the Bison-horn Maria wears no special dancing dress; in fact he girds up his loin-cloth higher than usual and generally discards his singlet or '*washat*', so as to leave himself as free as possible for his antics, while the heavy drum that he carries slung from his right shoulder across his abdomen necessitates as much freedom as possible.

The women wear no special dancing dress, but put on every available ornament, and carry in their right hands *tirdudi* or bamboo staves to which are fastened bunches of iron pellet-bells, shaped something like short but plump pea-pods, which they clash in time with the drums as they dance by striking their butts on the ground. Similar bells sometimes adorn the drum-stick with which the left hand of the male dancer beats the cowskin membrane at the left end of his drum.

Weapons and tools

411 The universal *vade mecum* of the Hill Marias is the knife or *kasyeq* carried tucked into the loin-cloth, with or without a wooden sheath. Of this, as of all weapons and tools used by Hill or Bison-horn Marias, it has to be remembered that they are not always made by blacksmiths working exclusively for Marias, but often by blacksmiths in or near the bazaar villages of the plains who cater for Murias, Halbas and other tribes also. The most distinctive types are possibly, in the 411 case of the Hill Marias, those made by the few blacksmiths living 326 in their hills; but there are only slight differences, often of mere

^[see cat. 116, p. 419]

be severed, trimming the break with the knife held and used in the 411 normal cutting position; he carves patterns in relief with the sharp point, or, holding the knife vertically, rolls the handle between the flat palms of his hand so as to drill holes with the point, trimming the edges of the holes with a burning ember.

The Bison-horn Maria uses a similar knife, often much larger, and seldom with a sheath. His *banda* is like a dao, but it is really a glorified and enlarged knife, with a thick end, and sometimes a pronounced bend or angle in the centre of the cutting edge; he uses this for lopping thick saplings or bamboo culms. But the use of the *banda* is not universal, and may be borrowed from Parjas [177] or other tribes to the east. Similar weapons, but socketed on to long shafts of bamboo, and known as *gagra*, are used by the northern Murias and Jhorias, occasionally by Hill Marias, as weapons of offence and defence or billhooks for bamboo and saplings; the ordinary *gagra* has a concavely curved edge and a point, the *chhuri gagra* a convex edge and no point, while the *bhalu gagra* has an edge curving concavely from the top to a bend about half way along its length, and thence concavely to the socket.

The Hill Maria calls his axe *maq'su*, which is the hill gutturalized 412 version of the ordinary Gondi word *maras* used all over the Central Provinces. The Bison-horn Maria uses a totally different word for his axe of this shape, *godel*. The Halbi word is *tangya*. Like the Naga axe, the *maq'su* or *godel* ' is an iron blade, decidedly suggestive of a long stone celt in form '[1]; but unlike that axe, the butt of the blade ends in a socket for the haft, not in a tang inserted in a hole in the haft. The cutting edge of the blade among the Hill Marias seldom exceeds 7 cm. width, and 15 cm. is the maximum length of the blade from the cutting edge to the socket, which encloses a haft 4 or 5 cm. in diameter. It has a pronounced ' waist ' just before the socket, but this is far more marked on the longer Muria *maras* than on *maq'su* or *godel*. The *godel* is usually rather more massive than the *maq'su*. The blacksmith, when giving an axe its first edge 412 or a new edge to a blunt axe, beats the axe well in his forge, and thoroughly hammers the actual edge. He then heats it again, and 326 hammers it flat on each side till he forms a new edge. He repeats the heating, and grinds down the edge by rubbing each side down a lump of stone. After a further slight heating he dips it in cold water to temper the edge, which is then ready for use. The haft is set at slightly less than a right-angle to the blade, the thick socket being wedged with a thin slip of wood.

A type of axe found still sometimes in the hill villages, where it 412 is known as *pata endanna maq'su* (the song-and-dance axe, because 535

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[1] Hutton, *Angami Nagas*, p. 65.

412 when the old men of to-day were young it was the decorated axe carried by all Hill Maria men dancers), is similar to the *pharsi* ●535 battle-axe of the plains tribes. The blade is crescent-shaped, the concave being the cutting edge, and the convex outer edge being socketed in the centre to receive the haft, which fits in the same vertical plane as the cutting edge. I have seen one of these axes measuring 41 cm. between the horns of the crescent.

411 The Hill Marias use small throwing spears made in one piece of iron, of the same type as the much larger solid spears used by the Murias of Amabera and north Kondagaon. They have leaf-shaped but very long blades, shafts with a knob counterpoise and, below the knob, spiked butts about a foot long. They are not nowadays very skilled throwers, there being scarcely any game in the hills. The thrower stands at a right incline to his target, and, holding the spear by the point of balance, uses much the same action as the javelin thrower of modern athletics.

411 The Bison-horn Maria uses a long and powerful stabbing spear for killing the big game, including tiger and panther, that his 224 beaters drive into his nets. This is about 8½ to 9 feet (2·6 to 2·8 metres) long, and consists of an iron head socketed on to a long bamboo shaft. The head consists of a blade about 30 cm. long and 7 cm. wide at the greatest width just above the shank, whence the wings taper with a slight convexity to the point; a shank nearly as long, slightly thinner where it leaves the blade than where it ends in the socket; and a socket about 22 cm. long, generally with one or more iron or brass rings which are forced down over the socket from the shank when the shaft has been inserted, to tighten the grip of the socket on the shaft. The socket below these rings often forms a convenient grip for the right hand, when the huntsman leans on his upright spear with his right upper arm extended horizontally from his elbow, and the elbow bent for the hand to grip the spear above the plane of the crown of the head. When the quarry is netted, the spear has its point lowered to the front pointing slightly downwards, the left arm is bent for the hand to grasp the spear well below the socket, while the right hand grasps it about a foot from the butt-end of the shaft, and the spearman sprints forward and stabs the quarry with a smart two-handed downward thrust.

411 The last weapons to be described are bows and arrows. The Hill Marias call the bow *villu*, and the Bison-horn Marias *ville*; the word, strictly speaking, means the stave only, the cord being *ha'undi* in the former and *panti* in the latter language. The stave is nearly always of bamboo, but the Bison-horn Marias, who generally use more powerful weapons than the hill men, sometimes

The Bison-horn Marias (and, I believe, many of the Murias also) 241 have similar ideas of it being taboo for women to sleep in the fields and to thresh or winnow. They are not so particular about the cessation of conjugal life between the sowing and sprouting of the crops, and between their coming into ear and being garnered. They use bullocks to tread out the grain on a threshing floor. Each cultivator has to take the help of his fellow villagers to carry his corn, but it is a service for which he hires them, and not a routine piece of communal village service in gathering the village crop as in the Abujhmar hills.

The new-eating festivals of the Hill Marias

It is taboo to eat any of the new crops until the appropriate 796 new-eating festival has been celebrated.[a] These are very similar to the *pandum* festivals of the Bison-horn Marias, which will be described in the chapter on religion; but they are less elaborate and are fewer in number; the Bison-horn Maria seems to have a *pandum* as an essential preliminary to almost every act of gathering the produce of field or forest. The Hill Maria has only three, or, in villages where the last festival is held as late as March or early April, four of these festivals. The first is known either as *Tur Korta Tindana* or *Amus Korta Tindana*, according as the chief of the early ripening rains crops is *Panicum miliare* (*turya-kohala*) or *Panicum frumentaceum* (*amus*), and is held at the end of Hagh, that is about the middle of August. In Eranj (September) comes *Hikka Korta Tindana* in villages, like Handawada, where there is no rice cultivation, and *hikka* (see p. 134 above) is the chief crop ripening next after the August crops; where much rice (*wanj*) is grown, *Wanj Korta Tindana* is celebrated instead at the end of Eram (middle of October). This is followed in Pusi (January) in the villages where the final festival is celebrated after February by *Kohala Korta Tindana*, the first eating of the main *Panicum miliaceum* (*kutki*) crop. The last and greatest festival, held on dates varying from the end of January till early April in different clan-areas, is *Pupal Korta Tindana*, combined with *Koqsar*, the clan-god's festival; when this takes place early enough in the year to be economically convenient, it is the new-eating festival not only of *urad* (*pupal; Phaseolus radiatus*) and other pulses and beans, but also of *kutki* and the other late ripening hill grains. '*Korta Tindana*' is Hinduized literally as '*nawa khana*', 'new eating'. A main reason for [535] ● the varying dates of this last festival is that dancing is permissible only at it, at weddings and at the camps of touring officials. The round of festivities after the final harvest-home is prolonged by celebrating the festival clan after clan; all the youths of neighbouring clans go to dance at each other's *Koqsar*,

[a] [see cat. 116, p. 420. —Analyst]

796 one visits the celebrations of other clans. The first new-eating is preceded by about four days by the *pira-mansha* or disease-riddance ceremony. Before holding this, the *kasyeq-gaita* obtains the permission of the clan-god. In the early morning every woman sweeps out her house, and the *kasyeq-gaita* goes to each house and collects a little of the sweepings in a winnowing-fan. Before noon all the males of the village go out to the western boundary, and there the collected sweepings are cast aside, either in the winnowing-fan, or else wrapped in rags and tied round a bamboo stick. They hang up on the boundary on cords between trees all their old winnowing-fans and broken baskets. Unmarried boys hang up [481] on a wooden frame at the boundary all their stilts; they make these at the beginning of the rains, and use them from then till this ceremony, their use being taboo at all other seasons: for some [784] reason not divulged, the manufacture and use of stilts is taboo throughout every fourth year. Eggs are offered near the old winnowing-fans and stilts.

The final new-eating, *Pupal Korta Tindana*, is the important occasion of the year. The greatest celebration of this seems to be that of the Usendi clan at Orcha, where their clan-god is brought from Japgunda. From miles around other clans send their youths to dance at the Orcha *Koqsar*; the girls come to carry their food for them, and, though excluded as a matter of course from the ceremonies, join in the dancing that follows *Koqsar*. At the clan new-eating gathering the village delegations assemble in the usual way with new pulses and grain, and the clan-priest sacrifices the cocks and pigs which they bring and sprinkles their blood on the clan-god. Then, however, the flesh of the victims is not divided up and carried off to be eaten in the houses, but boiled with the grain, etc., brought by the villages, in the clan-god's cooking pots kept at his *pen-rawar* in a special shed. When cooked, the stew is spread on a great dish of *siari* leaves stitched with thorns or bamboo splinters, and all the men sit round it on stones in a great circle, while the clan-priest goes round and, with his hands, serves a helping from the communal dish in each man's leaf-plate. The [535 *Koqsar* portion of the festival seems to be the orgy of dancing that follows; for it should be remembered that in most of the Abujhmar 834] country this festival signifies the end of the long period during which it is taboo for the men to sleep in their houses and to have sexual [533] intercourse. It is not a coincidence that the drums are beaten with the same rhythm at *Koqsar* and at weddings.

Small villages often do not have a separate *Pupal Korta Tindana* 796 before the Village Mother. But in the larger villages, especially 622 where the *adam-garya* custom prevails, the village celebration is

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949

AW32 Gond AW32
Hill Maria
Bison Horn Maria

sponsalia at a Hill Maria wedding. They were brought to the 534 markets by itinerant Telugu dealers, but for some reason or other they have ceased to stock them, and the modern wedding takes place without them. Several remain, and are now highly prized, but are generally brought out for a camp dance, along with any old brass pot or piece of metal with which a clanging noise can be made.

2. Gongs

A few northern Hill Marias and, occasionally, Bison-horn Marias use the brass *tori* hunting horns of the Murias, and towards the Parja country the Bison-horn Marias sometimes imitate these by a 'horn' of strips of palm-leaf wound like a bandage round and away from the end of a wooden mouth-piece, each fold being gummed on to the edge of the preceding fold to the extent of the overlap.

3. Other instruments

Some Bison-horn Marias use bamboo flutes to accompany the *dol* drums at wedding dances, but I had no chance of examining one closely. They use also little iron jews-harps (*kach-tendor*) made by the blacksmiths, but of the primitive type, with the tongue straight and welded to the bend between the two arms of the frame, and of the same length as the arms, but only a thin narrow strip of iron.[A] They say they have also a small wooden stringed instrument which they call *kikir*,[A] probably a derivative of the Indian *chikara*.

The only other instruments are the bells and jingling anklets already mentioned in describing the dancing-dress of Hill Maria men and the dancing-sticks of the Bison-horn Maria women, unless mention is made here of the bull-roarers, which Hill Maria boys call *ate* and make of a strip of split bamboo, pointing one end and notching it near the point for a bark string, with which, looped round one finger, they whirl the bull-roarer round counter-clockwise. It seems to be purely a toy, and to have no religious or magical significance. At various camps the lads present made them on request; none were holed at the bottom.

4. Bull-roarers

D. *Dancing*

The description of Maria dancing given by Russell and Hiralal 535 (III, pp. 136-7) is brief and misleading; it possibly relates to Marias of the Chanda plains, though the dancers illustrated are wearing typical Hill Maria dancing-dress.[A] Russell and Hiralal do not mention the remarkable Bison-horn dancing.

1. Hill Maria

It is taboo for Hill Marias to dance except on the night of Koqsar and at weddings, or at the rare visits of State officials. For practical purposes, therefore, it may be said that they dance only

[A] [See cat. 116, p. 4223. – Analyst]

● 535 in the early summer, between the harvest-home and sowing. It is, therefore, not surprising that their dancing is poor and monotonous in comparison to that of the Bison-horn Marias, the Teluguised Koitor of the south, and the Parjas, Gadbas and Murias of the north. There is nothing to prevent married women joining in; they always join the Koqsar dances, and if generally the wedding dances are restricted to unmarried girls, even old women often take part in dances at official camps.

533 The essential feature of the Hill style of dancing is that it is *pata-endanna*, dancing to song, and the singing is far more important 535 than the drumming. The theme of the song and the lines with meaning are sung by three youths or two youths with a girl between them, who are known as the *pata-bhita* or 'song-fellows', who walk up and down as they sing in front of the line or ring of dancers; they are shown clearly in the illustration opposite. All the dancers answer each stave sung by the 'song-fellows' in full-throated chorus, usually a meaningless refrain. The opening refrain and the chorus refrain are sometimes soft and melancholic, almost wailing; the refrains are melodious and lingering, far more intelligible to the European than any Hindu music.

535 Normally the dancers form a long line, not a circle, though the line is curved and revolves in a circle, always right-handed. Sometimes the line is of men and boys only, sometimes (as in the illustration opposite) the girls are all together at the far end of the line, but more often, if not invariably after they have warmed to the dance and any initial shyness has worn off, there is a girl between every pair of men or boys. But whether the dancers on his right and left are girls or not, each dancer puts his right hand round the neck of the dancer on his right, and his left hand round the waist of the dancer on his left. The right foot is moved slowly to the right, the body being raised on the toes of both feet; the heels are raised twice and lowered without touching the ground, and then raised a third time and brought to the ground, when the left foot is brought up to the right foot and the raising and lowering of the heels are repeated with both feet together; the right foot is then moved away as at first, and the steps repeated. Each time the body is raised with the heels, the male dancers make their bunches of buttock-bells clash together by a jerk of their posteriors. So the whole line gyrates very slowly, in perfect time; but as this step is never varied, and the only change is in the songs, the dancing is monotonous to a spectator. Actually the jolliest part of the performance at camp dances is the hilarious entrance of the dancers in a rampaging column of fives or sixes, lads and girls mixed, yelling, whistling and laughing, on to the dancing ground, preceded

PLATE XV

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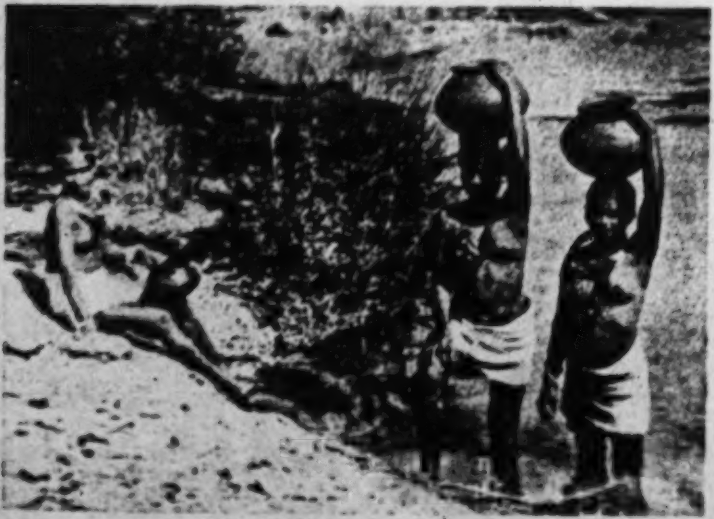
HILL MARIA DANCERS



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HILL MARIA DOMESTIC LIFE
Fetching water from river
(*Photographs by Baron E. von Eickstedt*)

[Facing p. 184]

535 by a few men with kettle-drums and more with clanging brass gongs; to this babel of sound must be added the clatter of the innumerable iron neck-rings and the bracelets of the girls, and the clangour of the great bunches of bells on the buttocks of the male dancers. The whole scene is lit up by blazing torches and log fires.

535 831 Often a slight element of obscenity is introduced by one or two men dressed as tiger-men with large imitation *membra virilia* which they brandish at each other and at the women, girls and youths, rushing ludicrously here, there, and everywhere, and provoking such laughter that often the dancers have to break off their singing to join in.

535 868 There is no formal dancing teaching. Boys are allowed to join in the dances when they are about six, and girls when nine or ten. They learn simply by imitating their elders.

2. Bison-horn Maria

535 574 Men of all ages, married and unmarried, youths, boys, young wives and girls join in the Bison-horn Maria dances. There appears to be no time of year at which they are forbidden to dance, though naturally the spring and the summer, when they are freest from field-work, see most of their dancing. If at this time of year you invite villagers to dance at your camp, the throb of the drums attracts more and more men and girls from surrounding villages; for the tradition is that no invitation is needed, and that open house should be kept at a wedding or any other occasion when there will be dancing.

535 292 There is no mixing of men and girls as in the Abujhmar hills. The girls, in their ordinary finery of beads and iron and brass neck-rings, and wearing their head snoods and fillets of polished brass, have no special dancing apparatus except the *tirdudi* dancing-sticks ornamented with iron bells which they hold upright in their right hands, clashing the bells in unison by striking the ground with the butts of the sticks on their left front as they bring their left foot across in front of their right; each girl rests her left arm on the back of the left shoulder of the girl on her left. They gyrate to the right, like the Hill Marias, but the Bison-horn women have a far more rapid step; the right foot is moved to the right and slightly to the rear, and the left foot is then brought across the right leg to the right front, while the ground is struck with the butts of the jingling dancing-sticks. The girls in this way dance fast around the outside of the dancing men, sometimes singing as they go; but the unceasing throb of the men's great drums drowns their song.

535 The women's step never varies, whatever the dance; but the men have many different dances and steps, and can improvise a dance on practically any theme, such as asking for pork or *landa*. Their *pen-karsita* or Koqsar dance is a very fast, side-stepping

535 dance, which makes everyone laugh, while all the mediums of neighbouring villages attend, and, possessed by their godlings, leap wildly to and fro, carrying bunches of *saja* leaves in their hands or holding them over their matted hair, to the general merriment. The chief wedding dance is the bison dance, every male turning at intervals in his paces to smile and 'glad-eye' the next dancer, and each then pretending to butt the other with his bison-horns; in another figure they similarly mimic two cocks fighting. The greatest sign of skill is to be able to impale on the tip of the horns a piece of grass twisted into a ring and thrown on the ground; the dancer may before this pretend to be a young and frisky bull, butting at wisps of grass or trees, or hurling them into the air to toss them on his horns. I have seen a dancer pick a small finger ring off the ground on the tip of his horns. As among the Hill 535 Marias, and indeed most Central Provinces Gonds, there is always 831 a comic and obscene element; men wearing black gourd masks with thick hair and beards of black bear or goat fur, and carrying clubs, nets and dummy guns, rush in and out amongst the dancers, making obscenely suggestive gestures with their clubs at the dancing or onlooking girls, and provoking roars of laughter.

[273] There is generally a pause for *landa* or *mahua* spirit sooner or later, after which the girls sometimes, before resuming the dance, sit in a bunch swaying from their hips and singing short catchy refrains, with either frankly sexual meaning or no meaning at all; and often the lads opposite make the whole company laugh by imitating them in falsetto.

The dancing and singing, it need hardly be said, lead on frequently to love-making, couples retiring into the darkness, or else starting an affair ending in experimental union and perhaps, later, in matrimony.

E. *Other Amusements*

524 The Bison-horn Marias' favourite pastime of cock-fighting has already been described (see page 162 above). Small wooden toys are made for the children, very crude representations of tigers or [764] other animals; and a pathetic sight at the graves of children are these toys left there for the *kanal*[1] of the children to play with. I have never found any Marias making string figures; and they have 526 shown no interest in attempts to demonstrate them. The Murias and Bhattras have innumerable games in which all the village youth takes part in the cold weather and spring nights, many of which

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[1] Literally the 'Gone', used of the spirits of the dead.

796 other villages. Though this is called the 'remains-eating' feast, yet actually fresh meat is killed and cooked, because women and [784] girls, who are not allowed to attend the sacrifices, are equally debarred from eating any part of the sacrificial victims. The day ends in *landa* drinking and dancing. In these first-fruits *pandum* [535] dances the bison-horn head-dresses used not to be worn, and in the dance following the *pandum* for new *mahua* and new mangoes men and women dancers dance together, and not separately as in all other Bison-horn Maria dances.

The Wijja Pandum, Wijja Weta and Jur Weta

We come now to the great vernal sowing festival with its attendant dancing and hunting that takes place on or near the full moon day of Chait (March-April), and corresponds to the Chait-rai festival of the Bhattras, Parjas and Murias. It starts on a Sunday, five or six days after the *Marka Pandum*. *Landa* is brewed in profusion [273] in every house for days in advance, and as much *mahua* liquor procured from the excise shops as household funds and the excise [834] rules permit. Sexual continence is, as in all these ceremonies, the rule for the night before the festival begins, and in some villages is ensured by all the men sleeping together that night and until the last ceremony is over, generally in the *kadri-bera* field or at the place from which the ritual *weta* hunt sets off.

The *perma* fasts next morning, and after the men of the village have had their morning meal goes at about noon to the *mahua* tree in the *kadri-bera* or *wijj-erhu* (see pp. 205-6) field, with a supply of rice and an egg, and the men accompany him. He cuts a small bough off the tree, to which in some villages he first sacrifices a black cock. He clears and plasters with cow-dung and water the usual small rectangle of ground, and in the centre makes a hole in which he plants the *mahua* bough and a plant of *dab* (*Pollinea argentea*) grass. In front of this he sprinkles rice and egg-shells, in which he sets an egg upright on its end in the name of the Village Mother, or of Bhu-deo and Bhu-devi. He then takes up a *datun* [515] or tooth-cleaning twig of *mahua*, splits it longitudinally in his teeth, and throws the split pieces three times on the ground. For the [787] pieces to fall one on the other like a saltire each time is the best of omens for the coming hunt and the ensuing harvest; for them to fall apart is a bad omen. Sometimes this consultation of the omens 796 does not take place in the *kadri-bera* field, but in the forest at the 778 place from which the ritual hunt is to start; there sometimes a rough altar of bows and arrows, as in the illustration opposite, is made, and the *perma*, facing the east, places on the ground before the altar three heaps of mixed bran and egg-shells in the name of each of the three Ban Kunwarin or Forest-maidens, and on each a table-stone with a white pebble on it may be erected in the name of the clan-god under a *saja* tree. 796 The *perma* sacrifices cocks and a pig or goat on behalf of the village in the usual way, and washes some new husked rice and *kutki* and offers it to the god. The men cook and eat the sacrificial meat then and there. The wife-clan relatives may be present, but in most villages are not allowed to participate in the sacrificial rice and meat and are supplied with other rice and meat which they cook separately. The usual remains-eating feast takes place in the houses next day.

The Jata Pandum

At the Jata Pandum, held somewhere near the full moon of Pus (December-January), they celebrate the eating of the first new beans, pulses, and the latest ripening grains. There is the usual public sacrifice for the men before the log-god or the Village Mother. In the south, towards the Dorla border, the festival is known as Chikur Pandum, and the sacrifices are always to a table-stone beneath a *saja* tree known as Dhania Deo, which, like the Bhattra Dhani, appears to be only another form of the earth-god. The only special feature of this *pandum* is that the domestic sacrifice and libations to the [769 Departed in the house are often followed by a ceremony for weaning 852] suckling children, the first food given being some of the rice and sacrificial meat cooked in the Pot of the Departed.

The Kare Pandum

This takes place in Magh (January-February), soon after the Jata Pandum, and, as already observed, is preceded by the *Kare Weta* in which fields and open spaces are beaten for small game. I was unable to ascertain what other special features, if any, the festival has, or whether new grass and new bamboo are offered to the gods. Until the festival has been held it is *melo* or taboo to cut grass or bamboos or [184] to start felling timber for *erka*, *parka* and *penda* cultivation.

The Bhimul Pandum

The Bhimul Pandum comes very soon after the Kare Pandum. 796 I have no detailed information. But it is a ceremony for ensuring a good rainfall in the coming monsoon. 778 It takes place by the Bhimul post in the *hadri-bera*, over which a booth of boughs is erected. Men and women attend. The booth is decorated with strings of mango leaves. The *perma* sacrifices a white cock and an egg, and pours *landa* over the Bhimul post; and men and women then empty over the post baskets containing a little of every kind of field produce. Men and women then sit in the open, and consume *landa*. All night [535] the village women dance, led by the *perma's* wife with an empty *landa* pot on her head or in her arms.

The Bhimul Pandum is really the last of the *pandum* held in 796 all villages. It only remains to mention the Mandai or Deoguri

585 house, and are given *landa* to drink. At the meal in the Place of the Departed the couple are exhorted by the bridegroom's father to live together in unity and concord, and to be faithful. All night the drums roll and guests pour in to dance and drink *landa* or sing around the bride and bridegroom, the men wearing their bison-horn dancing head-dresses. Ultimately next morning the couple are made to stand on a hurdle under the eaves of the hut constructed for them, and a kinsman of the girl's father climbs on the roof and tips a pot of water over them. The boy then drags the girl into the hut, both pushed by willing hands, and the door is fastened on [353] them and a bamboo-matting curtain hung over it. After a while they emerge, and the bride takes a ceremonial farewell of the girls of her village, and the guests disperse. Finally in the evening she is thrust into the bridal hut by her husband's younger brothers and his friends, her husband being already inside awaiting her.

In the account of the Ganjenar-Massenar wedding which follows, naturally no description can be given of the scenes in the *narma-lon* rooms of the bride's and bridegroom's fathers, to which outsiders are not admitted, or of other parts of the wedding ceremonies which I did not actually see. The bridegroom was the son of Atrami Hunga of Massenar, the younger brother of Atrami Kopa Dhurwa, a very influential headman who was decorated by the late Raja of Bastar for keeping that *pargana* quiet during the 1910 rebellion, and the bride was the daughter of Kunjami Harma, the headman of Ganjenar. When I reached the latter's house, which was about two miles from my camp at Massenar, the bridegroom and his party had arrived, and the relatives' dinner was over. The bride had gone to a tank to be bathed by her elder sister and her brother's wife; the bridegroom and his father were walking about talking to the guests and the bride's male relatives. There were not many persons present, perhaps 150 all told; a few men were beating their dancing drums, but none were wearing their bison-horn head-dresses. Around the door of the separate sleeping hut used [533 831 195] by Kunjami Harma's daughters and other womenfolk, some thirty women were standing shoulder to shoulder, swaying to and fro and singing a choral refrain of '*Koholin-waya*' to obscene verses sung by a laughing woman in the centre of the group. Another band of women hurled abuse at them at intervals, when the leader of each band tried to out-Billingsgate the other.

535 585 When the bride had been bathed, she emerged from the sleeping hut with a cloth wrapped over her shoulders, and was dragged into a chain of dancing and singing girls with their arms closely linked, while the bridegroom, also with a cloth over his shoulders, was pushed into another chain. These chains of girls circled and

● 535 gyrated in all directions, at one moment appearing inextricably
585 mixed together, only to disentangle miraculously at the next and
weave themselves into fresh spirals and circles, singing abuse at
each other. All the while the group of standing girls went on
[533] swaying and singing round the door; the leader caused great
laughter by improvising a song warning all girls to be on their guard
that night, for the Diwan, the Tahsildar and the Circle Inspector
were watching them, and who knew what might happen after dark?

583 Before we arrived the bridegroom's party had presented the
bride-price, which consisted of one slaughtered pig, a live pig, five
431 very large pots of *landa*, five *paili* of husked rice, four yards of
Mahra cloth for the bride's mother, and one rupee. While the
585 chains of girls were dancing around the bride and bridegroom, her
mother's sister came out and displayed the bride's going-away
presents, a *masni* or grass sleeping-mat, a small basket containing
about a *paili* of husked rice, a large pot of *landa*, and a young bull
calf newly weaned.

Some men wearing their bison-horn dancing head-dresses and
585 beating their long drums now started to dance near the gyrating
chains of girls, and there was a further accompaniment to the singing
of bamboo flutes. The two chains of girls suddenly opened out,
leaving the bridegroom and bride together, and the girl's father
and the bridegroom's elder brother were with them, holding their
hands. The old father, Kunjami Harma, held up his hand for
silence, and started a long speech, asking the bridegroom's elder
brother, 'Have you come willingly for this flower? Will you wear
it and cherish it? It is fresh and tender, and will not bear rough
handling. Know you how witless women are? If she be a poor
housekeeper, pardon her. If she cook badly, pardon her. If she
speak to other men, do not take it amiss, but pardon her.' There
were other similar injunctions, and to all the bridegroom's brother
answered yes. Then Kunjami Harma took his daughter, who took
the bridegroom's right hand, and placed on his little finger a ring
that she had pulled off the little finger of her own right hand; the
bridegroom then took a ring off his own left little finger and placed
it on hers; cloths were held over their heads while this exchange
was in progress. The bridegroom then took off another ring,
which the girl's elder sister received in her outstretched cloth, while
she said, 'From now onwards you must neither touch me nor utter
my name till I am dead. If you do, all will laugh at you, and your
brethren will fine you.' I was told that if she dies before him, he
will take a ring off her little finger and wear it on the middle finger
of his right hand. He also gave a ring to the bride's younger sister,
for he is free to touch her and to talk of her by name. Then his

elder brother touched the old man's feet, and the old man touched 585
his, and then each placed his hands on the other's shoulders, standing face to face, and leaned his head forward first on the other's right, then on his left shoulder; finally each salaamed the other with both hands held in front of his face, palm to palm, and said '*Juhar!*' Each of them then exchanged similar salutations with all their near relatives present and the leading guests, including myself and the other State officials present.

The girls now started singing again, telling the bride that she must leave them and go to her man, that her lot would be hard, and that if she did not like her man she should make up her mind to leave him. Meanwhile the bridegroom slipped off over the fields to his father's house at Massenar to be ready there to receive the party escorting the bride.

The bridal procession then formed up, led by some thirty women, singing and side-stepping along the narrow jungle path in the gathering darkness. After them walked the elders, then a party of drummers, followed by the bride, pretending to struggle against a cluster of laughing girls pushing her to Massenar. All danced as they went, beating their jangling dancing sticks on the ground in time with the drums and the steps of the dance. It took them two and a half hours to cover the two miles to the bridegroom's father's house in Massenar.

There a multitude of other girls and men received them, the 585
men all in the traditional dancing costume, with a thundering roll
of drums, while dozens of bombs of gunpowder and rice chaff were 535
exploded. The full moon beat down on a sea of tossing plumes, or shone back from the glistening bison-horns of the head-dresses, till the whole courtyard was full of rampaging and fantastic movement. The bride and bridegroom were seized by fifty girls, and made to sit in their midst in front of the house where they were later to live, all packed as closely as sardines, swaying to and fro
on their hips as they sat, and singing obscene marriage songs in [533
full-throated chorus, while all prodded and plucked at every part 831]
of the bodies of the bride and bridegroom, whose heads were muffled in cloths.

After watching this for some time I went off to my tent for dinner, but returned towards midnight. The bride and bridegroom were still where I had left them, surrounded by the swaying and singing girls. Some of these had babies sleeping in their laps as they sang, and many, tired out, were sleeping, hemmed in by their companions. The crowds had swollen, and every forest path was thronged with men and women hastening with drums and dancing kit to join the dance. Some came from villages twenty-five or

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949
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585 thirty miles away, but showed no sign of fatigue. Around the dance many were lying already drunk, for sixty large pots of *landa*
535 had been provided for the guests. Now and again an excited youth and girl would leave the dance and disappear in the trees. But there must always have been over two thousand men dancing; and those who had been overcome by the *landa* would return to the dance as soon as they had slept off their intoxication.

All night the drumming and dancing went on, though when I returned to the scene at 7.30 a.m. many men were lying asleep or drunk or merely resting, with piled drums and head-dresses. Now many men wearing black gourd masks with thick hair and beards of black bear's fur and carrying thick bamboo sticks, dummy guns [831] and nets, rushed in and out among the dancers, making obscene gestures with their sticks at the dancing and watching girls, to the general merriment. Looking for the bride and bridegroom, I found them, their heads still covered with the same cloths, riding on the shoulders of their sisters' husbands in the middle of a ring formed by a long chain of girls with arms outstretched and hands clasped, who headed off all the efforts of the 'steeds' to break out of the ring with their riders.

585 The fathers of the couple now decided that the time had come for the final ceremonies; the sun was getting hot, and the *landa* supplies low, for the dancers continued at intervals to leave the dance for a drink and a nap before the maddening beat of the drums called them out once again. A bamboo wicker-work hurdle was placed on the ground in front of the door of the hut where the couple was to spend its married life. To this the bride and bridegroom were led, and when they were standing on it they were at last freed from the cloths in which their heads had been enveloped for the last twelve hours. As they stood there hand in hand, the girl's father's brother climbed on to the eaves of the hut[1] with a large pot of cold and dirty water, and suddenly tipped its contents over the bride and bridegroom, whereupon, amid general laughter, the bridegroom seized the bride, and both rushed into the hut, the door of which was closed and curtained upon them. But they were allowed only ten minutes' privacy 'to discuss what they would do that night', as the bridegroom's old father explained; and even then they cannot have heard each other speak for the din of the drumming and dancing, which had not ceased for a moment even when the water was poured from the roof.

After ten minutes the bride emerged, and was surrounded by the girls of her own village, who in unison sang to her advice on a wife's duties and rights, urging her to return to them if her

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[1] This is illustrated in Plate XIX. [See cat. 116, pp. 121-25, -AM]

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949

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VII

I found it very difficult—and I suspect that Grigson had 796
the same experience—to see Marias in action. Tribes vary greatly
in their willingness to allow a visitor to be present at their ceremonial. 609
The Murias used to invite me to marriages or festivals, sending
information about them long beforehand. The Saoras are delighted
to have visitors at their celebrations and more than once the ghost
of a long dead headman has come upon the priest and admonished
the people to treat me right. But the Bondos do their utmost to
keep the stranger away ; during the great summer festival they pile
the paths leading to their villages with thorn bushes and not even
a fellow Bondo, if he belongs to another village, is admitted. The
Marias do not go so far as that, yet I found them singularly unwilling
to let me watch them do anything. When I was camping at Borgum
I heard that the Wijja Pandum was to be celebrated in two days'
time and rather unwisely announced my intention of being present.
On the morning of the festival a delegation arrived in camp to say
that the proceedings had had to be postponed because the Perma's
wife was in her period—though I darkly suspect that the old lady
had in fact passed the climacteric. I had to dodge round the country
for weeks before I saw a wedding, and to witness the Ghotpal
Marhai I had to come sixty miles on an elephant down from the
Abujhmar because the dates were changed at the last moment.

But since a page of personal observation is worth a whole 585
chapter of hearsay I will describe the wedding at which I assisted
and the great festival at Ghotpal in 1942.

On March 15th, 1942 I was camping in Gogonda at the edge
of the hills overlooking the great southern plain. That evening,
I was told, two girls were to be taken to Sirsitti, a village some two
thousand feet below, to be married. At about five o'clock therefore
married and unmarried women collected and began to dance
with one of the brides. She had her head and shoulders completely
covered with a shawl and wailed loudly all the time. Three pots 585
of rice-beer were distributed to the dancers and a large number of 535
onlookers, and then the dancers took the bride round the village.
This was a very pretty sight. The circle of dancers would suddenly
elongate into a line and then curl up again in a ring. As they danced [431]
from house to house, men and women would come out and put a
ring on the bride's finger or a necklace round her neck and embrace
her by raising her hands twice to their foreheads and then clasping
her in their arms. As they did so, the dancers sang the names of the 585
people who were giving presents and their exact relationship to the 533
bride. At other times they sang how the girl had hitherto been
going to and fro freely in the jungle, getting wood, husking grain,

585 fetching water, but that now she was to go to a life that was both [533] sweet and bitter. Finally, a group of quite little girls arrived on the scene with bundles of food tied up in cloth on their heads and the bride, still weeping loudly, was carried off by her girl companions across the fields into the sunset. It was a moving sight, this taking away of the bride to her new life, but it was noticeable that no member of the bridegroom's family came to fetch her. She was simply taken away by her own people to his village.

Next morning I started before dawn with my assistant Mr. Sampat Singh on the long descent to Siraitti. The scenery on the way was magnificent. From the brow of the hill we could see stretching away almost to Orissa the great plain of Konta and Sukma with the peaks of hills rising above the mist just touched by the morning sun. When we reached the village we found the two marriages in progress, though everyone was a little jaded having been up dancing all night. There were little camps outside the village for the two brides and the bridegrooms' families sent food and liquor out to them. During the morning there was some desultory dancing in the middle of the village, and a group of girls sat round each bride who wailed loudly from time to time as the girls sang to her about the sorrows and hardships of the married life to which she was now going. Young men from Gogonda, the brides' village, cooked the food supplied by the bridegrooms and this was ready about three o'clock in the afternoon. The visitors assembled beneath a magnificent mango tree outside the village, and the feast was very carefully served by the young men; an exact number of [264] leaf-cups was prepared and each contained the same number of bits of pork; an equal number contained identical portions of rice. The boys then served the cups, first to the women and then to the men. Others went round pouring gravy on the rice and they all ate together. When the meal was over they went to a stream near [271] by and drank, kneeling down and putting their faces right into the water to suck it up.

Then the girls assembled round the first bride, who was still 585 covered with the shawl which all through that sweltering day she had not once laid aside, and danced with her into the centre of the 535 village. Another party escorted the second bride and soon the scene was very lively with two separate dances whirling round the square. Presently the first party danced up to the future husband's house. They gathered in a very tight block before the door and began to sing loudly and rapidly, jerking their bodies to and fro from the hips, a song which meant, 'Come and get her if you can, brother; come and catch her if you can'. For some 585 time the bridegroom stood in a rather embarrassed fashion in the

doorway while his parents encouraged him and the old women 585
shouted ribald jokes. At last he plucked up courage and made
a dash for the girl. Her companions resisted him but at last,
of course, he broke through them, seized the girl and dragged her
weeping loudly into the house. The girls rushed after them and
pushed and hustled them into an inner room and shut the door
on them, the theory being that they would consummate the marriage
there and then. The old women stood round the hut trying to look
inside and discussing the bridegroom's potency. The cock which
is often stolen by the bride's party from the bridegroom's house was
here given as a present with a little cloth to the bride's younger
sister.

This was the end of one marriage. The other was a surprise. 585
The girls came dancing with the shrouded bride up to the house,
the bridegroom put on a new shirt for the occasion, his mother 535
brought water to wash the feet of her new daughter-in-law. Everything was ready, but after the girls had danced round once or twice
in front of the house, they made as if to go right round it in honour
of the Departed. Everybody waited for them to complete the
circuit and return, but their voices grew fainter and fainter, and I
went out to see them dancing away into the forest. It was then
explained to the unfortunate bridegroom that certain ceremonies [789]
had to be performed in Gogonda to protect the bride against magical
dangers with which she was threatened and that she would be
returned to him in three days' time.

It was then six o'clock and we returned to camp.

VIII

On February 2nd, 1942 there was celebrated at Ghotpal near 796
Barsur the great Marhai and Pen-Karsita of the Lekhami clan.
Directly I arrived and made my camp under some trees I was 609
greeted by a little deputation of local priests who told me very
politely but quite firmly that though they were delighted to have
me there I would not be permitted to take any photographs or
write anything down. Later I went with Mr. Sampat Singh to
the shrine of the Ghotpal clan-god, the Anga, Usendi Pen, with
whom are his sons Hunga and Wella and his daughter Wange.
I was at once surrounded by people telling me that I must not go
inside. An elderly magician approached me and in a stern voice
told me to take my hat off, for I was looking at a god. Such
instructions are unusual in aboriginal India.

Nothing happened that day, but people began to assemble 796
and many merchants arrived and set up their booths in a line along
the edge of the great open dancing-ground in front of the shrine.

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241 to the Telis, send relays of young men to earn the needed cash by
426 working at Allapilli, and it is noteworthy that these workers do not
621 regard the wages thus earned as their individual property, but as the
earnings of the village which sent them there and provided them with
food for the journey. Let us hope that the economic self-sufficiency
which has hitherto kept these hillmen out of the clutches of the
money-lender will be preserved (which means that their *penda* must
661 not be stopped). They are subject, however, to three pests. The
first is the frequently corrupt *kamdar* of the zamindar. The
second are the village watchmen or *kotwar*, generally of Mahra or
kindred untouchable castes, to whose circles these hill villages are
attached. These Mahras have their headquarters in plain villages,
whence they make periodic tours of the hill villages to levy various
illegal dues from the Hill Marias. The third pest is the itinerant
439 cloth pedlar, usually a Mahra, who supplies cloth on credit and then
tries to levy a perpetual tribute in kind. I met one of these men in
this tour during my visit to the adjacent Bastar village of Nelanguri.
Bazaars are so remote that these pedlars, if they could be prevented
from selling on credit, and be made to charge reasonable prices,
would fulfil a useful function. All these abuses could be checked by
effective official touring: Mr. Kerawala's and my visits were
unfortunately red-letter events in the Marias' lives.

● 535 Dancing at Kuvakodi was all in the traditional Hill Maria
style, but sadly inferior to dances at such Bastar centres as Orcha
292 or Handawada, although at least half the dancers were Bastar
Marias. But even in physical type these Marias from the western
fringes of the Abujhmar Mountains are inferior. Here, as I noted of
Bastar during my March 1934 visit, the Maria dancer has given up
the rib-dress or *gatikarhana*, the dancing-shield and the gay head-dress
and skirt, though he still retains the traditional buttock-bells,
the songs, the *pata-bhita* or 'song fellows' and the dance-steps.[1]

535 The descent back to the Lahiri camp was almost more tiring
than the climb had been. Lahiri that evening was full of an eager
crowd, to watch the dancing and partake of the liquor that was ready
for the dancers. Here the dancing was lively and vital, but differed
in various ways from Hill Maria dancing, if of Hill Maria type. The
534 *dol* drumming was marked, even though the single-membrane
turam drum more typical of the Hill Maria was much in evidence.
301 Perhaps, however, the strongest impression was the astonishing
wealth of 'jewellery' worn by the girls: enquiry showed that apart
from strings of beads, almost all the silver and brass and aluminium
necklets, armlets and other trinkets worn by the women had been
purchased from metal-workers in Bastar State. There seemed here

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[1] See pp. 75-6 and 183-4.

and see the bulk of the Council's funds, including their own contributions, spent on the open and advanced tracts of the district where the villagers must be placated for political reasons. More will be said on this point later in this Note, in dealing with the Garchiroli zamindaris. 632

The dancing at Surjagarh stands out in memory as faster and livelier than any other dancing seen on this tour. The drums too were different, great double membrane drums of short sections of *semur* (*bombax malabaricum*) trunks, up to 2 ft. 6 in. or 3 ft. in diameter. The *Gazetteer* well describes the typical Maria dance :— 535 [534]

> 'The favourite dance is a peculiar rippling step forwards, with the foot dragged, not very graceful when done by a single individual, but looking quite different when done in unison by a great circle of dancers singing a *re-la, re-la*, chorus to which the step keeps time. In some villages where the headman is an enthusiast for the pastime a trained band performs weird and wonderful step dances to the sound of the drum. At a big dance the trained band occupies the inner ring round the fire, while the common folk, men and maids, in separate rings move round in great circles in opposite ways. All are dressed for the occasion in their best, bearing in their hands weird ornaments of wicker work, with garlands of flowers on their necks, and, in their hair, feather ornaments humorously or coquettishly placed. Seen in the red glow of a huge log fire, glinting on the shining beads and barbaric ornaments of the dancers, with the throb of the drums, and the beat of many feet moving in unison to the wild music of the voices in chorus, a Maria dance is a spectacle not easily forgotten, but lingers as a characteristic scene when other details have faded from the memory.'[1]

That would well describe that wild night at Surjagarh, when the dancers, their spirits enlivened by several earthen pots of *mahua* liquor, kept up their dancing nearly till dawn. It had been a long and tiring day, and I retired early, the last thing seen from my tent before I closed the flap to shut out the blaze of the many log fires, the dust and the tramp of hundreds of feet, being our now nearly nude Local Board Member, well warmed by liquor and congenial surroundings, leading a ring of dancers and gravely demonstrating the right steps.

Next morning after an early breakfast we climbed with many of the night's dancers up to the keep of the old fort that crowns the Surjagarh hills, 1,273 feet above the forests at their base, the ascent being over what the *Gazetteer*[2] truly calls a noble cliff of black ferruginous mica schist. 712

> 'The ascent at first is by a narrow rift in the mountain, whose sides rise vertically on either hand 600 feet in height, and then the path winds round the face of the cliff in natural steps formed by the weathering of the schist. The whole ascent has been carefully fortified by a series of stone breastworks, here thrown across the path, there perched on an overhanging ledge of rock, and if properly defended would be impracticable for troops without means of shelling. Within the keep on the summit there used to be a small tank which

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[1] *Chanda District Gazetteer* (Allahabad, 1909), pp. 99-100.

[2] Pp. 428-9.

I: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949
AW32 Gond AW32

Bison Horn Maria

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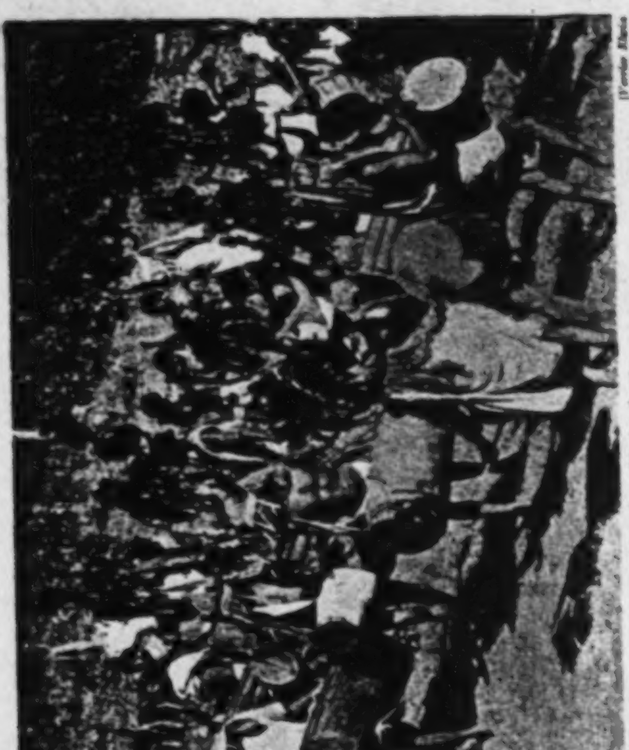

Bison-horn Marias dancing

[Verrier Elwin

[End Plate R]

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949
AW32 Gond AW32

Bison Horn Maria

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Bison-horn Marias dancing

Verrier Elwin

[End Plate 5]

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949
AW32 Gond AW32

Bison Horn Maria

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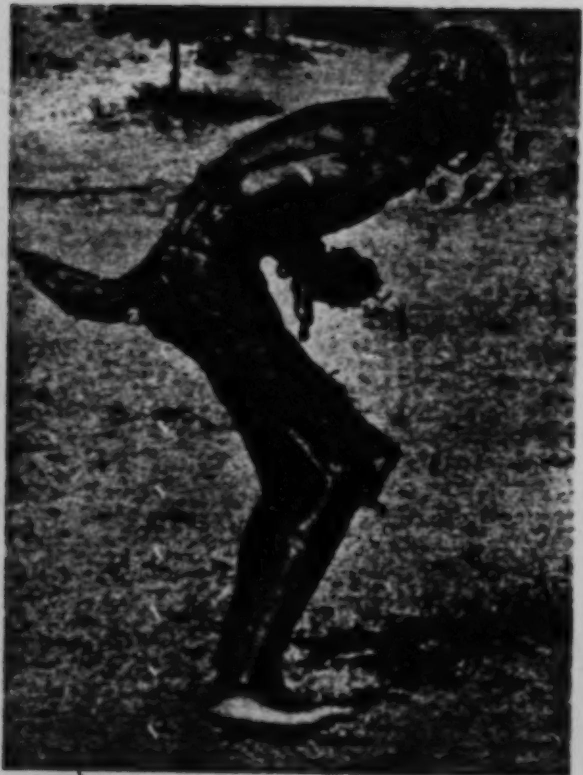

(Verrier Elwin

Bison-horn Maria clown, covered with glistening mud, postures during a dance

[End Plate ZA]

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949

AW32 Gond AW32

Bison Horn Maria

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[Verrier Elwin

Bison-horn Marias dancing

[Verrier Elwin

[End Plate ZE]

1: Grigson G-5 (1927-1934) 1949
AW32 Gond AW32

Bison Horn Maria

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Bison-horn Maria girls dancing

[Verrier Elwin

[End Plate ZF]

Plate XXVIII

The Horn Dance at Sidhawand

The Lagir ceremony at Sidhawand

[p. 106 b]

769
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● 535

Plate XXXII

[p. 144 (B)]

2: Elwin E-5 (1935-1942) 1947 AW32 Gond AW32
Muria

Plate XXXIII

769
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535●

Scenes from the Dance of the Ghost

[p.144 (c)]

The near relatives of the deceased then go into the water crying on the dead to come to them and try to catch any kind of living thing. Whoever first catches a fish or prawn or frog, whatever it may be, is regarded as being specially loved by the dead and is rewarded with extra drinks and small presents. They put the fish into one of the pots together with a ring. The pot is covered with a bamboo cover on which is a new sari. The *akomama* relative applies haldi and oil to the pot and as he is doing this someone else catches hold of every member of the party in turn, both men and women, and smears their private parts with haldi-oil. Then a girl (daughter or daughter-in-law to the dead) lifts the pot, puts it on her head, carries it up to the house and puts it down near the Pot of the Departed. A samdhi sacrifices a chicken after testing it in the usual way; when the chicken eats the rice offered it is a sign that the soul of the dead man loves his family as before. Then they pour the water together with the fish and ring on to the ground and tie the ring, which represents the man's soul, from the roof above the Pot of the Departed. Sometimes the ring is tied to a broom. They hang the pot itself up to the roof of the house. They eat the sacrificed chicken and drink and dance and then disperse. A samdhi makes a mixture of the water in which rice has been cleaned, the bark of the mango tree and a little cow's milk and sprinkles the whole house in order to purify it. 769

Some time afterwards, at one of their clan festivals, the members of the family take either the pot or simply the ring that has been hung in the Room of the Departed to the clan shrine or Hanalkot, which must be located at the clan headquarters or at least in some village within the clan territory. In some villages, as at Gudla, this is only done for men; women stay in the house. But at Sirsi the souls of both men and women were taken to the Hanalkot. In Kerawahi they said that at the special festival for Bara Pen, which occurs every two or three years, the members of the Poyami clan take the pots in which the soul has been brought from the river along with the rings to the shrine of their clan god. They sacrifice fowls saying, 'Here is the god of Lanji-Dhamda, go to him and you will become like him. As he helps us, so you too help us'. They tie the ring to a tree overlooking the shrines and break the pot. Then after the usual feast they go home.

Sometimes, however, the people take the soul direct to the Hanal. This is a small shrine for the dead, generally under a saja tree. They put the pot containing the soul and the ring down near the tree and sacrifice two hens, one for the dead man's family and one for his *akomama* relatives. They feed these saying, 'Have you come happily today? Don't trouble us, you are to become a god. Always help us and don't trouble us'. When the chickens eat, thus showing that the soul is pleased, a member of the family kills one chicken and a samdhi kills the other. On the place where the chickens are sacrificed, they pour out the water and soul from the pot. They tie the ring by a single thread to the tree thus 'mixing him with the dead'. Everyone who came should have brought a chicken; these are now killed with sticks and roasted. The two sacrificed chickens may only be eaten by those who killed them. They drink liquor and dance and sing, and then go dancing home.

In the Bara Dongar Pargana the Muria have a very impressive death-dance for this occasion. A man wearing a beard of bear's hair, four *gutri*[1] horns tied on his forehead, a fishing-net round his loins, a wooden doll in one hand, a bent stick in the other, leads the way from the river up to the house. In 769 535 [292]

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[1] *Cervulus Muntjac*, the barking deer.

769 535 front of him one samdhi carries water and another a stick. As they go along they beat the path and throw water on it saying, 'We are making a road before you, come slowly leaning on your stick; we are making a road for you, come samdhi to your house, don't stay outside'.

The bearded man, who is supposed to represent the soul of the dead, weary, hungry and exhausted comes walking slowly, bent like an aged man. Soon he falls to the ground exclaiming, 'I can go no further'. Then the samdhi says, 'You must drink this jawa-gruel' and they give him a drink of liquor and pull him up on his feet. He goes on a little more and falls on his feet again. Other people dance round him beating sticks against each other and all the people sing. He falls down again and again exclaiming that he is too weary and hungry to go further.

When they get near the house the bearded man and his two attendants roll on the ground and the family has to come out and beg them to bring the soul in. 'We will pay you your wages' they say, meaning that they will give them plenty of liquor. The daughter or sister of the deceased comes out with haldi, rice and water in a dish and washes the feet of the man who represents the soul.[1]

769 Inside the house they place a small stump, eight inches high, in the ground in the name of Bara Pen. There is a nail in the post and they hang the pot containing the fish on this and all relatives put haldi on it and offer pice to it saying, 'We have brought you here for your last marriage'. They sacrifice a cock to Bara Pen saying, 'Now keep this soul with you'.

They pour the water from the pot over the stump of the dead man, who is thus supposed to bathe in it. There is a curious idea that the fish must disappear as otherwise it will mean that the soul has not 'flown out of the pot to mingle with his ancestors'. Once when Lahari Maravi's father died, a witch kept the fish in the pot and would not let it fall out. They had to make special sacrifices before the soul was able to mingle with the Departed.

During the ceremonies of catching the soul and bringing it back to the house a number of songs are sung, of which the following are given as examples.

Song

769 539

Re re nãgo re rela !

Dãt ra dãdi dãtu ra.	Come, brothers, let us go.
Aga boga dãkãt ra ?	Where are they going?
Sono rupo bandãng ra,	To the gold and silver tank,
Aga yise dãtu ra.	Let us go there.
Phauj lawre mãnta ra.	The whole company is going.
Agãy yise yewandur ra.	They have arrived there.
Sãt kori layor ra,	Seven score chelik,
Sãt kori layah here ra,	Seven score motiari,
Agãy yise handur ra,	They are going there,
Bandãng jhalke mãndur ra.	Where waves move the water of the tank.
Agãy yise parakandur ra.	They are searching for it.
Jiwa koji kindur ra,	They are searching for the soul,
Bagãy jiwa pudo ra.	But they cannot find it.

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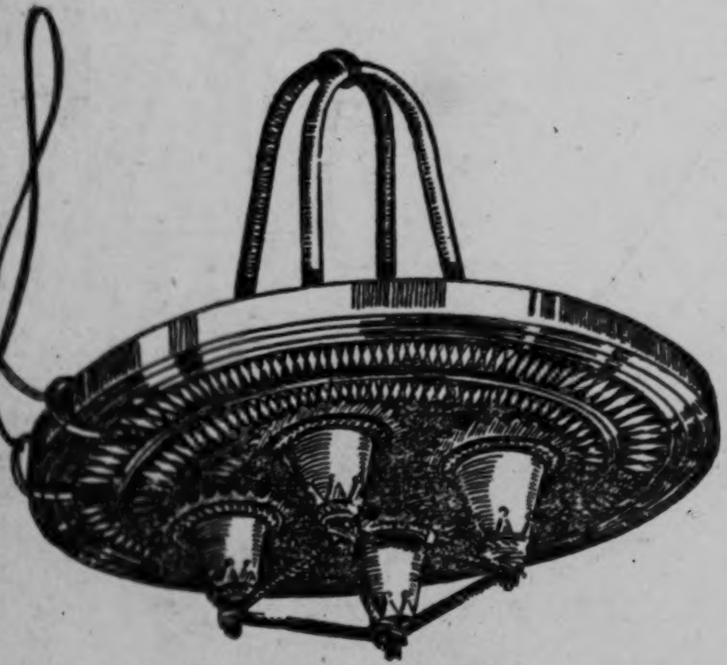
[1] Such dramatic rituals give some point to Ridgeway's suggestion that serious drama originated from the worship of the, often deified, dead. See Sir W. Ridgeway, *Drama and Dramatic Dances of Non-European Races* (London, 1915).

clan-priest of the Kuhrami struck the throat of the animal and killed it with a single blow. The Galta of every god pressed forward with hands outstretched, 796



[535]

Fig. 33. Dancing-shield used by chelik during the festivals of the clan-gods

crying to the bull to have pity on them and not to be angry, then dipped their hands in the blood and carried it to offer to their own deities. The clan-priest of the Kuhrami made an incision in the bull's side and removed part of the liver and offered it to Chelik Sai. After this they carried the carcass away into the jungle and cut it up.

For the evening meal, the meat was boiled in a score of pots, and rice mixed with sesamum oil, urad pulse and some green vegetables was cooked for each clan separately by the clan-priests in their respective temples.

As evening fell, the chelik and motiari, gorgeous in their festival attire, came from Bargaon and Taragaon, Aturgaon and Esalnar, Kajen and Kongera, from Chalka, Temrugaon and Chimri. Each party made a little camp under the trees, lit a fire and cooked some food. About ten o'clock they began to dance, pargana by pargana, in huge circles lit by the light of torches. The gods were brought and placed in the middle of the dancing-field. All night the boys and girls danced and at dawn the gods awoke and danced and postured. About seven o'clock the visitors went away and the gods were taken home. Chelik Sai, who after all is a chelik, danced with the motiari;

2: Elwin E-5 (1935-1942) 1947 AW32 Gond AW32

Hill Maria

Plate LII

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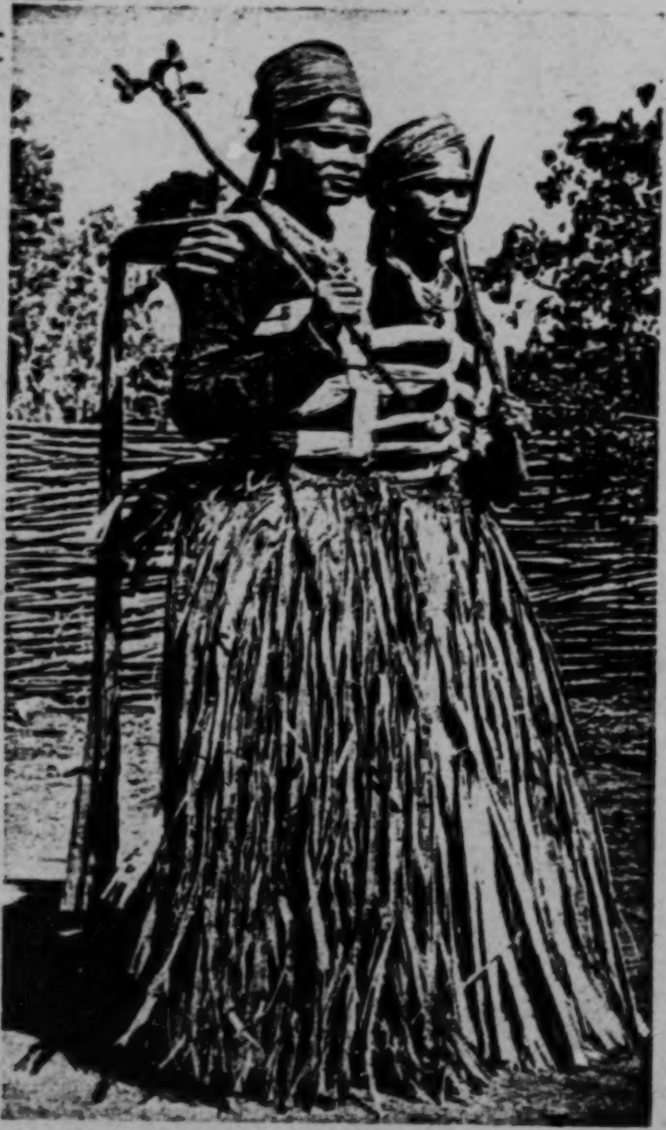

Hill Maria chelik in dancing dress

[p.254 (B)]

Bison-Horn Maria

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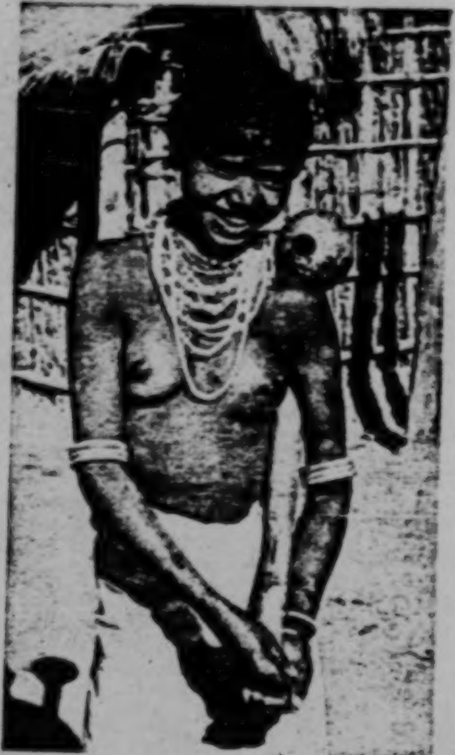
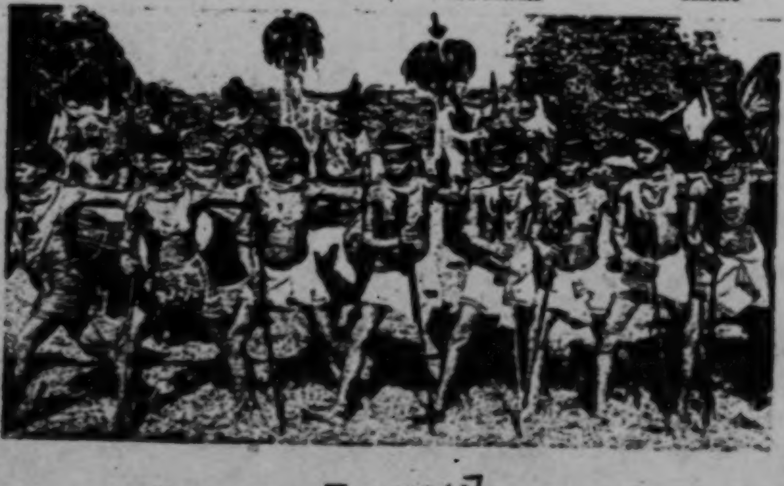


Hirme, a Bison-horn Maria girl washing her hands

Plate LIV

Bison-horn Maria[6] dancers



[p. 278(R)]

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Jhoria dancers at Kabonga

Jhoria dancers at Amsara

Plate LXXXV

X883 832 almost roughly, it grows gentler and gentler until at last the girl's hands are moving caressingly, tenderly over the arms and bodies of their boys, rousing affection and stirring with every gesture new desire.

The use of the comb to titillate the skin has a similar effect: Muria boys and girls are susceptible to tickling, which has been described as 'the most intellectual mode of touch sensation and that with the closest connexion with the sexual sphere'. As the motiari dresses her chelik's hair and with her comb gently tickles and stimulates his back and arms, he responds by fondling her breast, by stroking her legs (which are usually placed round his body; as she massages, the girl often grips the boy's waist between her knees) or by boldly tickling her. Certain types of massage are specially exciting. The girl stands above the boy, bending over him, and rubs downwards, passing her hands over the stomach down to the specifically erogenous region which thus receives a powerful tonic; sometimes she massages the legs, pushing her hands right up to the groin.

It is curious that with all this, the kiss as a means of sensory excitement is but little used.[1] It is not unknown—far from it—but it is something that goes in fashions; a ghotul discovers it, as at More Berma, and then everybody kisses. But even then the kiss does not appear to be on the lips, nor does the tongue play any part; for the Muria the kiss is a highly concentrated form of massage with the lips upon the skin. Boys kiss the face and breasts; I have never heard of *fellatio* being practised, but it may be—the description of it causes no offence.

After touch, smell is a powerful stimulant. Charming is the freshness of the open hill and forest, but more charming still, say the chelik, is the smell of perspiration, oil, wet earth, a suggestion of urine, all tempered by the bitter-sweet wood-smoke, which is regarded as the peculiar aroma of the ghotul.[2] The ghotul smell is unforgettable; it is not unpleasant even to a stranger's nostrils; and boys have told me that they have found it a strong sexual stimulant. 'The smell of the wood-smoke in a girl's hair, how exciting it is!' exclaimed a chelik at Markabera. So is the smell of the cow-shed clinging to boy or girl, a clean healthy smell with good associations. At Temrugaon the boys loved the scent of the marigolds that the motiari put in their hair and declared them to be their favourite flower.

[515] No artificial scents are used, and this means that both boys and girls have to be very careful about bodily cleanliness; an unpleasant vaginal odour is mentioned as specially inhibiting to desire; there is a saying—*muh sundri gānd gandri*—however beautiful the face, if a girl has a dirty body, she will not be admired.

X883 832 ●535 But 'the most usual method of attaining tumescence', says Havelock Ellis, 'a method found among the most various kinds of animals, from insects and birds to man—is some form of the dance'.[3] 'It is everywhere the instinctive object of the male, who is very rarely passive in the process of courtship, to assure by his activity in display, his energy or skill or beauty, both his own

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[1] It is a commonplace of anthropology that primitive peoples do not kiss; I have always wondered how investigators can be so sure of this. The ordinary word in Gondi is *borydna*, 'to kiss'. Trench says that the word as used in Betul—*burdna*—means 'to kiss, of humans, to nose, of dogs'. Ward gives *nahilia* as a Gondi word for kiss used in the Mandla District (*nākdna* means 'to lick'). I also found the Muria using a word *loranda* which was said to mean 'kiss', but I am doubtful about this.

[2] The Uraon *dhumkuria* have a quite different smell, in which the odour of urine is much more prominent. The Bison-horn Maria again have a strong, and rather attractive, smell, not unlike the Savara but quite distinct from the Muria.

[3] Havelock Ellis, *Analysis of the Sexual Impulse*, p. 53.

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passion and the passion of the female. Throughout nature sexual conjugation only takes place after much expenditure of energy.'[1] And so the ghotul evening usually begins with vigorous dances and games, many of them frankly provocative of the sexual emotions. The splendid parade of the Mandri dance, the intimacies of the Hulki, the suggestiveness of some of the games are invaluable as a preparation for tumescence. There is a proverb *Rela rela bende pela*—'If you start with singing Rela you end with the satisfaction of desire'. It must be noted that it is not only the chelik who by the energy of their display excite the motiari; the girls' games and dances are equally powerful stimulants. In one of these games, the girls bend forward, each holding a stick in her hand to represent a penis, and dance with jerky movements of the buttocks that closely simulate the sexual process. As they dance they sing,

Nān ada chingro,	Little little prawn hairs,
Bere līm hārin,	Very long thorn,
Kaha gai ho,	Where has he gone,
Nandpurihār Rāja?	The Nandpurihar Raja?

The 'little prawn hairs' are the pubic hairs and the long thorn is the penis of the chelik. In the Jhoria Endanna, the girls also sing songs about sexual congress.

V

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We have already seen, particularly in Chapter XI, something of the scope of sexual opportunity offered by the ghotul as also the limitations it imposes on the normal process of sexual selection. Under these conditions do the chelik and motiari really 'fall in love'? What happens to the tenderness of devotion, the tensions and despairs of passion, the idealizing of the adored object which is still, to the majority of Europeans, essential to any proper relationship between the sexes? Or does life in the ghotul, as Dalton said of the Uraon dormitory, 'sadly blunt all innate feelings of delicacy'?

It is possible that the Muria, in the diffused tenderness of corporate affection, in their simple and natural view of sexual congress, in their rational and realistic attitude to one another, have achieved something better than the sentimental raptures of the lover in the novelette 'sighing like furnace' for an impossible ideal.

Many chelik and motiari seem to pass through their ghotul period without any very passionate love-affairs, content and happy with the ghotul tradition of love. Others, in the course of their seven or eight ghotul years, experience one or two vivid and exciting adventures which may last only a few months and which interrupt but illuminate the general course of their less intense amours. Others again, of a different temperament, are always falling in love and out of it, coveting other cheliks' 'wives', arranging to meet girls outside in the forest or visiting them when the others are asleep. 'Love often makes us break the rules,' said a chelik at Kuntpadar.

For across the calm sea of unstrained, unfrustrated affection, there blow sudden gales and storms. A new girl comes to the village; a boy suddenly awakes to the charm of a motiari he has known for years; a chelik displays himself as a popular hero and draws every heart; little girls and boys grow up

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[1] Havelock Ellis, *Analysis of the Sexual Impulse*, p. 52. The sex-dance of the subhuman primates 'consists of an erect swaggering waddle quite different from the usual mode of locomotion. No doubt its function is to intimidate and prepare the female for sexual submission to the dominant male.'—Clifford Allen, *The Sexual Perversions and Abnormalities* (Oxford, 1940), p. 27. See also H. Bingham, *The Sex Development in Apes* (Baltimore, 1928).

838 On the third day of a marriage, the motiari retire to the ghotul or their camp and dress up as chelik. They put on turbans, waistcoats and loin-cloths. 585 They borrow boys' armlets for their arms, put knives in their waist-bands, and approach the marriage-booth carrying axes, branches of mango leaves 292 and bunches of *dab* grass. They dance up to the marriage-booth, under which the bridegroom is seated, and ceremonially sweep it. Among the dancers is ●535 the bride disguised as a boy. All the dancers are in fact disguised, for they wind their turbans round and round their faces to make it as difficult as possible to tell them apart. As the girls go round and round the booth, they challenge the bridegroom to pick out his bride. He is supposed to be unable to do this, so at last, as the girls draw closer and closer to him, the bride suddenly darts out from among them and hits him on the back with her clenched fist. He jumps up and attempts to hit her back but she escapes and her fellow motiari do their best to protect her. After this the girls continue dancing for some time, then retire to their homes and remove their male disguise.[1]

This practice is called the Nemuldwar, the 'army of the bride and bridegroom', and the dance is the Choli Endanna or the Jhoria Endanna. The name Choli Endanna simply means 'the waistcoat dance' and refers to the male disguise. The word Jhoria probably means lowlander[2] and has been fully explained in Chapter I. It is now no longer used as the title of the tribe, which has become merged with the Muria. There is, however, a Jhorian Pargana or sub-division and it is said that the dance is so called because it originated here. Although the word Jhoria means 'lowlander' in comparison with the Maria of the Abujhmar Mountains, to the Muria and Gond of eastern Bastar it is the name of an older and more primitive people. The expression Jhoria Endanna, therefore, suggests a dance of old time and ancient tradition. It is the most primitive of all the marriage dances.

838 As the motiari approach and dance round the marriage-booth, which they do very slowly in a long straight line, each girl clutching her left-hand 585 neighbour round the neck with one arm, while with the other she waves her bunch of grass and mango leaves to and fro as if she were sweeping a floor, 535 they sing a number of songs. There is a considerable variety of these and I 539 will give a few examples of different kinds. The first song refers to the ceremonial sweeping of the marriage-booth.

Diwān miyār kilinta dewo!	Diwan's daughter is crying, Dewo!
Wāyu dewa wāyu roy dewo!	Come girl, come Dewo!
Wāyār haiyu wāyu roy dewo!	Come to sweep, girl, come Dewo!
Naling cao gorāng roy dewo.	The mandia is like sonra fruit.
Gorāng nori ola roy dewoni.	She went to grind the mandia.

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men. The chaunt and dance were as before, except that the pantomime abounded in the most indecent gestures and attitudes, all illustrative of sexual relations. One girl slipped (or pretended to) and fell. Whereupon, one of those playing a man's part fell upon her to ravish her. A rescue ensued amidst roars of merriment, and the would-be ravisher was in process of being stripped when our modesty compelled us to call an interval.'—Thurston, op. cit., Vol. IV, pp. 66ff.

According to Santal tradition, witchcraft began through a transvestite expedition. Marang Buru had decided to teach men witchcraft, but the women made them drunk and then 'put on pagris and dhoties and stuck goats' beards on their faces' and went to learn the magic art instead.—C. H. Bompas, *Folklore of the Santal Parganas* (London, 1909), p. 422.

[1] At Pardhan marriages in Mandla, the bride is sometimes disguised as a boy and her future husband is challenged to find her. I found a similar test among the Binjhwar of Chhattisgarh. The custom is doubtless widely distributed.

[2] See pp. 15-17.

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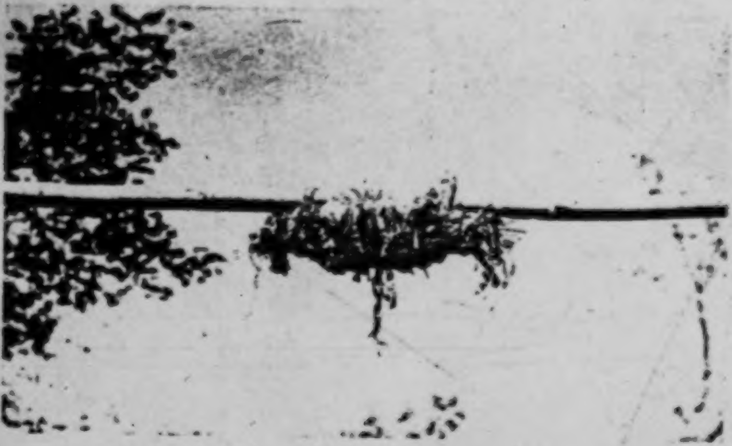

Rubbish hung over the road to purify a village

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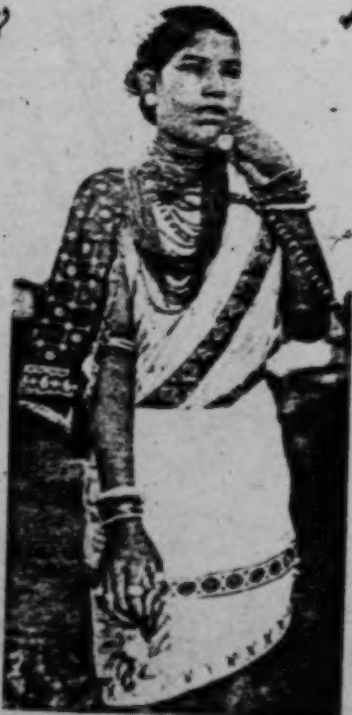
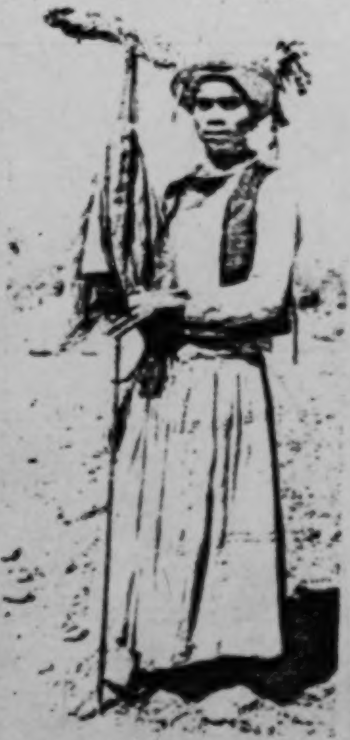
Plate LXXXIX



Leader of the Diwali dance



Chelik with sacred fire

[p. 464 (A)]

x
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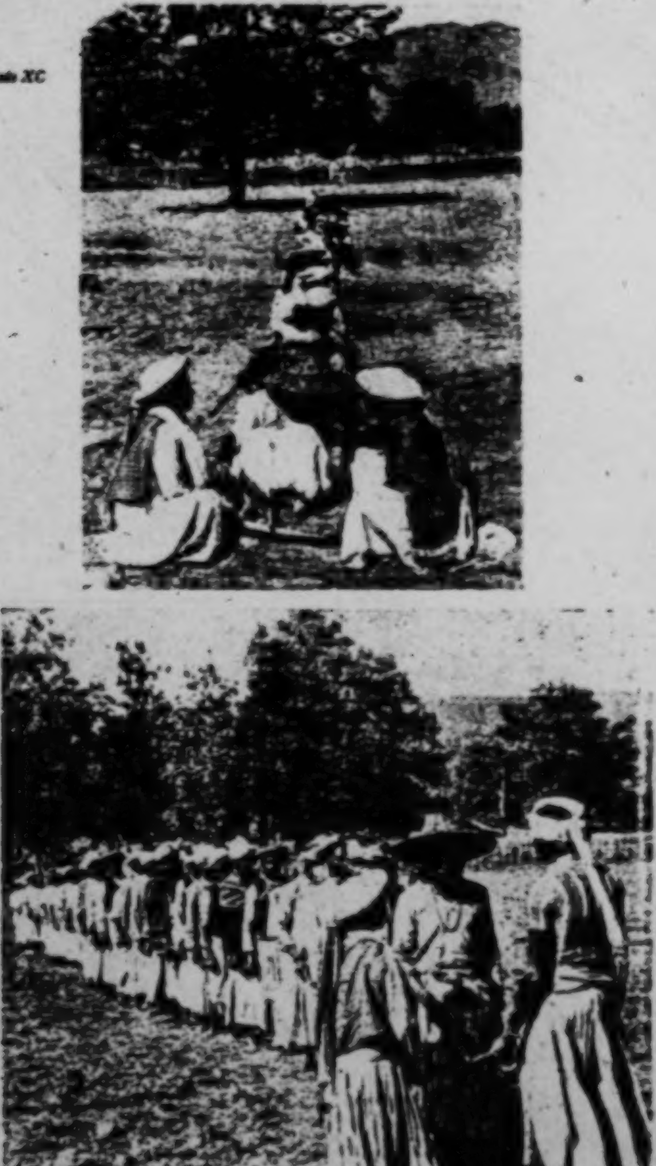
Plate XC



Pus Kolang dances: two movements in the Lingo Pata at Phulpar

[p. 464 (B)]

Plate XCII

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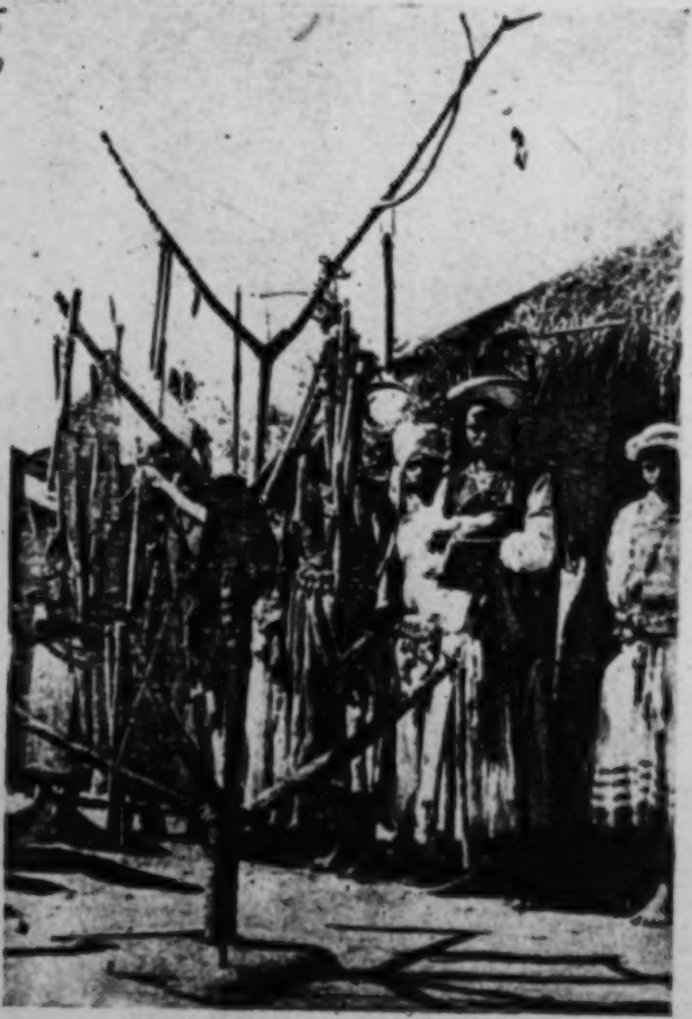

The semur tree at Phulpar, hung with dancing sticks

[p. 480(b)]

2: Elwin E-5 (1935-1942) 1947 -AW32 Gond AW32
Muria

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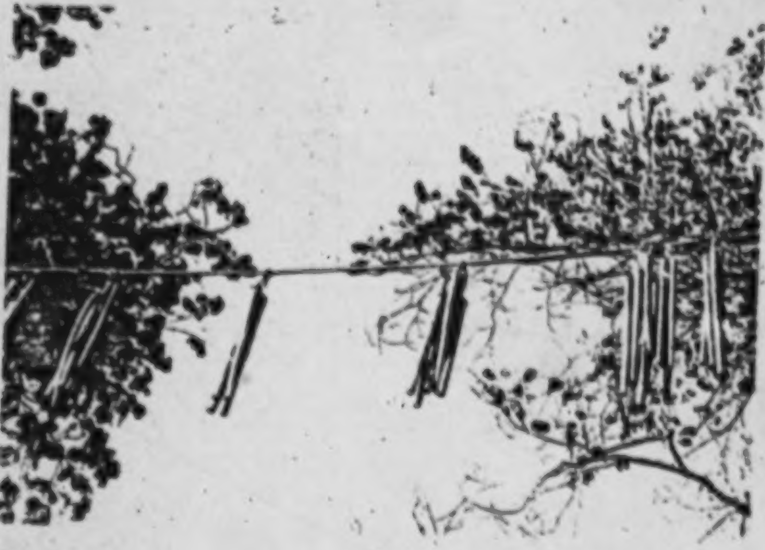

Dancing sticks strung across the road near the village boundary at Kokhera

Chelik preparing to hang their sticks across the road

[p.484 (A)]

Plate XLIII

Y 883
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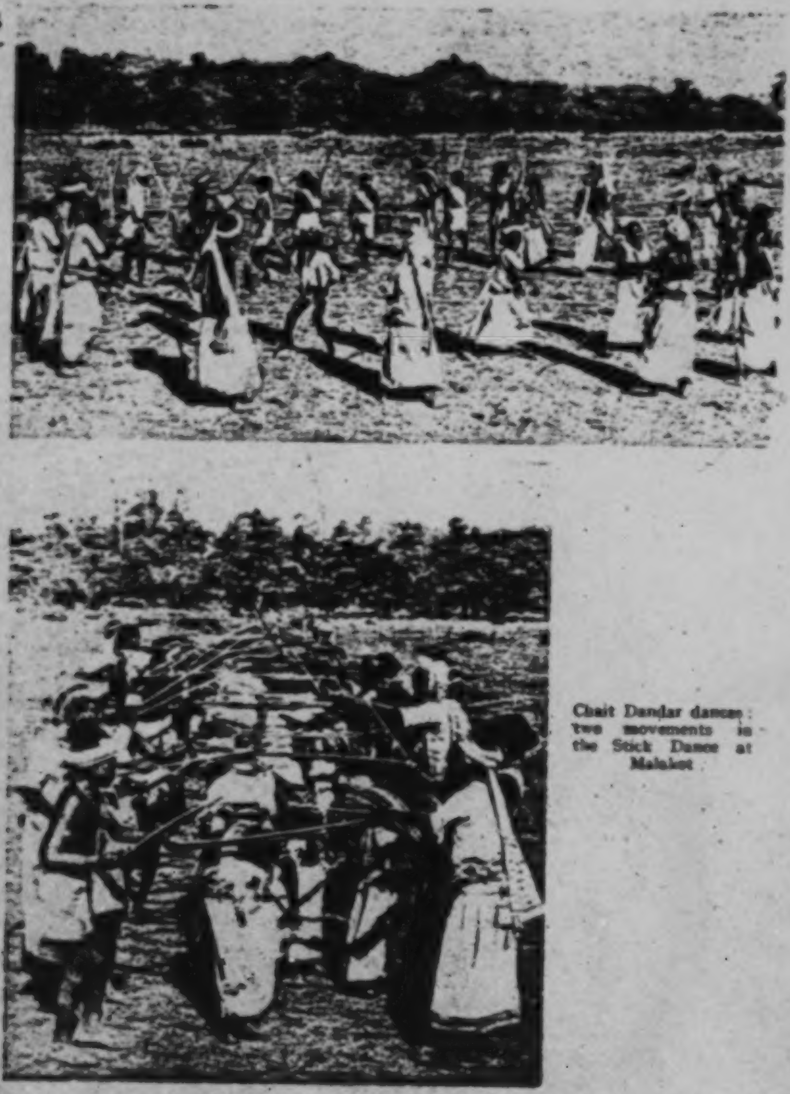
Plate XCIV



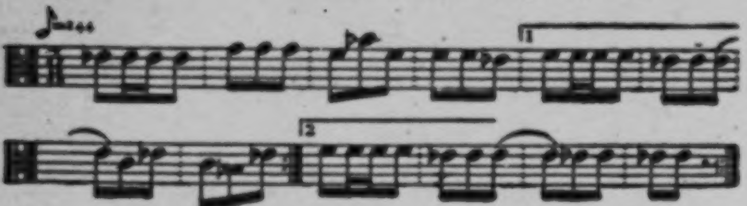
Chait Dandar dances: two movements in the Stick Dance at Malakot

[p. 484(B)]

taboo. It is very dangerous to make mistakes in the dancing or stick-beating, 883x
and any kind of error is heavily penalized.[1] If one of the boys makes a 484x
mistake the Gaita of the village visited removes the turban of the Gain and 796
the boys have to pay a fine of two bottles of liquor before he will return it. 794
Should a boy drop his stick or if his dhoti gets loose, he has to pay a similar
fine. Anything dropped must be picked up with the teeth.

Special rules control the conduct of the three leading pairs, the Gain and
Jokta or Roche-sela and two other couples. They must talk to no one; they
must not dance with the motiari of the villages they visit; they may only
sing the special Pus Kolang songs.

The dancing party from Phulpar in 1941 visited Sarandi, Kurse, Kutgaon 883x
and Tursani. When they reached Sarandi, they went straight to the Gaita's 484x
house and danced before it. As they entered the village they sang. 796



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Re rela rela re rela rela re rela re rela.
Show us the Gaita's house, chelik.
Don't you know the Gaita's house, chelik?
Where have you come from, chelik?
We have come from the land of hills.
If we show you, what will you give us, chelik?
We will give you a cloth for your loins.
It's the house with a cart in the yard, chelik.
There is a pond for the buffaloes in front, chelik.
That's the Gaita's house, chelik.
On a bamboo pole there's a monkey, chelik.
There's an elephant tied to the pillar, chelik.
There's a horse tied in the shed, chelik.
On the roof there sits a peacock, chelik.
There's a gun against the fence, chelik.
A sword against the wall, chelik.
A parrot on its perch, chelik.
A maina in a cage, chelik.
That's the Gaita's house, chelik.

The boys sing this song to a circular stick-dance rather slowly and reverently 883x
as if their words were charged with deep spiritual meaning. Then while two 484x
boys take a basket into the house to beg for rice, pulse and salt, the others 796
begin their programme of dances. 535

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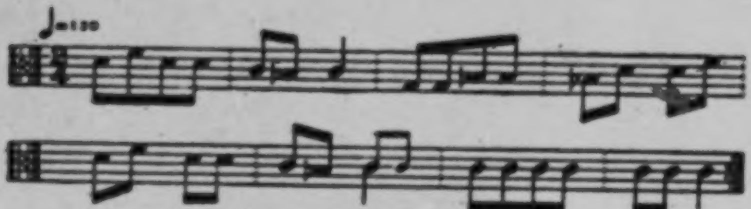
[1] For similar beliefs in the danger of making a mistake during a ceremonial dance, see J. G. Frazer, *Totemism and Exogamy* (London, 1910), Vol. III, p. 318. Compare also A. B. Ellis, *The Ewe-Speaking Peoples of the Slave Coast* (London, 1890), p. 95.

THE MURIA AND THEIR GHOTUL

X883 X484 796 535 There are four of these, quite distinct from those danced at any other time. Indeed it is often considered dangerous to dance the Pus Kolang dances even for show at a visitor's camp.

The first, which is the Pus Kolang dance proper, is a stick-dance. The sacred spear is stuck in the ground and the boys circulate round it rather solemnly, each boy attached to his neighbour by dancing-sticks which both hold.

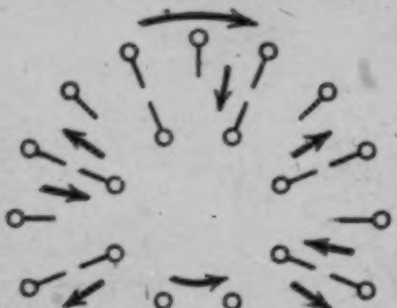
[533]



[539]

Re rela rela re rela rela re rela re rela.
Old man Lingo Pen, Johar to thee,
After Lingo what god was there?
After him was Budha Pen.
Johar to him!
After Budha Pen, who was there?
After him was Mudial Pen.
To him Johar, give him a good Johar!
After him who comes?
After him comes Mudial Use Pen.
To him Johar, give him a good Johar!

And so through a long list of gods, Gundi Pen, Sonkuari Pen, Phulkuari Pen, Kurumtulla Pen, Balkuari Pen, Naturgundi Pen.



To all these gods we fold our hands,
We beg them not to be angry,
Not to forget us.
We will give incense, cock and pig.
To all we give Johar!

Then the dance changes, and improves. The boys form two circles facing each other. These two rings circulate antagonistically and at the same time the boys of the inner circle change places, with a hop and a jump and three taps of the sticks, with those of the outer circle. This goes on continually, so that the two circles are in constant movement against each other and always alternating. The flourishing and beating of the sticks is very pleasing.

A special variety of the stick-dance is called Kappu Daka. *Kappu* is a bird and *daka* means to lift the feet. So this dance imitates the rapid movement

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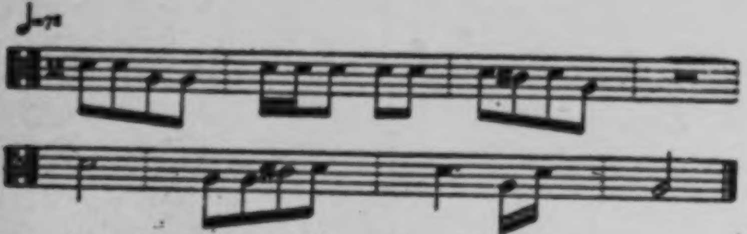
of a bird picking up its feet. The step changes to a much more lively and bouncing movement; the boys swing their buttocks and tinkle their bells with greater vigour; they sing with more zest and clash their sticks merrily. The song is long and tedious.



[533]

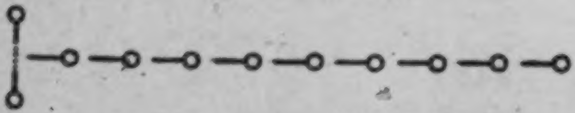
In what *garh* shall we buy, chelik?
In Raigarh we will buy, chelik.
What shall we buy, chelik?
A cloth for the loins,
To make the loins beautiful, chelik.
In what *garh* shall we buy, chelik?
In Sarangarh we will buy, chelik.
What shall we buy, chelik?
Ornaments for the body,
To make the body beautiful, chelik.
In what *garh* shall we buy, chelik?
In Delhigarh we will buy, chelik.

[539]

And so on, until head and ear and waist ornaments have been bought for the adornment of the handsome chelik.

A rather serious dance is the Lingo Endanna, which is also called Pen Endanna. For this the boys form up in two long lines facing inwards. At the head of the line, two boys face each other holding their sticks across the gap. The leader stands behind these sticks and beats them. The boys move slowly forward and back, singing. After a time they sit down and do the same thing, but without moving. Then they rise and the line turns in on itself, the leader going down and stepping over the sticks; then the boys return with the sticks held above their heads. This movement is known as Hichelhar Pata. The songs are conventional, referring to Lingo Pen and his relatives.

There is another movement, which I saw at Pupgaon.



The two leaders face each other holding a stick between them; the line of boys forms up headed by the Ghotul Manjhi. They stand quite still singing slowly and sadly; the Manjhi gently taps the cross-stick in front of him.

Now the dancing-sticks are carefully piled round the sacred spear. For the Monkey dance, three or four small boys mount on the shoulders of a circle of

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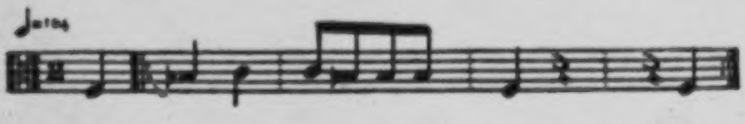
their elders and are raised into the air with a whistle and a shout.[1] This pyramid slowly gyrates, and the other boys form a procession and march round and round singing.

Songs

1

[533]



Re raloyo re rela re rela rela re raloyo re rela rela
Sayrela re rela rela.

[539]

At the boundary the monkey sits on a pile of stones.
Get up, monkey, get up, monkey.
My horse is speaking to you, monkey.
You are sitting on a long pole, monkey.
You are eating the raw ebony fruit, monkey.

2

Whose is this temple, girl?
It is the shrine of the Kolang boys, girl.
This is their temple, girl.
Come out to see it, girl.
Bring a lamp in the left hand, girl,
Water in the right, girl.
Give them greeting, girl.
Bring rice in the fan, girl,
Rice in the basket, girl,
Rice in the leaf-cup, girl,
Bring salt in the leaf-bundle, girl.
Give us something to drink from your hand, girl.

The last dance is the Kokotar Daka Endanna. The chelik form a line, each boy holding in his right hand the stick of the one in front and in his left the stick of the one behind. They go round in a rambling line, while the boys at the end hop about and waggle like the tail of the *manda-pite* bird. Others say that the head of the line is a dog and the tail a hare; the purpose of the dance then becomes a game in which the head of the line must turn round and catch the tail. In Koilibera, the boys at the tail imitated the copulation of goats.

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[771]

[1] Thurston describes a similar dance performed by Koyi women. 'The older ones stood in a circle with their arms intertwined and the younger girls perched aloft, standing astraddle on their shoulders.'—Thurston, op. cit., Vol. IV, p. 72. I have seen similar dances of this kind performed by the Dhurwa-Parja of southern Bastar, the Kond of Koraput District and the Bhil of the Dangs.

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Plate XCV

The Watia Karsana

A Chait Dandar dancer

A straw man

[p. 492 (A)]

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[539]

GHOTUL EXPEDITIONS

Song

Whose sticks are these, mother-in-law?
The sticks of our clan, mother-in-law.
The sticks shine in the sun, mother-in-law.
Come out to see the sticks, mother-in-law.
In your left hand bring a lamp, mother-in-law.
In your right hand bring water, mother-in-law.
Quickly, quickly give us greeting, mother-in-law.

Probably to the Muria mind the constant repetition of 'mother-in-law' is amusing; a second song is also humorous.

On Kachgudgud Hill is a hare, chelik.
The hare has teeth as big as a chopper, chelik.
Its moustaches are like spear grass, chelik.
Its hairs are like a pile of bamboo shavings, chelik.[1]

From the Gaita's house the chelik move round the village, dancing before each house in turn and collecting a little rice. Meanwhile the motiari are busy collecting rice themselves; they cook this in the ghotul, and later serve it to the boys in their camp. At night boys and girls dance together, but without their sticks.

In the morning, the boys give the girls two or four pice and try to hit them when they accept it. When they reach the village boundary on their way to the next village, the little rite of crossing over a sacred line is repeated. Before reaching the new village, they halt somewhere by a stream and cook the food that they have just collected, lighting the fire from the need-fire on their spear. Then they go on and repeat the same programme.

At last the expedition is over; the days of taboo will soon be at an end; the boys approach once more their own village. News of their coming has preceded them and their motiari have not been idle. In Khutgaon I was told that they went out with the rest of the village to catch hares for the boys' feast. But everywhere the girls take the Gaita out into the jungle and make him cut one or two small semur trees. The semur tree is chosen because it was a semur which grew up out of the stump of the gold-covered bamboo which Lingo himself cut down at the end of the first Pus Kolang expedition. In some villages the boys say that the semur is chosen because Lingo

[293]

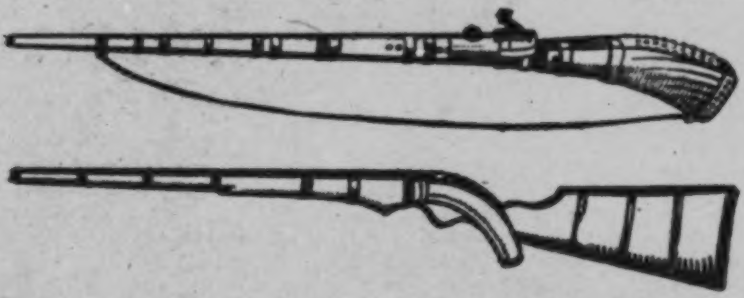

FIG. 118. Dummy guns carried on dancing expeditions

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[1] For similar humour, see my *Folk-Songs of Chhattisgarh*, pp. 150ff.

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[293]

used to shelter beneath it when he was alive. Obviously there is a reference to Semurgaon, the village where Lingo is said to have turned into a stone and now has his shrine. The semur has the added advantage that its spikes frighten off magic and demons. A small semur is chosen because a bigger one might be inhabited by the ghost of some dead chelik. The bare branches of the tree that suddenly blossom with bright red flowers may symbolise the menarche or nuptial fertility.

The semur must be cut very carefully. The motiari offer rice and pulse before it saying, 'As our boys went out well and happy, so well and happy may they return'. As the Gaita cuts it the girls stop it falling to the ground, for should it do so, it is believed that a pair of dancers will die on the way and not return.

They then tie a saja leaf round the stumps of the trees and carry them back either to the ghotul compound, or to an open space in the middle of the village, wherever the ashes of the fire by which the omens were originally tested are to be found. If the trees, after being planted, do not stand up straight it is believed that disaster is in store for the boys. The motiari make small mud platforms, whiten them with clay and sometimes decorate them with drawings of the chelik.

These platforms are to be left for three years, though I doubt if this is often done, but it is important that at the end of the proceedings the semur trees should be pulled up. Should they sprout with renewed life it means that the Gain and his mate will die. In Ghotulbera this actually happened and now the trees are always pulled up and thrown away.

After the platforms have been made, the motiari prepare a lot of leaf-pipes, bundles of tobacco and toilet-twigs. Where there are two trees, one is for the leaders of the party, the Gain and Jokta, the other for the rest. This is an anxious and exciting day for the motiari; their chelik have been away amidst unknown dangers to the heart and spirit; they must do all they can to please them. This evening they cook in the ghotul or near the boys' camp in an enclosure of branches.

When the boys reach home, they go first to the Gaita's house and dance there. They then proceed to the ghotul or to their camp, where they put the spear into the ground near the semur trees and dance round them. After a time they gather about the trees and suddenly all cry *Hurr!* and hang their dancing-sticks on the branches. They remove their special clothes and hang these too on the branches. They take the pipes and tobacco from the trees and smoke them. The next morning they clean their teeth with the toilet-twigs which the motiari have provided. They are home again.

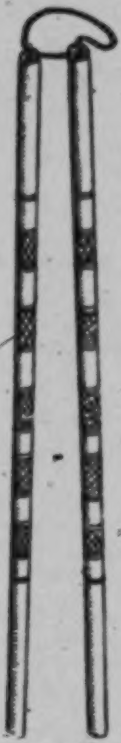

FIG. 119. Dancing-sticks from Remawand

In Koilibera in 1941, the boys reached the village in the morning and spent the day dancing and collecting grain. In the evening, after they had danced round the semur trees, the Kaser-Gaita made little squares with coal-dust, rice-flour and haldi at the foot of each tree, and offered incense with the aid of the need-fire that the boys had now brought home. The chelik gathered round him and their leader offered him the sacred bunch of peacock's feathers and after exchanging this three times, the priest hung it on the first tree. Then the boys hung up their dancing-sticks and turbans. The rest of their attire was packed in little baskets and put under a tree.

GHOTUL EXPEDITIONS

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The boys then sit down and the motiari feed them. They must not, however, go to the ghotul that night; there are still ceremonies to be performed.

The next morning the motiari husk in the ghotul the grain that the chelik have brought home. On the verandahs of some ghotul there are permanent mortars for this purpose. In the evening boys and girls will cook this together. The boys then begin to dance; they go to the Gaita's house—at Koilibera they came to my camp; but fairly soon they go home to collect chickens and pigs for sacrifice. When they have all re-assembled they set off in a ragged procession, led by the Kaser-Gaita, towards the village boundary. On the way every boy picks up a stone and carries it along with him.

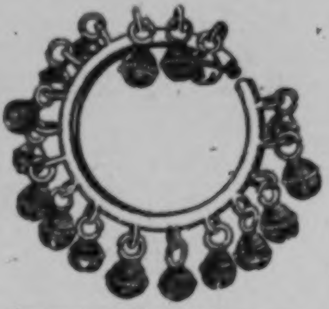

Fig. 120. Anklet of bells worn on dancing expeditions

[301]

When they reach the boundary, the Kaser-Gaita goes for water; others clear a space under a tree by the roadside; the boys make a pile of stones in honour of Lingo Pen near by. In some villages, each pair of boys put down two stones and one above them. The Gaita's stones are put first and then all the others in a line with finally three stones for the dog. The chickens are sacrificed before the appropriate stones. The following day the boys go to inspect the stones and if any of them have fallen over it is regarded as a fatal omen and that particular pair of dancers will die. When the Gaita returns he sprinkles a little water on the cleared space, smooths it over, makes seven piles of rice and offers incense.

The chelik stretch a rope of siari creeper across the road and tie their dancing-sticks to it. The sacred bundle of peacock feathers is tied at one end. Two chelik climb trees on opposite sides and haul up the rope until it stretches taut across the road.

Now the Gaita offers chickens, eggs and two small pigs in the usual way. At Koilibera I was interested to see how he taught two of the boys, allowing them to practise with a few of the chickens and a pig. When this was over, the boys went to the road and rather formally stripped themselves of the *Lingo-singir*, the dress worn in honour of Lingo, packing the turbans, skirts and bells into little bamboo baskets. [869]

The Pus Kolang is almost over. The chelik return home to the village and the Gaita goes with a few of the leading boys to the shrine of the Village Mother and replaces the sacred spear of Maria Pen. Everyone has returned safely, so the priest offers a goat. The rest of the day is spent preparing for the evening feast, which is taken at about five o'clock. At Koilibera, on 25 January 1941, I attended this feast;. it was a very pleasant affair. A great crowd of people sat round in a half-circle, mothers with their children, old men, little boys. The older boys served the food; the motiari saw to arrangements behind the scenes. There was an excellent meal of rice (of several different kinds collected on the trip), pork, goat and pulses. My wife and I sat with the Chowkidar and Kalingnai. Presents of meat were sent to the whole village, to Kalar, Halba and Mahara without distinction. Last of all the older chelik and the motiari got their food, and that evening they went to sleep in the ghotul.

THE MURIA AND THEIR GHOTUL

III. The Pen Kolang Expeditions

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Between the ordinary Pus Kolang expedition and the Chait Dandar, which I will describe immediately, there is a sort of intermediate dance called the Pen or Deo Kolang. This is danced by boys only, but girls accompany them to do the cooking and keep an eye on them. Just as in the Pus Kolang, the chelik practise their dances, light a fire to test the omens and go to the shrine of the Village Mother to get fire and a spear or axe or bell. When this is done the Gaita buries a ring in front of the shrine.

The boys follow very much the same rules as are observed on the Pus Kolang expeditions and have to observe chastity even with the motiari of their own village. When they return they dance before the Gaita's house and he digs up the ring and returns it to their leader. At Esalnar they said that it was essential that the dancing party should make a complete circle of villages right round their own village. Every boy must dance for at least three years or the gods will be angry with him. At Esalnar, as also in villages south of Narayanpur such as Bakulwahi and Markabera, the dancing-sticks are not slung up across the road but are placed in the Deo-gudi.

The distinctive features then of the Pen Kolang are that girls accompany the party, that a ring is buried, and that the dancing-sticks are placed in the Deo-gudi at the end of the performance.

At Bakulwahi there was a rule that on the last day when the last dance was finished every boy had to throw his stick down at the same time, or they would fall ill.

IV. The Chait Dandar Expeditions

Throughout the east-central and south-eastern villages of the Muria territory the Chait Dandar, Kati Dandar or Mahua Dandar dances take the place of the Pus Kolang. I have already pointed out that as we move east and south from the Jhoria area the cult of Lingo grows progressively weaker and there is thus less inducement to perform the Pus Kolang, which is essentially a dance performed in his honour. The Chait Dandar is a much happier and freer dance than the Pus Kolang. It is not hedged about by a score of taboos and the dread sanctions that enforce them. The essential feature, indeed, of this dance is that boys and girls go out together and that there is no rule forbidding sexual intercourse between members of the same or of different ghotul.

Apart from this the general procedure of the Chait Dandar is not unlike that of the Pus Kolang. Before the chelik and motiari start, they practise for many days in the ghotul—for here too mistakes are dangerous and have to be atoned for. When all is ready they first dance in the ghotul; they then go to the shrine of the Village Mother where they offer liquor to Tallur Muttai saying, 'O Mother Earth, we are but children, teach us to dance well, save us from mistakes'. Then in front of the Gaita's house they dance again and the Gaita digs a hole into which he puts a ring, planting a semur tree above it. In some villages he offers liquor here in the name of Bhimul Pen.

When the boys and girls set out, they cross over a line of aonra rings as usual and promise to give Mother Earth and the Departed offerings if they protect them from magic and evil spirits. In each village they go first to the Gaita and then collect mahua and food from every house. The visitors are entertained in the ghotul; sometimes they are made to dance at once and the ordinary procedure of the evening is omitted; sometimes, however, hosts and visitors interchange their girls for combing and massaging. I doubt if

this exchange goes so far as to include the sleeping arrangements, but I have 883x
no real information about this. Food is provided by the hosts. If the Irpu
Pandum, the festival of the eating of the new mahua flowers, has not been 484x
celebrated, there is a strict taboo on the drinking of mahua spirit. If this
taboo is broken the supply of flowers will fail. In Jungani there was a rule 796
that the dance must not be performed at all until the flowers were gathered
in. Here it was supposed that the noise of the stick-dance has a bad effect 535
on the crop.

At the end of the expedition the boys and girls return to their own village and dance before the Gaita's house round and round the semur tree. The Gaita offers liquor to it, then pulls it up and throws it away. The ring is given to the leader of the dance. Finally the boys tie their sticks to a rope across a path near the village boundary in the usual way.

If there is a bazaar in the neighbourhood the boys visit it and dance in its four corners.

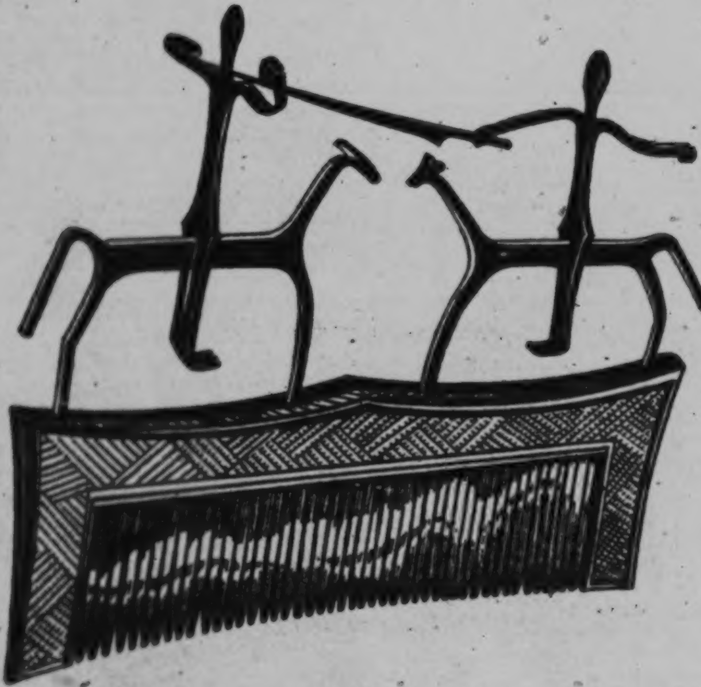

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Fig. 121. Comb with chelik and motiari on horseback

The sticks used in this dance are called either *dandār* or *hili* and are usually made of surtali wood. Before the Gaita pulls up the semur tree the boys hang their sticks upon it.

THE MURIA AND THEIR GHOTUL

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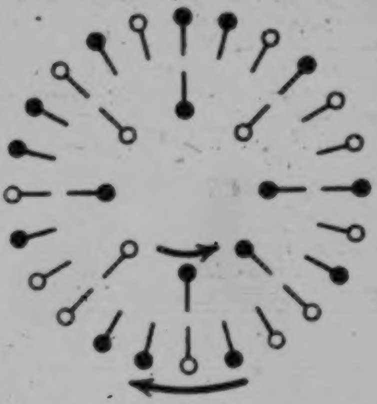
The dances and songs differ slightly from those of the Pus Kolang. In April 1941, I saw the Chait Dandar dancers of Jungani when they visited Malakot. The girls had no special dress, but the boys wore the dancing skirt, turbans and bells loosely hung above the buttocks. The leader of the party, the Gaita, wore the elaborate comb illustrated in Fig. 121 and a gaily coloured bag round his neck.



The dancing resembled the Pus Kolang dancing, but was much enlivened by the presence of the girls. The sticks used were much longer, about three feet with a notch at one end. In the big stick-dance with which they began the boys and girls mixed freely, forming two antagonistic circles. Each boy and girl held a stick in either hand, the right pointing upwards and the left down. As the circles revolved, they struck each other's sticks and passed on. They danced on their toes, with a light and easy step, right foot to right, left foot to left, the left foot up and down, then across to the right. The circles moved in both directions, reversing with a loud cry of *Ow-ha*. As usual among Muria, the boys shook their buttocks horizontally to ring the bells; this gave a very ragged effect in comparison with the strict timing and unison of the vertical jerk of the Hill Maria.

Songs

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1

Hun hun hun hun jām kuy

The peacock has a long tail.
Where is the long-tailed peacock?
The peacock's in the Gaita's house.
How much does the peacock drink?
The peacock takes five sips.
Come down, O long-tailed peacock!
Where will it come down?
In the Pujari's house,
In his house come down.
O long-tailed peacock!

2

Roy wayo jām kuy

Don't think about your lover, she
won't come now.
You'll miss your step in the dance
if you think of her.
You won't sing properly.
Where has the Pujari gone?
He has gone with a knife to
sacrifice.

GHOTUL EXPEDITIONS

Ask the Gaita's wife where the
Gaita has gone;
He has gone to his village holding
an umbrella.
Ask the Manjhi's wife where the
Manjhi has gone.
He has gone to give judgement
holding his stick.

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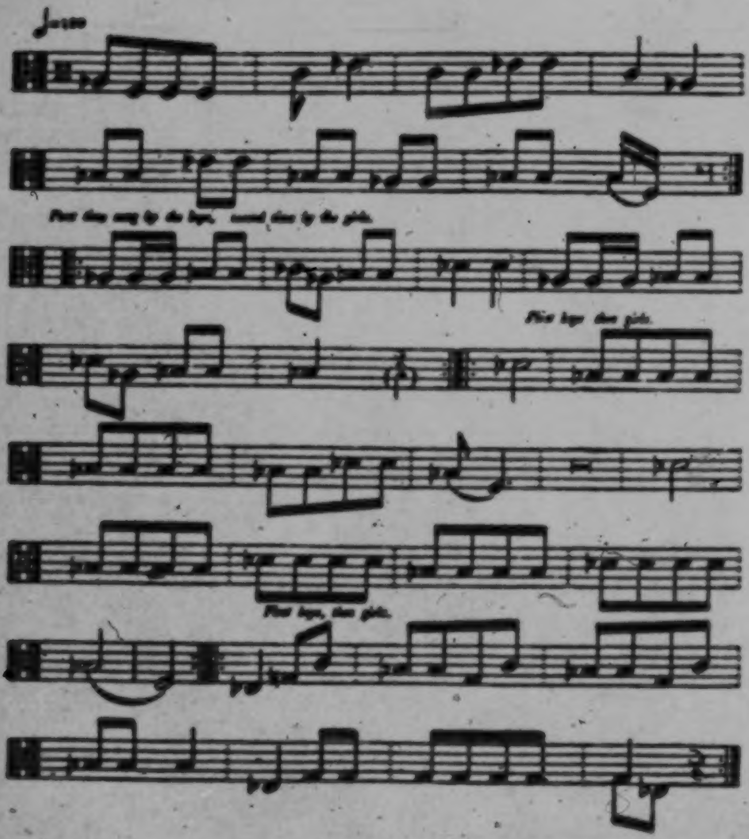
♩=100
First time sung by the boys, second time by the girls.
First boys then girls.
First boys, then girls.

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The second dance corresponded to the Lingo dance of the Pus Kolang. Boys and girls made two long lines facing each other; each pair held two sticks between them and beat them in unison. After a time the line turned in on itself, the leaders taking it down under a roof of sticks; then they turned round and the sticks were held low down near the ground and the line this time stepped over them.

Song

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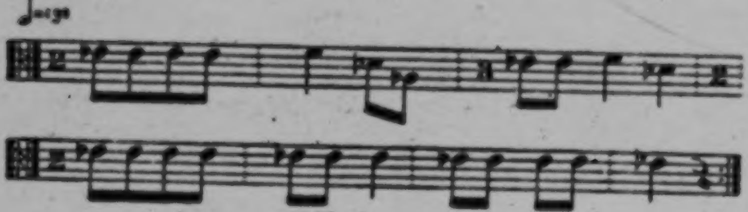
[533]



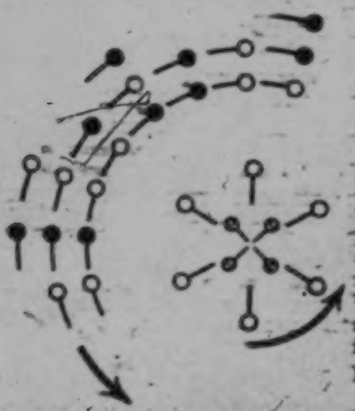
Tari nāna na nāre nāna tari nānāre

[539]

Oho maina ho lālsai baitho danda ho.	O maina bird, O Lalsai! Sit down with a stick.
Oho kāhen ke danda ho lālsai maina kāhen ke danda ho tari?	What is the stick made of, O Lalsai maina?
Ye bāte paltu ho rāja maina ho lālsai ye bāte paltu ho!	Let us turn this side, O Raja maina, O Lalsai!
O ho chait dandar ho rāja maina ho lālsai ho teri.	This is the Chait Dandar.
Uthen dabhu ho rāja maina lālsai ho tari.	Let us stand and watch it.

Lalsai means a prince. The young Maharaja used to be called Lalpila.

The third dance was called the Bendri (or Monkey) Endanna, very like the usual pyramid dance, but with a brighter note in the procession where boys and girls marched round with their arms about each other's necks. Four little boys mounted on the backs of half-a-dozen seniors, who rose up with a loud whistle. The rest of the party formed the procession and went round the pyramid beating their sticks, with quick hopping movements. They advanced three paces, paused, swung back a little and then advanced again. From time to time they made excellent *hoop-hoop* monkey noises. When they descended, the younger boys saluted their elders with Johar, apparently in gratitude for their safe return from so perilous an elevation.

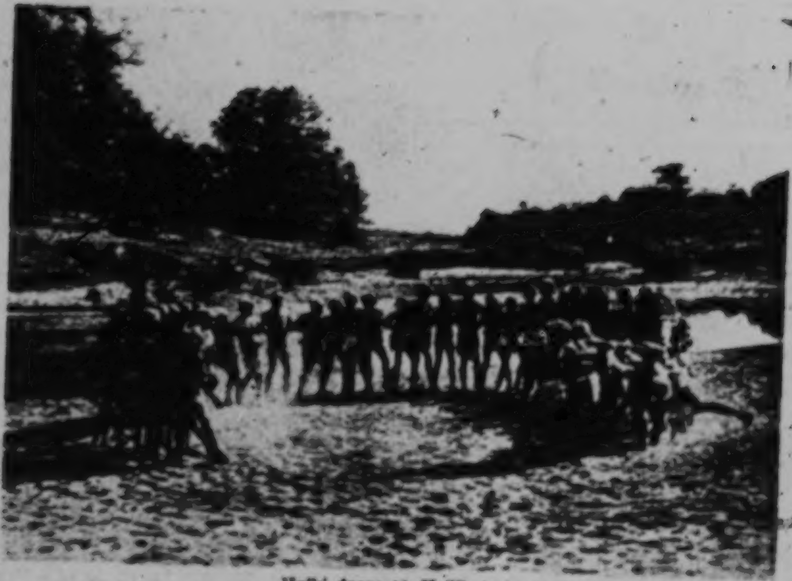


The last dance was performed in a slow and solemn line. Boys and girls, embracing one another about the shoulders, formed a long row, sticks in hand. They advanced two steps, retired two steps and at the same time moved a little to the right. After the line had thus travelled some distance, it moved back to the left. The movement was slow and tedious and the singing rather flat.

x 883
x 484
796
● 535

Plate XCVII

Hulki dance at Alor



Hulki dance at Kollibera

[p. 500 (A)]

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Plate XCVIII

Hulki expedition mask
(From Sirpuri)

Chait Dandar masks representing man and wife (From Kachora)

[p.500(B)]

GHOTUL EXPEDITIONS

Songs

1

Tare nare nare na nare

X883 X484 796 ● 535 539

Porre metta dippa tendera lālsai.	Cut the clearing on the top of the hill, Lalsai.
Dippa tendsi bāra kewerār lālsai?	Why is the clearing to be cut?
Dippa tendsi bāra bitirār lālsai?	What will be sown in that clearing?
Dippa tendsi ganga parbat bitirār lālsai.	In that clearing *ganga parbat* seed will be sown.
Ganga bitsi bāra kewerār lālsai?	What shall we do with that seed?
Ganga pungār jhela jewerār lālsai.	We will put its flower in our turbans, Lalsai.

The *ganga parbat* is a specially profitable seed.

2

Tari na hari na morey, nāna hari nāna ho, ye na hari na morey na,
kanhaiya morey ye na, hari na morey na

Bhala kaise rowen more pandhi parewān ho?	How does my wood-pigeon cry, and my dove?
Kaise rowen manjur?	And how does my peacock cry?
Bhala ghutru ghutru more pandhi parewān ho;	O *ghutru ghutru* cries my wood-pigeon and my dove;
Dhoke dhoke manjur.	O *dhoke dhoke* cries my peacock.
Bhala kay chāra charen more pandhi parewān ho?	O what food has my wood-pigeon and my dove?
Kāy chāra charen manjur?	What food has my peacock?
Bhala gotin charen more pandhi parewān ho;	My wood-pigeon and my dove eat small pieces of stone;
Dhānen charen manjur.	My peacock eats rice.
Bhala kaisen sowen more pandhi parewān ho?	And how sleeps my wood-pigeon and my dove?
Kaise sowen manjur?	How sleeps my peacock?
Bhala gura me sowen more pandhi parewān ho;	O my wood-pigeon and my dove sleep in their nests;
Jhāre me sowen manjur.	And my peacock sleeps in the tree.
Bhala kahān pāni piwen more pandhi parewān ho?	O where do my wood-pigeon and my dove drink water?
Kahān pāni piwen manjur?	And where does my peacock drink?
Bhala ghare pāni piwen more pandhi parewān ho;	O my wood-pigeon and my dove drink water in the house;
Bane pāni piwen manjur.	My peacock drinks water in the forest.

X883 X484 796 535

There are evidently no chastity taboos in the Mahua Dandar expeditions. Girls and boys went about with free and natural embraces that were a delight to watch. During the stick-dance; when a boy approached a girl he fancied, he waggled the bells on his buttocks furiously and laughed and flirted with her as she passed. In our camp a party of dancers stood for a long time watching us. Every boy had his arms round a girl, and the belosā stood with two boys; they were all embracing each other (see Plate XCI). There was no self-consciousness or shyness, no fear either of the stranger or the gods.

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You would not see that sort of thing on a Pus Kolang expedition. As a chelik described it at Chandabera, 'We all go together for the Mahua Dandar and have great fun. No one has a right over any girl and all play with each other'. Occasionally boys and girls of different villages fall in love and run away together.

V. THE DIWALI DANCES

But of all the opportunities for romantic adventure so liberally provided by Muria society, none is more exciting than the girls' Diwali dance. The word 'Diwali' is here simply an indication of date; the dances have nothing to do with the Hindu festival. Even the dates are usually wrong; I saw Diwali dances on 18 November 1940 at Binjhli, on 24 November at Remawand and on 27 November at Bandopal. The actual Diwali that year was on 24 October. I saw it again at Sirpur on 30 October 1941, though the real festival was a fortnight earlier.

FIG. 122. Ornamented wooden axe carried by the leader of the girls on a Diwali expedition

[531
293]

During this season the motiari go from village to village, singing and dancing. But to the east of the main road, the Diwali is only danced in a few villages; to the south of Kondagaon it is almost unknown. Instead boys and girls go together for the Hulki.

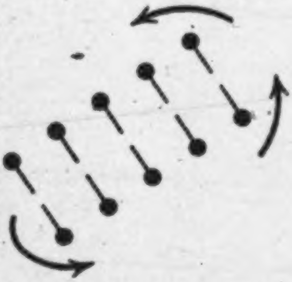
Sometimes, the Diwali is abandoned for a time because of a scandal, sometimes on supernatural grounds. In Talabera, the girls cannot dance or sing at all, for if they do a god (*deo*) attacks them. He makes the girls tremble and fall to the ground: the Gaita has to spit and beat them with a stick to get rid of him.

There does not seem to be any special religious or magical purpose in these expeditions; they are simply for enjoyment and amorous adventure. Only girls go, led by their Belosa, and when they visit any village, only the boys of that village may be present to entertain them. The visitors dance first at the Gaita's house, then through the village; they camp in the ghotul; the local boys cook for them and entertain them. In the evening, the visiting girls and the local boys dance and play together and the dancing often lasts all night. During those long hours every one of the visitors is taken away into the jungle; the more attractive ones may be taken several times. The evenings are fruitful of love-affairs and sometimes a chelik now meets his future wife. A boy from Kapsi told me that he met his bride when she came from Markabera to dance. He took her three times to the jungle. 883x

484x I will now trace the experiences of a party of these dancers as they go out from their village.

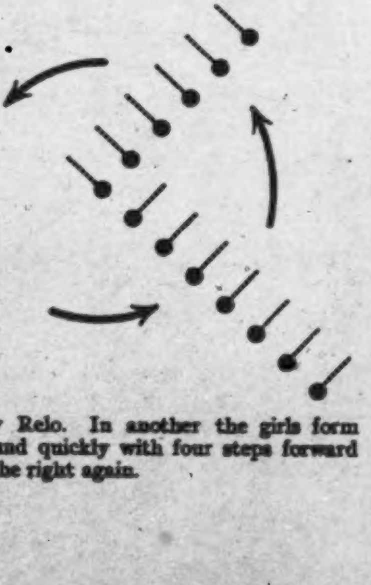
796 For days discussions in the ghotul have centred round the girls' programme. Some of the girls have definite villages in mind; there is a handsome boy glimpsed for a moment at a last year's wedding: here is a famous drummer and singer whom they all admire. 535 The chelik are more concerned that their motiari will be properly fed and cared for. 'Last year such and such a village was very mean; don't go there this time,' they say. 'But that village gave you pork and a little ghee, it is worth a second visit.' The girls too have their memories, different ones. They have to consider too the prevailing clans, and the *bhum* of the places they propose to see. At last the programme is settled. The motiari are to go to seven villages and return home on the eighth day.

On the morning of their departure, the girls go to the shrine of the Village Mother, and the Gaita offers incense and promises food-sacrifice if they return safely. The girl leader, carrying an ornamented axe over her shoulder, takes fire from the shrine in a coil of rice-straw. She must preserve this fire throughout the tour. Other girls must not touch either the axe or fire, for they represent the village god. Then the Gaita takes the party to the boundary of the village and makes a line across the path, on which he puts little piles of rice, and seven rings of aonra leaf with some iron slag. Over this the girls step in single file while the Gaita prays, addressing all the gods of that part and the Departed, 'Our girls go out to dance the Diwali dance. Let them go well, let them come well. Let there be no fever, cough or cold. If they come unharmed, we will give you liquor, incense, eggs, a cock. They are going to a strange country; let them have no trouble. It is your duty to see to this'. And then with a sudden change of tone, 'If they return with fever, cough or cold, I will piss in your face'.



By now the girls have passed and the Gaita says no more to them, for they must go on their way without once looking round.

Presently they reach the first village on their tour programme. They go straight to the Gaita's house, pile their belongings, their extra wraps, their big baskets for collecting food, under a tree, and begin to dance. The Diwali dance takes several forms. One is a slow, monotonous dance, in a circle, clapping the hands and singing, mostly Relo. In another the girls form themselves into two rows and move round quickly with four steps forward and to the right, two back, then four to the right again.



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[539]

In Sidhawand, the girls danced in two lines following each other. Each girl had her left hand on her neighbour's shoulder and her right hand hung straight down. They took two steps to the right, right, left, right, then slid the left foot along the ground.

When they first arrive, the Diwali dancers sing:

1

Thākur ghar kon āy re bhai rām?	Which is the Thakur's house, brothers?
Jora kukur bhuke re bhai rām,	Where a pair of dogs are barking, brothers,
Tehi thākur gharu re bhai rām.	There is the Thakur's house, brothers.
Thākur beta kon āy re bhai rām?	Which is the Thakur's son, brothers?
Jora kardhan pahire re bhai rām.	He has a double silver belt, brothers.
Tehi thākur beta re bhai rām.	That is the Thakur's son, brothers.
Thākur bohāri kon āy re bhai rām?	Which is the Thakur's daughter-in-law, brothers?
Jora suta pahire re bhai rām.	She has two bands round her neck, brothers.
Tehi thākur bohāri re bhai rām.	That is the Thakur's daughter-in-law, brothers.

2

Mulir mulir intoni kāri gurti!	You are crying army, army, O blackbird!
Aga baga da mulir kāri gurti?	Where has the army come from, blackbird?
Rainigarh da mulir dāda.	The army has come from Rainigarh, brother.
Hurrig lehka mulir dāda.	The army comes like a line of black ants, brother.
Dondera koyang talwār dāda.	The sword is long as the dondera fruit, brother.
Tormend tormend puja roy kāri gurti;	They are killing people *tormend tormend*, blackbird;
Mindāk tora reyandu roy kāri gurti;	The blood is flowing up to the knees, blackbird;
Luwur minu kubnāh roy kāri gurti;	*Luwur* fish are swimming in it, blackbird;
Nāri minu targanāh roy kāri gurti.	*Nāri* fish are swimming against the stream, blackbird.

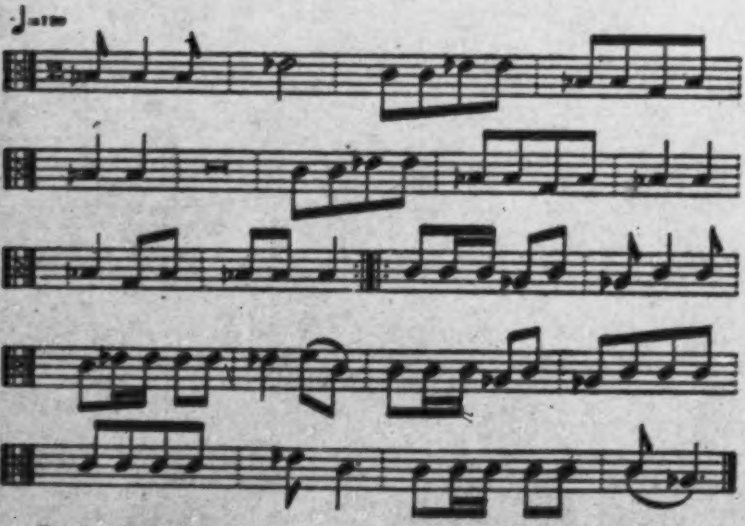
A crowd soon gathers, attracted not so much by the dance as by the desire to see who has come. The local chelik are very excited and bustle to and fro making arrangements. They send their own girls to clean the ghotul, but once that is done forbid them to come near. Their own girls are planning to go out themselves in two days' time, so they do not really mind.

In Remawand, when the girls from Markabera came, the Remawand boys went round the village collecting rice, pulse and salt, and cooked it under a tree near the Gaita's house. When the girls had finished singing they camped in the ghotul, taking complete possession of it, spreading their things everywhere; some of them lay down and slept at once, tired with the journey and in preparation for an exhausting night. When the food was ready the boys brought it to the ghotul and they all ate from leaf-plates, seated on logs of wood placed in a rough circle. There were about a dozen visiting girls and as many hosts. 883ˣ 484ˣ

After supper a great fire was lit in the ghotul court and some of the girls began to dance in a small circle with the boys in another group, a slow and mournful dance, wholly unsuited to the spirit of the moment. None of the older people came near; it was the hour of youth. Presently they wearied of the dance, and sat down round the fire, the girls in a half-circle on one side, the boys facing them. They began to talk very delightfully to each other. I do not think I have ever heard a group of people talk with such gentle and natural charm. The girls began by asking the clan of every boy; the boys asked the same question of the girls. This was significant—a necessary preparation for later assignations and even marriages. Then the two parties exchanged names, ghotul-names, and this caused a lot of merriment, for of course the girls' lovers in Markabera had often the same names as the boys of Remawand. Then the boys began to call themselves by the girls' titles and the girls took the boys' names, causing roars of laughter and some embarrassment. This was probably a form of proposal and assignation. When the Sirdar called himself Malko and she replied by calling herself Kotwar, he knew that her attentions were engaged elsewhere. But if she said 'I am the Sirdar', he knew that his advances at midnight would not be rejected. 796 535

Songs

I



[533]

Banda vola pungār wo āya.	In the lake there is a flower.
Pungār mihichila dāhāge āya.	I go to put it in my hair.
Nima icho hanna wo nani.	Don't go, little daughter.
Bona sada daki wo nani?	Who will go with you there?

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484ˣ
796
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539

x883	*Māmān marri mantor go āya:*	There is my *māma*'s son:
x484	*Ona suda dāha wo āya.*	I will go with him.
	Tāra nāwa sandra go āya.	Give me my *sandra* cloth.
	Sandra nana uhka go āya.	I will wear my cloth.
796	*Kosa wāri polka go āya;*	The *polka* jacket is made of silk;
	Tāra nāwa polka go āya.	Bring me that jacket.
●535	*Wāler igāda tukil wo āya;*	The basket was made by the Nahar;
	Tāra nāwa tukil wo āya.	Give me my basket.
539	*Muyāng end-leng kocha go āya;*	The measure has little bells round it;
	Tāra nāwa kocha go āya.	Bring me the measure.
	Kawdāng end-leng humār go āya;	The *gundri* is adorned with cowries;
	Tāra nāwa humār go āya.	Bring me the *gundri*.
	Hupe lolor wati go āya!	O the jungle clearing of the rats!
	Hupe lehkā dāha go āya.	Like a rat I will go.
	Nana warondy atona āya.	I will go all alone.
	Saboy tāskun dāynur go āya.	For everyone has left me.
	Kape kanhār bera go āya,	Over the field of the *kapu* bird,
	Kapė lehka parriya ka āya.	Like a bird I will go.

2

Aga baga pārewāng roy dele?	Whence are these pigeons?
Dongur bhum tāng pārewāng roy dele.	The pigeons have come from the highlands.
Aga baga raiya nung roy dele?	Where have the pigeons settled?
Gāita dāda duār re roy dāda.	In the Gaita's court.
Kile re koru rachāte roy dele,	In front of his fence,
Agāye ise raiytāng roy dele.	There they have settled.

3

Kumda phul sitārām kayde layor.	Salute the flower of the pumpkin, boys.
Tuma phul sitārām kayde layor.	Salute the flower of the gourd, boys.
Kākri phul sitārām kayde layor.	Salute the flower of the cucumber, boys.
Mogra phul sitārām kayde layor.	Salute the flower of the *mogra*, boys.
Keonra phul sitārām kayde layor.	Salute the flower of the *keonra*, boys.
Chameli phul sitārām kayde layor.	Salute the flower of the *chameli*, boys.
Gulāp phul sitārām kayde layor.	Salute the flower of the rose, boys.
Āma phul sitārām kayde layor.	Salute the flower of the mango, boys.

4

Dāda le waiya munke re korka kiton;	In front you have built a cow-shed, brother;
Perke ne purka kiton, dāda.	Behind you have made a grain-bin, brother.
Murwise pāt jaliyal, dāda.	The peacock is on the roof, brother.
Pinjora te maina kiton, dāda.	The maina is in its cage, brother.
Rachāte gāda kiton, dāda.	The cart is in the courtyard, brother.

GHOTUL EXPEDITIONS

Latite howe hiton, dāda.	The monkey is on the pole, brother.	883X
Nawchāre pāt te chidral, dāda.	The rat is in the rafters, brother.	
Kena ye manwān āywin, dāda !	What a rich man you are, brother!	484X
Dalate hesa himun, dāda,	Give us a basketful, brother,	
Kāwir te hitāp āyār, dāda.	A full load, brother.	796
Jiwa tun hami hema, dāda.	Don't give less than that, brother.	
Niyare poroy poykom, dāda.	Then we will throw [praises] on you, brother.	535 ● 539

5

Muda muda intoni dāda !	Ring, Ring, say Ring, brother!
Guru pekih āyerom dāda,	Had she been a blacksmith girl,
Kachi muda hewerom dāda.	She would have given an iron ring.
Sonār pekih āyerom dāda,	Had she been a goldsmith girl,
Soni muda wāterom dāda.	She would have given a gold ring.
Kauro pekih āyerom dāda,	Had she been of the Kauro clan,
Kawra muda hewerom dāda.	She would have given a cowrie ring,
Kudum dāka wāterom dāda.	And she would have walked stamping her feet.
Dinda layor ātekroy dāda,	Had you been an unmarried boy, brother,
Kudum dāka wāta roy dāda,	You too would have walked stamping your feet,
Māte muth ka hewerom dāda.	And we would have beaten you with our fists.

From time to time girls would jump up and try to run into the ghotul to 883X
sleep, but the boys were generally quick enough to catch them. This went
on all night, alternating dance and pleasant talk. Every now and then a 484X
boy pulled a girl out of the ghotul and away into the fields. No one took
any notice, though there was a little laughter when they returned. The 796
girls took it in turns to get a little sleep; there were generally three or four
girls sleeping at any one time. 535

In the morning, the girls first sang outside the Gaita's house and the boys went round the village collecting a basket of rice for their journey and the midday meal which they would eat beside a stream half-way to their next village. When the boys returned, suddenly the girls ran to the ghotul leaving four of their number standing in line. These put two pice on the ground. Two of the boys ran to pick up the money and as they bent down the girls thumped them on the back. Then the boys took the baskets of rice down to the ghotul, put it on the ground, and the girls had to pull it away without getting hit. They emptied the basket and put it outside the gate; the boys made a dash for it, but were again caught and beaten. Then the girls, accompanied by the Gaita, went again to the boundary; a line was drawn across the path, they stepped over it and went their way.

This programme was repeated every night for a week, and then the girls went home. I witnessed their return at Binjhli and Bandopal. On the 18th of November, 1941, the chelik of Binjhli were very excited and busy. They took a whole cartload of wood into the jungle. They dug a pit in the ground, long and deep but narrow enough to bear a row of pots full of rice and pork. They lit the fire and prepared the feast. About 6 p.m. came the news that the motiari were approaching, and the boys ran through the forest towards a footpath some two hundred yards away.

1

X883
X484
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●535

Here were sitting the Gaita and a Siraha; across the path was the usual line of ash, a row of tiny green rings of aonra leaf, bits of egg-shell.[1] We sat and waited. Suddenly out of the jungle came the line of motiari, eighteen of them, bearing themselves most proudly, their rows of silvered combs and ornaments shining in the evening light. The chelik smiled in welcome and delight. It was an unforgettable moment.

The first girl reached the line across the path and squatted down before it. The Siraha fell into trance asking the gods if all was well. The leader of the chelik waved two chickens round her head and she was allowed to pass. The other girls stepped directly over the line, one by one in single file. They put their bundles in the ghotul, then went to the Gaita's house and began to dance and sing. They were weary and hoarse after their week's continual singing, but they danced for half an hour, and then made an end.

Now night was falling, and the boys in great excitement went back to the jungle and finished cooking the feast. Two big girls, who had been in their menstrual period—as the boys informed me at the top of their voices—and so could not go on the trip, were making leaf-plates and cups. Soon the motiari came and sat in a long line; boys ran to and fro with torches. The chelik first served palm wine, then bits of highly chillied pork and rice on leaf-plates. My wife sat and ate with the girls; I had a place to myself near the fire, and enjoyed the feast as much as anyone. The flavour of the food was excellent and it was well cooked; at least it did me no harm.

The elders of the village also came and even some of the Ganda and Kalar. When they and the girls had eaten, the chelik were able to sit and take their supper. At last all went to the ghotul. They were too tired and excited to dance; they lay down together and slept.

On the evening of the following day, the girls gave a feast to the boys in the same place, using the rice and pulse that they had collected on their expedition.

At Bandopal, the chelik made a feast for the girls in a shed on the edge of a field near the village. They cooked rice, pulse and fish, crabs and frogs that the boys had caught specially for the feast. When the motiari assembled, they were given liquor. Then, holding the leaf-cups in one hand, they saluted the chelik with the other. After this the Jhoria, head of the chelik, asked the girls where they had been, what food they had been given, what entertainment they had received, and whether there had been any trouble or sickness on the way. The girls gave a lively account of everything that had happened, describing how they had been given here a chicken, there a pig, and here had been meanly received. The Jhoria declared that when girls or boys came from those villages they would be treated as they had treated them.

In Bandopal, the purification ceremony was not held on arrival but the following morning. The girls were taken outside the village by the Gaita and the boys. The Gaita made the usual line of ash, and sacrificed liquor, eggs and chickens. Some branches were placed across the path and the girls told to step over them and go home. As they went the chelik hit them on the back 'to drive away disease'.

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[1] When Juang return from similar expeditions, at a cross-roads near the village boundary a line of date palm leaves, bhoir thorns, and an ebony branch is made across the path. The leader says, 'Whatever devils are dancing after us, let them return hence and follow us no more'. Each dancer in turn spits and steps across the line and so goes home without looking round. The Juang do this even on ordinary occasions when they return after a visit to another village. The Savara, and I have no doubt many other tribes also, take similar precautions whenever they visit other villages for a ceremonial purpose.

Plate XCIX

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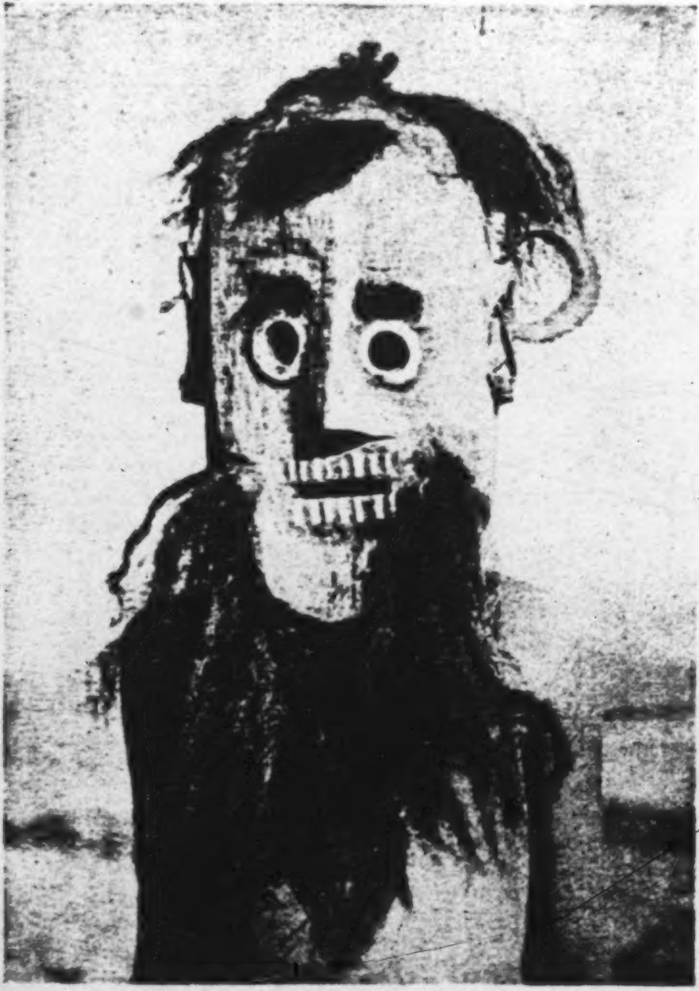
● 535
532



Mask used in Chherta dances (From Berma)

GHOTUL EXPEDITIONS

VI. The Hulki Dances

x 883
484
796
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As we move east, the custom of allowing girls to go to dance by themselves from village to village at Diwali gradually weakens. Indeed the Diwali dance of the girls is almost co-terminal with the Pus Kolang dance, although in isolated villages like Surma in eastern Kondagaon the Diwali is still kept up. Where it has died out, its place is often taken by the Hulki expedition. Just as the Chait Dandar has replaced the Pus Kolang and boys and girls go together instead of boys only, so the Hulki replaces the Diwali dance and boys and girls go together instead of girls only. The Hulki expedition is sometimes made in the ordinary way and boys and girls go out for a week's tour; sometimes they simply go out for the day or for a long evening to neighbouring villages and return to their own ghotul to sleep. There is no special decoration worn, except that boys put on all the clothes they have and the girls adorn themselves with their prettiest ornaments.

When they start, the dancers perform the same sort of ceremonies for their protection and success as is done in the other dances. A line of rings is made and the Gaita promises suitable offerings if the party returns safely. The leader of the party, who is still called the Gain, prays, 'May our song and dance be good, may the rhythm keep time, may the tune not be spoilt, let no witch or magician injure us, let us not be attacked by Arjatta Parjatta, Bhut, Massan, Jurelin, Mirchuk, Matia of other villages. May the gods of the villages we visit not trouble us'.

The visitors dance and collect food and liquor as usual and are generally joined by the boys and girls of the village they are visiting. Hosts dance in one line, visitors in another. At Bhandarsiuni they sang a song in honour of Lingo. When the Bhandarsiuni party, which included many big boys but only very little girls, visited Sirpuri on 28 October, 1941, it was amusing to note how bored the Sirpuri *boys* were with the visit, though the Sirpuri girls bustled about with great excitement to arrange entertainment for their visitors.

When the boys go for Hulki, with perhaps only a few girls, the members of the two ghotul dance against each other till one party becomes exhausted.

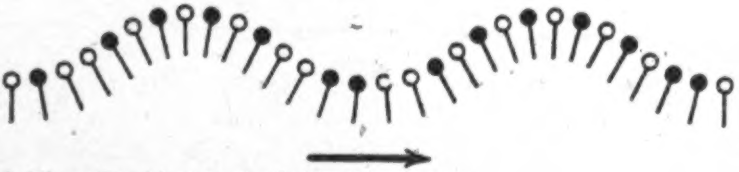
Often the members of the two ghotul dance together. It was at such a time that the Jholer of Morenga—and many another—met his bride. 'I went to dance at Mundpal and a girl pushed her way through the crowd and danced beside me. I put my arm round her and rested my hand on her breast. Later I gave her liquor to drink and we slipped away into the jungle. After a few months, we ran away together and were married.'

The actual dance, which is called Hulki or Kokti, is a serpentine promenade in which boys and girls, clasped in each other's arms, combine a rhythmic movement with all sorts of fun. It is a quick and jolly dance, delightful to watch and, I suspect, entrancing (provided the circumstances are right) to dance.

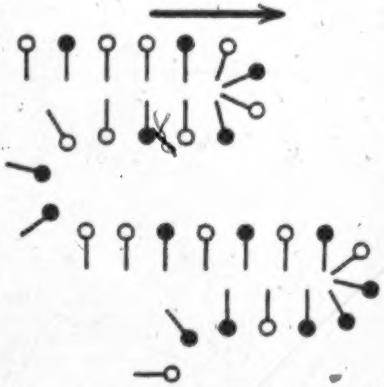
Boys and girls form a long line all facing one way. They hold each other by placing the right arm lightly across the right-hand neighbour's bottom, while the left hand holds the right arm of the left-hand neighbour but one which is, of course, resting across the immediate left-hand neighbour's back. The method is most easily understood by looking at Plate CXIII. The dance often begins with only boys holding each other rather loosely with a wide inviting space between each pair. Girls one by one burrow in, pushing their heads down under the boys' arms. The dance is so intimate that girls have to see who their neighbours are; they ought not to have on either side of them a member of their own clan or a relative of some forbidden degree.

x883 The line moves to left or right with a very simple, rapid step sideways.
x484 The dancers generally keep perfect step, and all the legs come over together
796 in a delightful way. The line reverses its direction with a loud cry of *Jai
keonra jai mongra* (as if we were to cry 'Victory to the lily and the rose!') or
●535 *Hurē hurē hurē, Sālē sālē sālē*, or even a sharp barking noise.

Now the line that began like this—

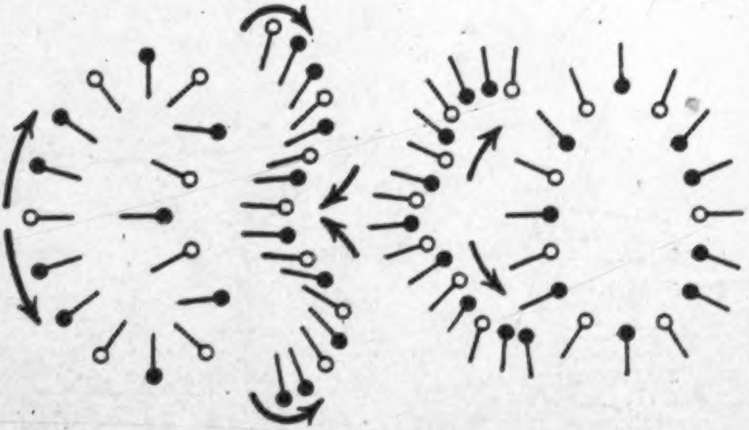


winds round and back on itself, like this—



This, of course, is great fun; when the line winds back the dancers all bump their behinds against each other; the leader suddenly ducks under a gap in the line and makes it thread through itself; he begins to go very fast or tries to pull the line over, and there is a regular tug-of-war; they form into a big circle, head and tail of the line joining hands, first facing inwards, then with a movement like pulling a glove inside out they turn themselves into a circle facing outwards

All the time the quick, fresh, even step never changes—so long as the song remains the same. But at last the dancers change to a *Nāna nāna rē* motif, and then the step gets more of a swing in it, until at the end it

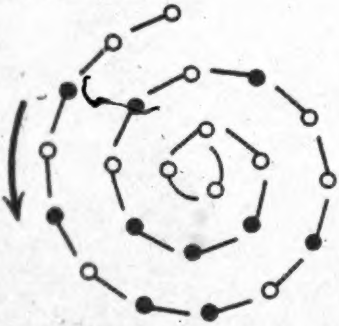


develops into a new movement—three steps to the left with a skip on the 883X
third step, then one step back to the right on the right foot with a good swing,
half-left with the left foot which then goes back directly to the left. This 484X
is a pleasant change. Finally the line spaces itself out; the boys and girls
resign their happy intimacy and stretch out hand in hand, whereon they 796
repeat the same steps and movements. 535●

In Pupgaon the head and the tail of the line each held sticks; at one point they met and held each other's sticks; the rest of the line had first to pass over them and then below, after which they worked round again into a complete circle.

Some of the best Hulki dancing I have seen, vigorous, precisely regular, dramatic, exciting, was at Alor. The boys and girls stood in line facing forwards, each with the left hand on the shoulder of the one in front, thus giving a slightly 'half-right' inclination. The steps were five paces forward, right foot up to left and half back; five paces back, left back to right and half forward; five paces forward and so continue; reverse at a shout; five paces back, left foot swung in and out.

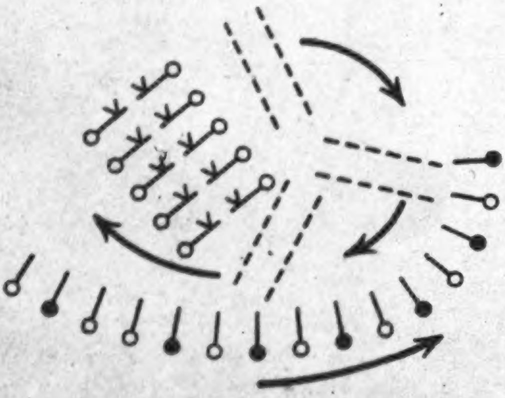
Sometimes the Hulki line rolls itself up like a centipede—



In fact there is no limit to what the Hulki dancers cannot do. It is the liveliest and happiest of all the dances and the boys and girls hate to leave off once they have begun.

In the north of Kondagaon Tahsil (I have seen it at Sidhawand and Amgaon, but only there) the Hulki is danced with drums, small *hulki-māndri* which the boys grasp with the left hand and beat very fast with the right. The drummers form two lines facing each other, while the girls and the rest of the boys form the usual Hulki line (see below).

The Hulki songs bear little relation to the dance. Those sung in the earlier stages have the refrain *Silip rēle role role*; those sung later have the refrain *Arē tina nāmur nāna re.*



THE MURIA AND THEIR GHOTUL

Songs

X883
X484
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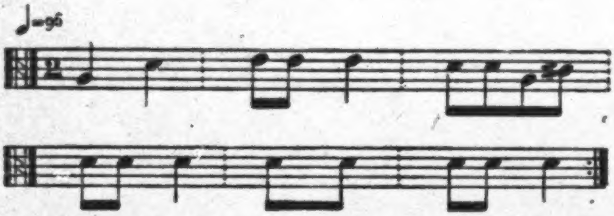
●535
[533]

1



X 883
X484
796
535
539

Ṣora dhāru dharti nawu khandu pirthi ho !	O the sixteenfold earth and the nine-fold heaven!
Dharti mālik boru lariyo pirthi mālik boru ho ?	Who is the master of earth and who is the master of heaven?
Dharti mālik lingo lariyo pirthi mālik rājāl ho.	Lingo is master of earth and Rajal is master of heaven.
Lingona wehle pāta lariyo lingona wehle dākān ho !	O the songs that Lingo taught us, O the steps that Lingo taught us!
Pahili pāta lingo lariyo pahili dākān lingona ho.	The first song is Lingo's, and the first step is Lingo's.
Maria pāta layora lariyo maria dākān layora ho.	The last song is the boys', and the last step is the boys'.
Nadum narka diya lariyo nike poroy poytom ho.	At midnight burns a lamp, we have taken your name.
Hongu dāpu āyma lariyo nike johar lāgi ho.	Don't be angry with us, we salute you with Johar.

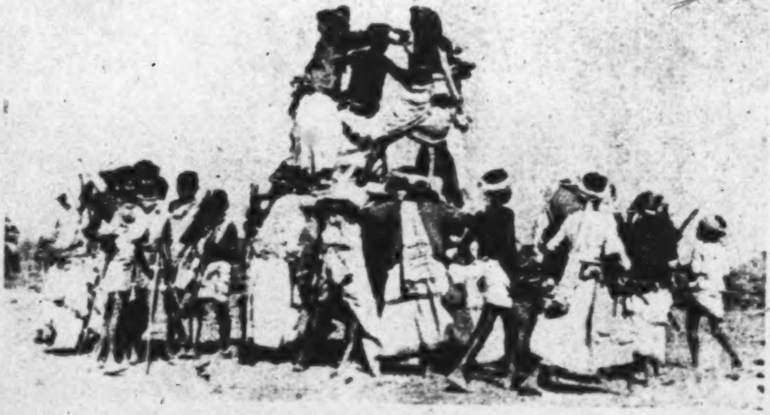
2

Aring koring bāder roy.	Clouds are over heaven.
Poron bāder poyndu roy.	The sky is overcast with clouds.
Darka pirru dar dar roy,	The rain comes pouring down,
Jimti piru jim jim roy.	Then drizzles drop by drop.
Dori usa handu roy,	Towards the sunset flows a flood,
Dakka pehchor handu roy.	Forcing its way along.

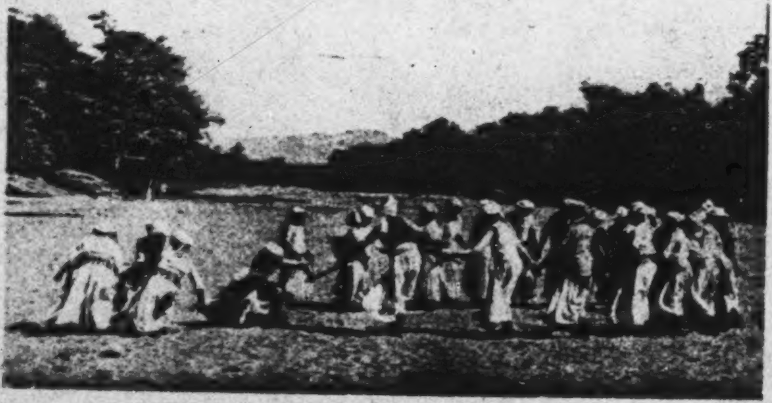
3

Gugti gugti māri māri kokore.	Let us play *dudu* in the dust.
Kum dudu dudu roy he bai?	Are you coming to play *dudu*?
Dud harsi wayeni he, bai,	I would like to come, but I can't,
Wāyon āyo wāyena he dāda;	Mother is in the house;
Lone dai manta roy he dāda.	She will be angry with me.
Niya dai matek roy he bai.	Don't bother about her.
Sura weri jhāpi roy he bai;	The basket has seven chains;
Jhāpite sandra hitona he bai.	I have put cloth into the basket.
Baske wane hitoni he dāda?	When did you give it?
Konem wedur joli roy he bai;	When you were in your cradle;

Plate CI

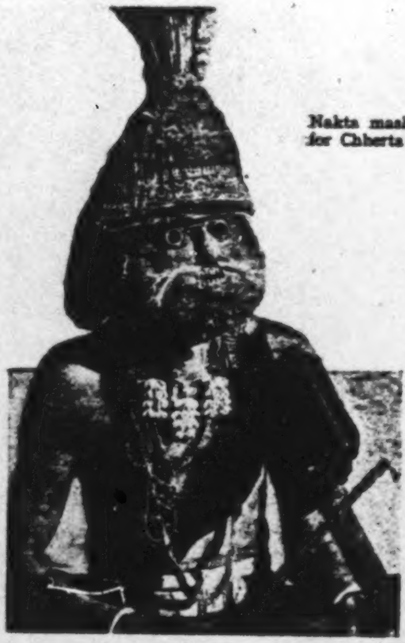


Pus Kolang: the Monkey dance



Pus Kolang: the Kokothar dance at Koilibera

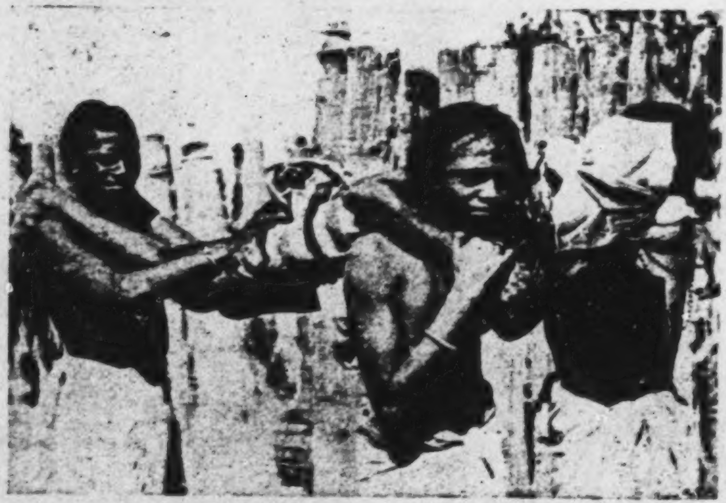
x 883
796
●535
532✓



Nakta mask used for Chherta dance

Plate CII

Masked chelik representing a frog or leopard, at Phunder



x883
x484
796
●535
539

Jolit nima mandi roy he bai,	You were swinging in your cradle,
Aske nana hitona he bai.	Then I put the cloth for you.
Sandra ise hitek roy he dāda,	If you have given cloth, brother,
Nana ise wāyka roy he dāda,	Then I will come, brother,
Jori ise āyhāt roy he dāda.	And we will live as yoke-fellows, brother.

4

Bhālur beti rāni kai men lure jāy ho?	Where is the bear's queenly daughter?
Bhālur beti rāni dongri men lure jāy ho.	She is playing on the hill.
Bhālur beti rāni kahān pāni jāy ho?	Where is she drawing water?
Bhālur beti rāni tariya men pāni jāy ho.	She is drawing it from the tank.
Bhālur beti rāni kahān sutela jāy ho?	Where does she sleep?
Bhālur beti rāni dorgi men sutela jāy ho.	The bear's queenly daughter sleeps in the little stream.

5

Miti bolo mitiyārin dāhar bāta debe re ho.	O sweet-spoken coolie girl, show me the way.
Mai ni jāno dāhar bābu mai ni jāno kor ho;	I don't know the way, brother;
Pāni ghāt me jābe bābu paniyārin la puchhe re ho.	Go to the water-place and ask the water-girls.
Ye bai paniyārin dāhar bāta debe re ho.	O water-girl, tell me the way.
Kor me khele kor larka larka la puch lebe ho.	O boy, ask the boys playing in the road.
He bābu leroko thākur ghar kon re ho?	Where is the house of the Thakur, O boy?
Yewni jewni chor debe jābe manja gali re ho,	Turn neither left nor right, and go straight on,
Rang pote chuhi pote tehi thākur ghar re ho,	Where the walls have been washed in colour and white,
Jawra bawnra kukur bhuke tehi thākur ghar re ho,	Where the dogs Jawra Bawra are barking,
Kama me to āti bānde tehi thākur ghar re ho,	Where an elephant is tied to a pole,
Ala me to ghora bānde tehi thākur ghar re ho,	Where a horse is tied in the shed,
Lewa me to bainsa dube tehi thākur ghar re ho,	Where the buffaloes are tethered in the yard,
Kota me to gaiya bānde tehi thākur ghar re ho,	Where the cows are shut in the shed,
Dāng me to bandra jule tehi thākur ghar re ho,	Where a monkey swings on a bamboo pole,
Chhāni me to manjur nāche tehi thākur ghar re ho,	Where a peacock is dancing on the roof,
Pinjora me to mena bole tehi thākur ghar re ho,	Where a maina sings in its cage,

X883
X484
796
● 535
539

Kat me to suwa bole teki thākur ghar re ho,	Where a parrot talks on a wooden perch, that is the Thakur's house.
He bai thakurain thākur kahān gais re ho?	Where is the Thakur, O Thakurain?
Hāt me tenga daris bhaiya rāja ke sewa gais re ho.	With a stick in his hand he has gone to serve the Raja.
Kaiya tere kaiya bhāji nadi tir ke kaiya re ho.	The *kahuwa* tree is on the river bank.
Amor thākur la to rāja ghar le maya re ho;	Our Thakur has the love of the Raja's house.
Arri thākur parri jo chong bharela dewe re ho.	The Raja gave him tobacco to smoke.
Keni tere keni bhāji bāri tir ke keni re ho.	The *keni-bhāji* grows near the fence.
Amar thākur ke bālak beti son ke beni gāte re ho.	Our Thakur's little daughter has a golden plait.
Airi tere airi bhai tarai ke airi re ho.	The ducks live in the tank.
Amar thākur ke bālak beti son ke pari pinde re ho.	Our Thakur's little daughter wears golden anklets.
Amar thākur ke bālak beti son ke paniya konche re ho.	Our Thakur's little daughter has a golden comb in her hair.

6

Meta porro tingi te bārāng gore lāta ho?	What is swinging on the top of the hill?
Meta porro tingi te bodāl gore lāta ho.	The bison is swinging on the top of the hill.
Gora lariyo boda di nikun sobhe māta ho!	Your swing looks very fine, O bison!
Bodāl da tokār te bārāng gore lāta ho?	What is swinging on the bison's tail?
Bodāl da tokār te chachi gore lāta ho.	The *chachi* bird is swinging on its tail.
Kene dor dhamki te bārāng gore lāta ho?	What is swinging under the hill?
Kene dor dhamki te yekta gore lāta ho.	Under the hill the pig is swinging.
Gora lariyo yeklā di nikun sobhe māta ho!	Your swing looks very fine, O pig!
Turjing arta bharri te bārāng gore lāta ho?	What is swinging in the field of thick grass?
Turjing arta bharri te korwal gore lāta ho.	In the grass-field the sambhar is swinging.
Pāwur marra tonda te bārāng gore lāta ho?	What is swinging on the siari tree?
Pāwur marra tonda te munj gore lāta ho.	The monkey is swinging on the siari tree.
Gora lariyo munj di nikun sobhe māta ho.	Your swing looks very fine, O monkey!

883x
796
535 ●
293

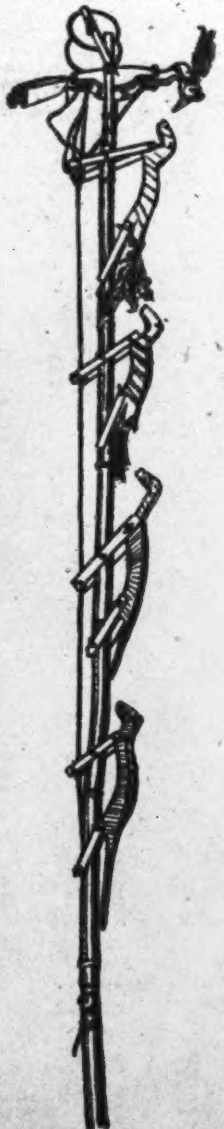


FIG. 123. Toy used on Chherta expeditions
Length 6' 6"

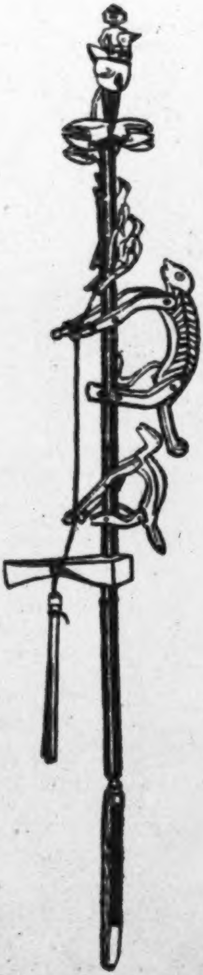


FIG. 124. Toy used on Pus Kolang and other expeditions
Length 4' 6"

THE MURIA AND THEIR GHOTUL

VII. The Chherta Dance

X 883
484
796
335

As we have seen, many ghotul do not perform the Pus Kolang dances. Some do not even go to dance the Mahua Dandar. In such places, the chelik concentrate on the Chherta festival. In many other villages, however, the Chherta is danced side by side with the older dances.

The Muria say that at the marriage between Kadrengal and Tallur Muttai the supplies of food and liquor for the visitors ran out, and the chelik assisting at the ceremony were sent to beg for food and liquor from neighbouring villages. They did so, and the marriage was happily completed. The more Hinduized Muria villages and the Hindus of Bastar generally have the same tradition, but they say that the marriage was between Mahadeo and Parvati. I doubt whether the Chherta dance is a genuine Muria dance or very long established in their culture; it is common throughout Chhattisgarh and in the Central Provinces, whence it has probably been imported.

Its attractiveness to the Muria is that it is great fun. In enables them to get a little liquor and have a feast. It is not overshadowed by the catastrophic penalties that come upon those who break the taboos of the serious, dangerous Pus Kolang. For this reason the Chherta has spread widely throughout the centre and east of the Muria territory.

On a Chherta expedition boys and girls go together. They dance in the ghotul of the villages they visit and sleep there. Hosts and visitors entertain one another. The visiting party salutes the elders of the ghotul at night and they then exchange girls for massaging. The visitors, however, take fire from their own village and are supposed to cook for themselves.

During the day the visiting party goes round the village dancing and begging. The leader of the dance is a boy whom they call the Nakta.[1] He is dressed up, sometimes in tattered clothes, sometimes in finery, and wears a grotesque gourd mask. The gourd is generally decorated: two rings are put for eyes, a nose is made of wax, a mouth is cut and a number of grains are stuck in it to look like teeth. A beard of the hair of nilgai or bear is attached below. A bunch of peacock feathers is tied to the top. I saw one mask with a small wax bullock placed above the nose. As the dancers go through the village they stand in a line before each house, and beat the ground with long sticks while the Nakta capers about before them with the most grotesque gestures and antics. Two or more boys carry baskets, and while the others dance these go into the house and beg for liquor, rice, pulse or other food. When they have been round the village the girls who have accompanied them take what has been collected and cook their meal.

On return from the expedition the boys and girls take the Nakta to the nearest stream, roll him in the mud, duck him in the water, and give him *mandia roti*, making him eat it with his head under water.

Besides the Nakta, other diversions enliven the Chherta festival. In Remawand I saw an ingenious toy—a stout bamboo pole was decorated with some excellently carved monkeys climbing up towards a bird perched on the top. An arrangement of strings kept both monkeys and bird in motion (Fig. 123). At Koilibera, there was a similar toy which was taken also on Pus Kolang and other expeditions. At the bottom of the bamboo pole the wood was serrated to make a 'musical rasp', and at the top was a little man.

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[1] Nakta is an abusive term meaning 'noseless'. It probably refers to the custom of cutting off an erring wife's nose, for it is usually applied to sexually loose persons. It can also be used in an affectionate playful sense. A Nakti Devi is worshipped in parts of Chhattisgarh.

Here the chelik said that the animals represented were lizards and they were climbing the tree to catch a wood-pigeon (Fig. 124). At the top of each toy were cymbals that clanged whenever its strings were pulled.

883x
484x
796
535

[534
532]

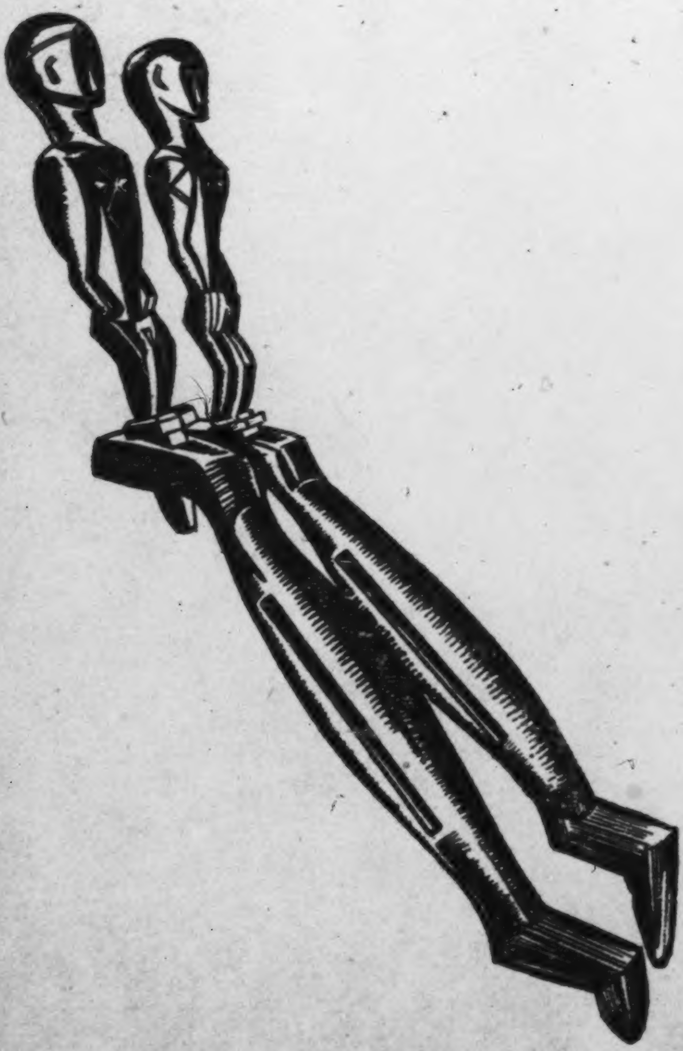


FIG. 125. Gongs from Alor
Cf. Plate CV

X883
X484
796
●535

In Alor Shamrao Hivale found some very elaborate gongs. They are illustrated in Plate CV and Fig. 125. Each gong is a single piece of wood hollowed out in the middle with a carved beak at one end and at the other a flat strip with a hole in the centre. Into this slot there fits a 4" peg projecting from a small support on which stands the wooden figure. Through the peg there is a small hole to take a wooden pin which fixes the figure firmly in position. The figures are male and female. The male is slightly taller, standing 15½" from the base. The female is ½" shorter. The two figures are differentiated by the shape of the genital organs and by small breasts in the female and a lozenge-shaped pattern on her body, probably intended to represent the womb. The hair is roughly indicated by carved lines and is different in the two images. The man has the five fingers of each hand carved on either side of his thighs where he is supposed to be holding his hands. This feature is absent in the female image. The male rectum is shown but not the female. The entire length of each gong is 2' 6½" from end to end. The slot in the middle is 10½" long, ¾" broad and 2" deep.

[243]

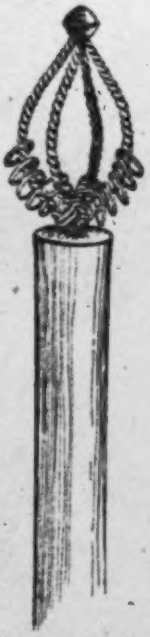


FIG. 126. Dancing-stick from Remawand

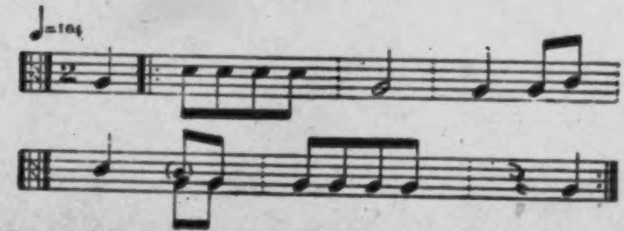
Among other things taken out for the Chherta and Pus Kolang expeditions, I have seen masks[1] of various kinds (illustrated in Plates XCIX, CII, CIII) and dancing-sticks. At Gorma I saw a *Chherta-gujir*, very like the dancing-sticks of the Bison-horn Maria, made of an old umbrella rod, with a bunch of iron bells at the top. At Remawand was a stick called *jarar-bargar*; it had an iron crown fitted with rings.[2] Decorated wooden guns are also carried.

The songs used during the Chherta are confused and obscure, a series of disconnected images and symbols, though there is always one song concerned with straightforward begging. I will give examples of both kinds.

Songs

I

[533]



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[1] Masks are associated with the *ravi* of the Purari Delta and 'masked dances or ceremonial parades are a common institution in New Guinea'. In the *ravi* masks are worn during the initiation of boys, when there is a taboo upon garden produce and in a mortuary ceremony in which a masked figure represents the spirit of the dead revisiting his home.—R. Firth, *Art and Life in New Guinea* (London, 1936), p. 26.

[2] This type of musical stick is similar to that carried by postal runners in the neighbouring Jeypore Zamindari.

GHOTUL EXPEDITIONS

Ban bhainsa āna tāna khāye lasun pāna pāna jām kuy.	The jungle buffaloes go here and there eating garlic leaves.	883x
Chari buli āo bhainsa rupa bera thāna thāna jām kuy.	Come buffaloes and graze in the silver field.	484x
Khat kurha cho kānta kuta; kalār gharo bhātti bhātti;	There are thorns in the pile of rubbish; there is an outstill in the Kalar's house;	796 535 ●
Bhātti cho mundi ke āg lage; pinda ke chābli chāti chāti.	The top of the still caught fire, the ant bit the buttocks.	539
Bhukute bhuku kai kuwāri dengur cho bhuku ho ho.	There are maggots in the new ant-hill.	
Pila rāja bairamgarh jora chawar duku ho ho.	The baby Raja of Bairamgarh is fanned with a pair of fans.	
Kar karāti karāti pipar pān cho deti deti.	The pipal leaf has nipples.	
Chirak charak mand beche jāt kalāring beti ho ho;	The Kalarin's daughter is selling liquor drop by drop;	
Tan tan rupaiya gine kalāring bai ho ho jām kuy.	She is counting her rupees *tan tan.*	

2

Jhirliti jhirliti pandki māra liti.	*Jhirliti jhirliti,* the pigeon killed the sparrow.
Dokara dokari jhagra hola chāpun dila luthi.	The dotard quarrelled with his dame and burnt her with a fire-brand.
Ao dokari chhandaiyla tola dehun roti.	Come, old woman, and I will give you bread.
Roti pitha kai karhun? Bare bāp ke beti.	What am I to do with your bread? I am the daughter of a rich man.
Gāda upar garli chonda upar khila.	On top of a big cart is a little cart, and the poles are joined with a nail.
Gāra cheghi hākdela sidhāwandiya pila.	To ride on this cart a chelik from Sidhawand is invited.
Amli boti tingāli pur duwāre mācha.	The tamarind fruit is very sour; the platform is in the yard.
Mācha cheghi hākdela duyi māma bhācha.	The uncle and his nephew are called to sit on the platform.
Naya nāngār bāri bāri juna nāngār bāri.	On the new plough is tied a strap, on the old plough is a strap.
Ye gaon cho lekīmanke kolepa nilo ari,	The children of this village were carried away by a fox,
Kolepa cho beta beti amhe balla dādi.	And its children will call us grandfather.
Chher chherta ki mer mera, bāman dorgoda.	*Chher chherta ki mer mera, bāman dorgoda.*
Donga dāda yete vala pawli adgada.	A tall man was coming along, and his foot was caught.
Nāni lāwa guri guri bade lāwa guri.	The little quail is sweet, so is the big quail.
Jhatke bida des kāka tucho mai cho pudi.	Quickly give us alms, uncle, or your mother's vagina.

x883
x484
796
● 535
539

Pāni suna pāni suna lendi barli duna.	A water dog with a cup full of excreta.
Ayele pār cho kohoda paile paile jayse.	Cranes from here go to the other side.
Paile pār cho rāut leka mārun mārun khāyse.	The Rawat boy there kills and eats them.
Sipi sipi dongri kosa cho dori.	The hill of shells, the cord of silk cocoons.
Tucho beta ke dakhle māma sānjh bera.	I saw your son, at evening time.
Adan lasa dhaura lasa pondhke dharli kasa.	The gum of saja, gum of dhaura, like holding someone's buttocks.
Aware bai chikan khosa, bhelwān tel ke ghasa.	O come, girl with hair well-done, I'll cover you with *bhelwa* oil.
Kāri āma lure lure, pandri āma lure.	O the black mangoes, O the white mangoes, are hanging down in heavy clusters.
Mahādeo ke parsād me pandri baile mile.	By the grace of Mahadeo we will get a light-coloured girl.

3

Come out, girls, to see what boys have come.
They have come from the Upper World.
Give us our present quickly, for it is growing very late.
Tie up a pair of bullocks:
Kill a fat hen: bring rice out of the granary.

CHAPTER TWENTY

DANCE AND SONG

I

883x

DANCE and song, games, stories and riddles should not be regarded as 517 mere recreation; in the Muria's eyes they are serious and important business. A ghotul's reputation largely depends on the excellence of 868 its dancing; the motiari's ability to sing may make the difference between a successful or unsuccessful wedding. Even the games, many of them, serve an educational purpose. The younger boys and girls are carefully trained in the ghotul, and the others practise night after night, repeating the same steps and rhythms again and again till they get them right, before they set out on a dancing expedition. The complicated stick-dances need special training and practice, for once an expedition has started mistakes are regarded as ill-omened.

The first musician was Lingo himself, and the practice of music is not held, 776 as so often in India, to be discreditable, but is honourably rooted in the history and mythology of the tribe. Many of the songs and dances have a religious pur- 533 pose, and often begin with an invocation to Lingo and other gods. Before the 535 ● Mandri dances at a wedding, worship should be performed before a pile of drums.

It is refreshing to go to Bastar from the reform-stricken [1] and barren districts 883x of the Central Provinces. As you climb the Keskal Ghat the whole countryside bursts into song about you. The Muria have a short way with 'reformers', 578 as I was fortunate enough to see at Telenga village on 26 March 1941. There was a marriage that day in the village, and the chelik and motiari from eleven villages came to attend it. But when they arrived they did not begin to dance as usual, but went out into the jungle for a consultation. They had seen among the wedding guests the sinister figure of Chainu, the headman of Maragaon. A month earlier this Chainu had attended a marriage at the house of Guma in his own village. Chelik and motiari had come as usual and danced till noon. Then according to custom they asked for liquor to offer to the drums and food for themselves. Chainu, who had been under a good deal of Hindu influence, refused to let them have either liquor for the drums or food for themselves, and declared that he would 'stop this dancing throughout the pargana'. The chelik and motiari left the marriage in protest and for a month the matter was the subject of heated discussion in their ghotul.

Now in Telenga the boys saw their chance. After a long discussion, they came back, a large and formidable crowd, and told the Pargana Manjhi (of Chalka) that they wanted a panchayat and that Chainu must be there. Near the marriage-booth the boys assembled in a great circle, and almost all the wedding guests joined to see what would happen. The unfortunate bride and bridegroom were left sitting in their places, entirely forgotten.

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[1] It is very hard to understand the mentality of the 'reformers' who would deprive the aboriginal of his beautiful and innocent recreations, and would impose on him a 'Shiv-raj' (as it is often called) at which the great dancer Natarajan would have shuddered. It is interesting to compare the attitude of the American Negro towards the 'Spirituals' which have done as much as anything else to establish him throughout the world. At the end of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, these were considered fit only for uneducated 'country niggers'. 'As late as 1909, Negro students at Howard University rebelled and refused to sing them. By the more progressive and aggressive elements in the race the Spirituals were frowned upon as a reminder of slavery and ignorance.'—N. I. White, *American Negro Folk-Songs* (Harvard, 1928), p. 3. Then suddenly, they became the fashion, and the Negroes found that nothing gave them more credit and prestige.

DANCE AND SONG

I have never seen boys more angry than these as they developed their indictment of Chainu and declared their grievance. They sprang to their feet one after another, trembling with rage, hardly able to speak for temper, pointing at the culprit who stood before them, at first haughty and defiant, but gradually weakening to a complete collapse. The boys called witnesses to show that he had insulted the god of the drums, that he was interfering with their old customs and spoiling their pleasure. Chainu tried to deny it, and called his witnesses, but they were not believed. The boys got more and more angry; tough little Panku of Kajen had to be held back by his friends. The boys demanded a fine of three rupees. Chainu apologized and offered one. But they did not accept this and insisted on their three rupees. The Pargana Manjhi was commissioned to see that the money was paid. At this point the bridegroom came rather pathetically into the middle of the crowd and said, 'Why do you want to have this quarrel at *my* wedding: I thought you all came here for me, but it seems that you are only interested in your own affairs'. At this people began to laugh and having won their point the boys went to worship the drums, and to dance. 883x 578

The Muria are very good dancers: at their best, and taking into account the great variety of their dances, they are not inferior to any in Bastar. They dance both with and without drums, sometimes with flutes, the sexes mixed or separate. Many of the dances are accompanied by songs, and the music of these, as well as many of the drum rhythms, were written down by Walter Kaufmann during a tour with me in February 1941. He recorded songs sung by the boys and girls of Kongera, Toinar, Markabera, Narayanpur and Kondagaon, and though the collection which he has generously allowed me to use here is not complete, it will give a fair idea of the type of music, which is undoubtedly of a very primitive character; it is entirely within the anhemitonic pentatonic scale, the 'Jhoria' songs being sometimes three-tone, sometimes four-tone and sometimes roughly five-tone. Kaufmann spoke of the clean, clear shape of the tunes, their purity and integrity; they were 'straight, delightful, impressive and very old'. He was however disappointed in the singing of the Narayanpur ghotul, which has come under the influence of education and the outside world. The singing there was vague and unbalanced; though still of the primitive pentatonic scale, it had become 'unclean'. 883x 535 533

Muria music has decided Mongolian affinities, and the curious yodel of the Relo chorus reminded Kaufmann of Chinese and Tibetan songs and even of those of the Pacific Islands. In the Muria country as in Mongolia all rhythms can be divided by two or four. 883x 533

The Muria seem to distinguish tunes and songs mainly by the different rhythms of their choruses. When the songs are sung antiphonally, one party keeps the tune going and the other sings the words. 'One ploughs the tune; the other follows sowing the seed.' In Bandopal the Muria called the theme of a song the *lekna* and the chorus, which is generally a variation of the word Relo, is called the *rochi* or *tek*. The Relo chorus, for all its apparent verbal monotony, is capable of much subtle variation in tune and rhythm. Typical choruses are these:

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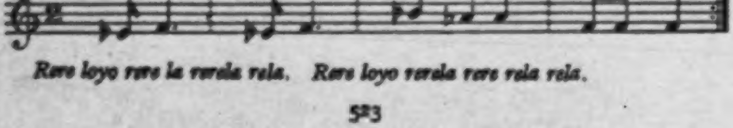
♩=104
Rere loyo rere la rerela rela. Rere loyo rerela rere rela rela.

Plate CIV

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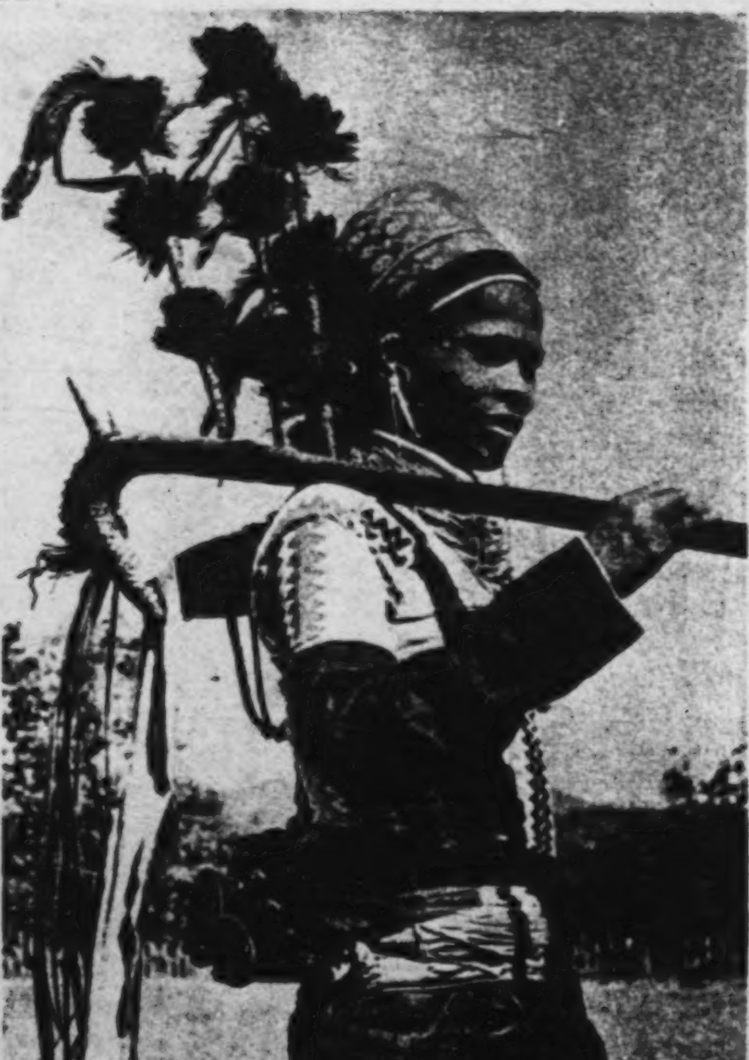

The Malik of the Kongera ghotul in dancing dress

[p. 528 (R)]

DANCE AND SONG

V. The Mandri Dance

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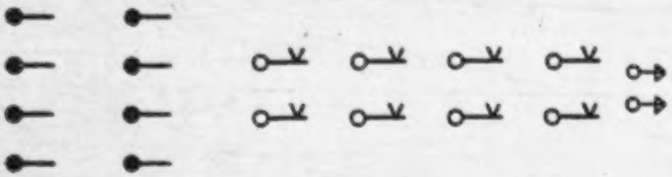
I include here all those dances which are primarily exhibitions of drumming with the earthen or wooden mandri, the large waisted parrai, and the wooden tudra. These dances are performed at marriages or for amusement in the ghotul; they are the dances normally displayed at the camps of touring officials and visitors.

There is no special uniform; the dancers wear what they can. Boys sometimes carry carved wooden axes over one shoulder: girls and boys may decorate their faces with white spots, lines and stars. There is often a boy in peacock-dress or a cowrie-jacket. All the pomp and excitement of the dance is for the boys; the peahens to these exuberant peacocks are usually pushed into a corner where they sing a subdued little Relo on their own.

There are a great many different movements in the Mandri; I will describe them one by one. The prelude, or grand entrance, is done at the beginning of the dance always, when the boys bring in the wood for the marriage-booth, when they go to welcome the bridegroom on his arrival at their village, and when they escort bride or bridegroom to the Lagir ceremony. The formation is simple—boys form a double file followed by two rows of girls.



The procession advances a few steps, halts, retires a little, advances again. Sometimes it comes forward with a rush, halts, turns round and rushes back not quite so far, comes on again; with each rush the procession makes a slight advance. I saw this done very effectively at Sidhawand, where the boys held antlers in their hands. When they reached the limit of their advance they bowed with them to the ground, then all together raised them into the air with a fine flourish, and retired. At Kokori, boys entered in a long serpentine column. Every four paces, they knelt down, then advanced crab-like sideways, knelt, went back, came on again, knelt, moved to and fro on their knees. Sometimes the line of drummers squats down and hops along, drumming vigorously the while. When the drummers have made their entry, they should perform the drum worship in the name of Bhimul or Lingo.

They then usually form themselves into the first movement, which is quite simple. They go round in a circle, with a straightforward rapid walk, the knees slightly bent. If there are any boys with wooden kutorka or tudra, these gyrate inside the main circle. The girls form two lines some distance

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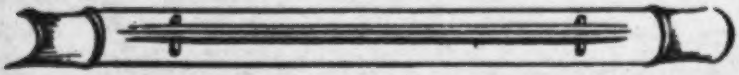
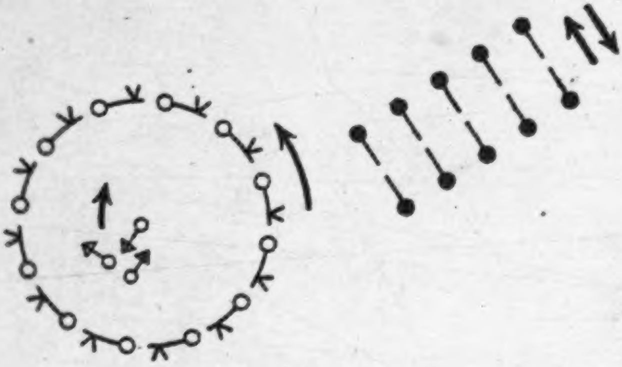


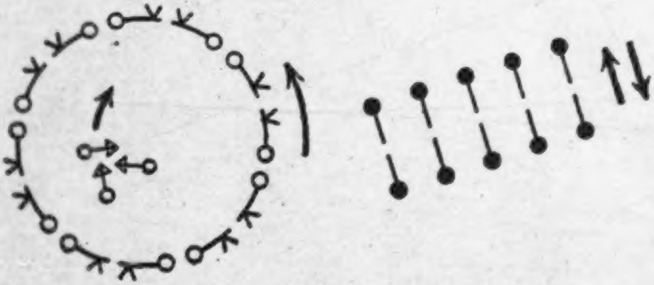
FIG. 139. A bamboo drum (*see p. 530*)

away, and sing a Relo song which has no relation in time or rhythm to the drumming or the movements of the boys. Since the girls' dances are quite independent, I will describe them all together later.



There is no particular order about the subsequent movements and formations of the Mandri dance. After a time the circle of drummers, on an order from the leader, either turns round and goes in the opposite direction, or goes backwards.

At another order from the leader, every other drummer turns round, so that now they rotate in pairs. Sometimes each lays his left hand on his partner's drum: this is the *Samdhi Johar*.

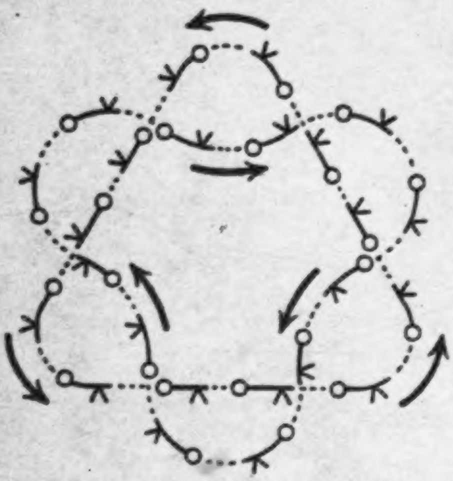


This first turn becomes general. While watching the dance at Bandopal I wrote, 'the basis of this Mandri is a revolving circle, of which each member also gyrates round his neighbour. The circle also contracts and expands rhythmically, for in gyrating each drummer takes a couple of steps in and out'.

Then they change again, and now there are two circles gyrating in opposite directions, threading through each other—this is called the *semilaha* (see p. 537).

The drummers beat with an upward flourish of the hands; each swirls round, bending his knees a little; each member wheels as the whole circle wheels.

DANCE AND SONG



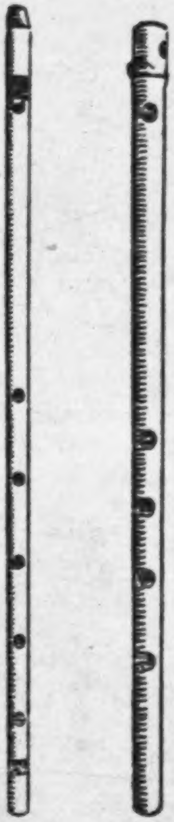


FIG. 140. Flutes
(*See p. 526*)

But there is no limit to the variations of the Mandri. At one moment the dancers are going round in a circle, and each boy has one hand on the shoulder of the drummer in front of him; the next they have closed in and are kneeling down facing inwards clapping their hands; soon they jump up, turn round, open the circle and kneel again facing outwards, clapping their hands. They put their hands on their hips and sway twice on their feet. Sometimes they gyrate with the drums between their legs, beating with the left hand behind the left leg, then they swing the drums up and forward. Between beats, they touch first chest, then buttocks with their hands, then beat the drums.

Sometimes they do a sort of leap-frog: the circle shakes out a little, and they kneel down with the drums on the ground and each in turn jumps over the others. When that is done they begin to gyrate, kneeling down, and hopping forward.

In another movement, the boys kneel in a circle facing one way; they shuffle round on their knees, upright, they lean back on their heels, one foot to one side, then to the other. They go round slowly on their knees, like a fantastic ring of cripples, then lean right back and go backwards supporting their bodies with one hand, drumming with the other. Then they go forward on all fours beating with alternate hands and at last spring up and go round quickly.

When they tire of this, they sit on the drums lengthways as though riding a horse; then they turn inwards and move towards the centre pulling the drums in with graceful movements, and later widen the circle again with the same movements reversed. They abandon their drums and dance round the circle, clapping their hands, sometimes sitting down on each other's drums to

X883 beat them for a few moments, up again and round, leaping, gesticulating, whirling round.

● 535 The best Mandri dancing I have seen was at Khutgaon under the inspiration of the remarkable old Muria landlord Kodu. A band of twenty-five black-coated boys headed by Kodu entered the ghotul. Several had silver belts tied across their shoulders from right to left, or chains of little bells hanging down behind; they wore silk turbans, cheap ornaments and used small parrang drums. Here, I thought, were typical decayed Muria of the lowlands. But there was nothing decayed about their dancing. They entered, and stood still without a sound. Kodu raised his hand in a fine gesture and a shout, and they all did the same. They gesticulated with both hands, and away they went in a swiftly moving circle. After a time the boys rushed outwards; they clapped their hands twice, turned, drummed on the turn, stopped, pointed, gesticulated, drummed again, clapped their hands twice, bent down, exclaimed loudly, stamped, went round again, clapped their hands twice, beat the drums twice, went round and round. Then more pointing in the air and shouting, a jump in the air, two claps of the hands, two beats of the drum, then round again, now facing out, now in, clap and drum again.

Now the dance changed. As they went round, the drummers hopped three paces on the left foot, turned inwards, stood still. There was a pause of silence, then all gesticulated and shouted together, faced about, shouted, turned to the right and circulated drumming with very wide movements of the hands, more and more quickly, left foot forward, right up to it with a little kick, right forward, left up to it with a kick. Then they stopped and moved backwards, round and round, drumming incessantly with great vigour. At last they stopped, facing out from their circle, pointed to the sky, gave a great shout, and broke their ranks. It was a most invigorating dance to watch.

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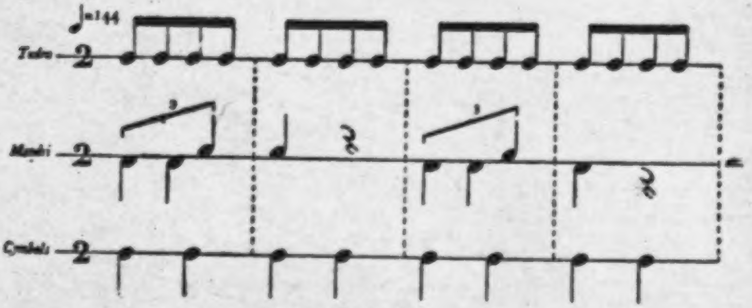

Drum rhythm

During this magnificent parade, the motiari too were dancing, but in a corner, shy and subdued, their heads bowed and bodies bent to hide their charms. No one took any notice of them; all eyes were on the boys. Yet the girls' dances are interesting, and can be delightful. The motiari form two lines facing inwards, and generally begin by standing erect and singing antiphonally while they clash their cymbals or clap their hands. They do not hold each other. Presently one line bends forward while the other remains upright, and those bending forward clap their hands or cymbals low down between their legs.

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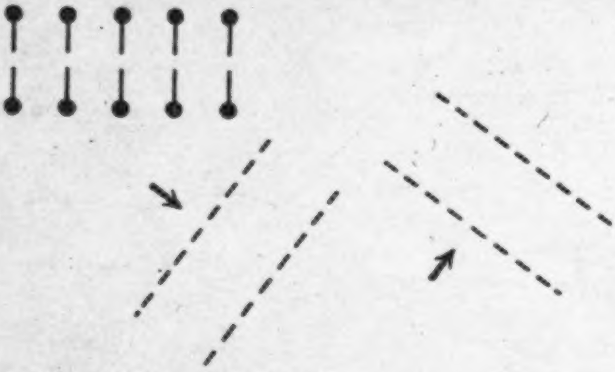
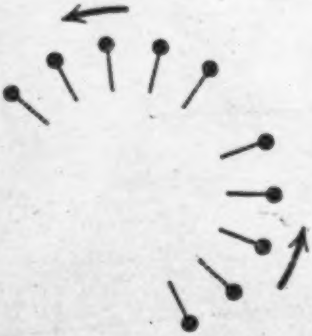
The two lines now gradually work round; ideally they should pivot round on their centre, preserving the double-line formation—



Actually they often form into a half circle in two sections as below.



An alternative movement is this—the girls form two lines, but when it comes to the moment when one of them is to bend forward, the line turns round and then bends down. The Jamkot Para motiari did this very well; every four beats of the cymbals they swing round and change position. Sometimes both lines have their backs to each other. Here they do the swing-dance in line; in Kachora I saw it done excellently in a circle. The motiari there first went round clockwise with their cymbals in a full circle; then every girl began to turn right every three steps and bent down, gave three beats with the cymbals, stood upright, took three steps round, turned left, bent down and so on. In this way, the circle alternately faced inwards and outwards. Done with real vigour this is an exciting dance to watch. At Bhanpuri, each girl put her left leg between the legs of her left-hand neighbour, thus moving slowly round.

In the Kondagaon area, the motiari sometimes accompany the boys' Mandri dance in one long line, each arm in arm with her neighbour, clashing their cymbals and either bending forward or swaying to and fro.

In Chandabera the Karse Pata was a quick round: the girls clasped each other by the waist and went left right, right foot always behind the other, with rapid vigorous and distinctive singing. But in another form of the Karse Pata, two lines face each other and the motiari clasp each other's hands. Each line in turn bends down and the girls swing their clasped hands to and fro while they sing. In this they do not move round but remain stationary.

Most of the marriage songs have to be sung by a line or half-circle of motiari. While they are tying the plaits of bride and bridegroom, or applying haldi, or offering tika, or bathing or decorating the happy pair, the girls obviously

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cannot move about. They have, however, devised a most effective form of stationary dance which obtains its effect from the movements of the hands and the swaying, bending and jerking of the body. This is probably why the girls' dances are not synchronized to the boys' drumming. The girls have their special duties and must adapt their songs to these, but the boys can move about independently for a large part of the time.

VI. The Drum Rhythms

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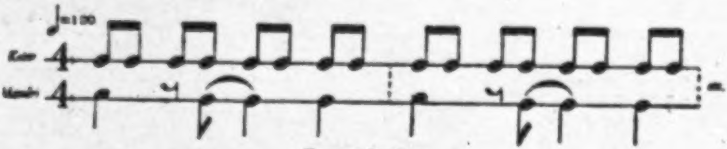
In villages in the central area particularly, the Muria distinguish a great many *pār* or rhythms in their drumming. These rhythms are not connected with the *dāka* steps, though they are sometimes associated with special movements of the dance. Thus, there are *pār*-rhythms for the Pargao in a marriage, for the dances round the booth, for the great crisis of the Lagir, and to lead bride and bridegroom to the marriage-bed. Different rhythms accompany the worship of Mother Earth.

The *pār* are known by easily memorized sentences, the words of which have usually no connexion with the dance but describe it by their rhythm. The Jhoria Muria do not seem to know many of these. At Metawand, the chelik only knew of two—'When we beat the drum with both hands', said one of them, 'the drum says *nikun getha nikun getha*, copulate properly, and when it is beaten with one hand, it says *deos deos endāt*, dance jumping'.

It is in villages like Kabonga, Bargaon and Hathipakhna and in most of the ghotul of the east-central area that the practice of the *pār* has been most fully elaborated. At Hathipakhna there was a blind Mandar Guru, an old man who taught the boys their rhythms. He had only to say the words and the chelik immediately followed on their drums.



Drum rhythm

The meaning of many of the rhythms is obscure, and in some cases I can give only an approximate translation.

1. *Pargao Pār*, used when bride or bridegroom (according to local custom, see page 98) arrives at the other's house, and is greeted by a procession of dancers. The drummers first circle round, all facing one direction; they then split up into pairs and each pair faces his partner. A number of different rhythms are used, for this is a memorable moment in the life of every boy and girl.

(*a*) *Barka māne ke luhāwun khāwuās tuy to ās tuy to ās saga ke kahān le purāwuās ?*
You are eating the stolen pork. How will you give it to the *saga* ?

(*b*) *Jim jim jim nadum narka, jim jim jim nadum narka.*
Rain is falling in the dead of night.

(*c*) *Hāt jāsis duriya duriya, pej khāwun jāse.*
You are going to a market far far away. Eat your gruel and go.

(*d*) *Kahīn le yilāsit duriya lāphi duriyāle.*
You have come from far away.

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(e) *Are buba haskār be.*
O father, it will bite.

(f) *Dur dur dur dur neyi haskār be.*
Drive it off; the dog may bite.

2. *Saga Pār*, used when the two fathers-in-law meet officially for the first time. The chelik dance round them in a circle, facing each other in pairs: every now and then they halt and each pair raise their hands off their drums and salute each other, crying on a long steady note *Johār ho saga.*

(a) *Johār ho saga johār.*
Johar, saga, Johar.

(b) *Tuy samdhi mai samdhi surti minjun kānwuda.*
You are samdhi, I am samdhi, let us eat the powdered tobacco.

(c) *Aking koya korka dārango tuska ta.*
Pluck the leaf, O hoe, to serve the liquor.

(d) *Tehāt layor māndi tun.*
Boys, lift up your knees.

(e) *Gatla pāta sakle kim dāy pohre mām.*
Put on your clothes properly before you go away.

(f) *Johār ho saga johār bhet howun duno saga samdhi mand piyun.*
Johar, saga, johar, we've met so let us drink.

(g) *Adi narka bhum narka tara paha hal norka.*
Bring water to wash the feet at midnight and midday, O boy!

3. *Dārango Undāna Pār*, the rhythm for drinking liquor. This also accompanies the ritual drinking of liquor by the two fathers-in-law.

Dumun dumun hāha ta, dumun dumun hāha ta.
Take out liquor from the pot and drink.

4. *Manda Pār.* These are the rhythms used while the boys bring in the wood for the marriage booth—the drummers go to the forest and return dancing and drumming vigorously at the head of the procession; when the platform is plastered inside; and when any of the many minor rites are being performed under its shade.

(a) *Usta gundur gundur ta tin pekor wark wark!*
O the quail! Eat parched rice, O boys!

(b) *Bonyla banāwan jhathe māti ān gaitin.*
Let us make a platform; O Gaitin, quickly bring the earth.

(c) *Harde reha puita pekin penda uita.*
The char flower has blossomed on the way; the girl's vagina has swollen.

(d) *Chich penda kawrela.*
The vagina is a cowrie facing upwards.

(e) *And and and, āyo āyo āyo!*
That's it! That's it! No it isn't! No it isn't!

(f) *Gaon cho manuk siyān.*
All the headmen of the village.

(g) *Nawun nawun chopāwan.*
Take her, press her.

(h) *Ad laya besta handih surti desta.*
That girl is beautiful, give her some tobacco.

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(*i*) *Manda mandi tendsim dāy pohre mām.*
Throw away the mess in the booth and go away.

5. *Neyi Tarhāna Pār.* The tedious business of anointing bride and bridegroom with oil, which continues intermittently for two days, is enlivened by some excellent dancing.

(*a*) *Teda mudiya tatti de.*
Stand old man and give the adze.

(*b*) *Gām chchli basunde ta.*
We will sit while the sun is shining.

(*c*) *Barha māns he chorun neyse lāchhu āy lāchhu mai ki dāda mai to ni chorey.*
It was Lachhu, not I, that stole the pork.

(*d*) *Dim dim dim kosum dim tumcho bāpcho polka dim.*
Testes! Testes! Kosum testes! The hollow testes of your father!

(*e*) *Dengur mundi me lamha āse, chu kābri chu.*
In the ant-hill is a hare, *Chu kābri chu.*

(*f*) *Teda bhuski hātum dāyi.*
Stand up, fat woman, and go to the bazaar.

(*g*) *Karanji gaon cho kursa, gaon kāje pursa.*
He is impotent in Karanji village; but he is a real man in ours.

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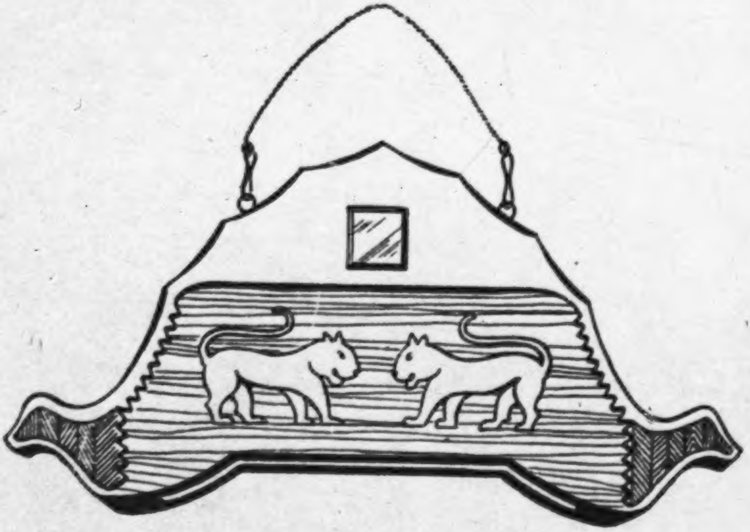

FIG. 141. *Pitorka* gong

6. *Maur Tatāna Pār.* The rhythm while the bride and bridegroom are having their crowns tied on their heads.

Tatti de tatti de hanwār bābu hanwār.
Give the adze, give the adze. But the boy won't go.

7. *Lagir Pār*. The climax of the marriage is when the bride and bridegroom are escorted round the booth seven times in a procession of chelik with their drums and by loudly singing motiari. 883x 533

(*a*) *Mai samdhi tuy samdhin johār bhet howun leha he pāni rikāwun.* 535
We samdhi do Johar, pour the water over the boy.
(*b*) *Baniagāon cho ban bhainsa bāte chāra charese gucha bai hedendeta hedendeta.* 585
The wild buffalo of Baniagaon is grazing on the way. Move aside, girl, and I will drive it off.
(*c*) *Yergunda inta tāne tinia, kamha inta, tāne tinia.*
Say it is a water-snake and eat it. Say it is turmeric and eat it.
(*d*) *Korwāl kusir horasta agay mute narasta.*
The *korwāl* vegetable has sprouted; the girl went every day to see it.
(*e*) *Bāte ralo durki chu chu chu ta ta ta.*
The panther is on the road. *Chu chu ta ta ta.*
(*f*) *Johār layor johār kor phat phate manta.*
O boys Johar! It is cock-crow time.
(*g*) *Toda buda hātum te.*
Stand up, old man, and go to market.

8. *Kor Pude Pār*. Bride and bridegroom are not allowed to slip away quietly to bed; they must be escorted thither with the roar of drums. In these *pār* the boys from time to time raise both hands from their drums and wave their arms in the air like excited cocks—an obvious reference to the cock they are going to steal.

(*a*) *Adan luda dam-dama terni bāyle gum guma.*
The charred saja wood is strong, the young girl is hard and firm.
(*b*) *Dulhi dudh ke dulha dhare dulhi thar thare.*
The bridegroom holds the breasts of the bride and the bride trembles.
(*c*) *Dhirey dhirey dhirey gumcha, chānd chānd chānd gumcha.*
Penetrate slowly! Penetrate quickly!
(*d*) *Dongur mund cho hewu, bhitre newun gab gab dewu.*
The root in the ant-hill; take it inside and press it hard.[1]

This is the end of the rhythms used in marriages. The following *pār* can also, of course, be used in marriages, but they are not connected with specific moments of the ceremony. They represent the purely recreational side of the dancing. 883x 533 535

9. *Gondin Pār*. The drummers circle in a line of couples facing each other.

Gondin gondin bolaat kāy ke gondin bolaat? Buchak mand dese tablo gondin balāse.
To whom will you say Gondin, Gondin? If she will give a little liquor then you can call her Gondin.

10. *Māndar Polni Pār*. The drummers first stand still facing each other in pairs. Suddenly they flourish their hands in the air and move quickly round with short steps, knees bent. Then they straighten their knees and dance to left and right on alternate feet.

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[1] It is said that the chelik sometimes use these rhythms as a sort of secret language to make proposals to the motiari. Even when no words are spoken they are understood: even the tapping of the rhythm with the fingers is enough.

Karanji gaon cho bhursa aur bodi nāo pārun pārun sāng. Gotoh bāhri cho gotoh silik.
Speak of Bhusa and Bodi of Karanji. For one broom there's one bamboo pin.

11. *Sailori Pār*. The rhythm is very distinctive. The drumming is punctuated by shrill cries and the boys wave their arms in the air between the beats. Their circle moves constantly backwards and forwards.

(*a*) *Nāchun nāchun kahān jānwān? Hamke lāgli bhuk donāyek pej kon dewu āy?*
Where should we go dancing dancing? We are hungry, who will give us gruel?

(*b*) *Kedun kedun bāgdare yeklo manuk yend kare chichka chargod ke ār kare.*
The tiger makes the man run away; what can the fellow's testes do? He can only hide in a fish-net.

(*c*) *Chachān mārun neyse chachān mārun neyse jānw bohāri chandāwān.*
The hawk has carried it away; let us go, *bohāri*, to release it.

(*d*) *Chāh chāh pār oltom.*
The drum-beating is very careless.

12. *Kondagaon Pār*. A rhythm specially associated with the Kondagaon ghotul.

Dum dām Kondāgaon nāogaon Sonābāl.
Beating at Kondagaon and judgement at Sonabal.

[534]

13. *Māndri Pār* or *Māndar Kelni Pār*. One of the drummers kneels down and the others go round him in line and then one by one jump over him. The last boy of the line also kneels and they then jump over two drummers, and so on till all save one are kneeling. He jumps over the whole line, kneels at the head of it, and leads them round, still kneeling and drumming in a circle, moving forward first on one knee and then on the other.

Māndar dandik kelun ta.
Play the drum for a little while.
Pāgi hitāwun desta.
Remove the cloth from the vagina.

14. *Uram Pār*. This complicated 'Pleasure Dance' is delightful to watch. The boys first move in a circle, beating their drums with both hands at the same end. Then they put them down on the ground, large end facing outwards, and go round beating each of the drums in turn until they return to their own. They sit down on the drums and beat each end in turn with both hands. Then they beat the outer ends, stand up and clap their hands in the air, swing round, bend down and beat the inner end, then roll the drums round in a circle, lift them two paces, put them down again, beat alternately inner and outer ends, roll them round again, beat outer ends, stand again clapping

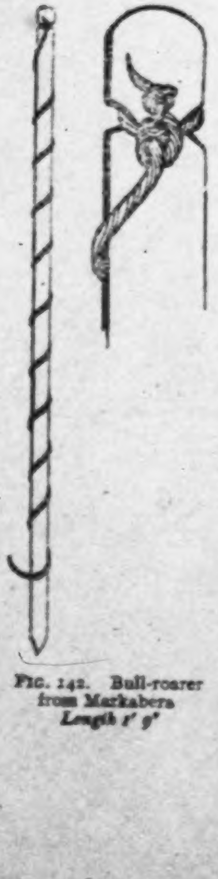


FIG. 142. Bull-roarer from Markabera
Length 1' 9"

their hands above the head, stoop down, swing the drums up over the shoulder and continue the dance in the usual way. 883x

Basu nāur gāwun duno bāt cho. 533
Let both parties sit and sing. 535 ●

15. *Wark Pār.* When the boys and girls eat parched rice on some ceremonial occasion in the ghotul, they dance to this rhythm.

Udi saga udila porbodela dāt sangi dāt sangi mamāt jāle wāyom.
Sit, saga, to play the Porbodela game.

16. *Māti Pār.* The only rhythm for a religious occasion. This is sometimes used when offerings are made to Mother Earth.

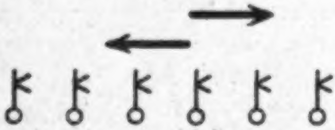
Buta bhitar cho lamha māns chāh chāh ne.
They left the hare's flesh carelessly below the shrub.

VII. Religious Dances

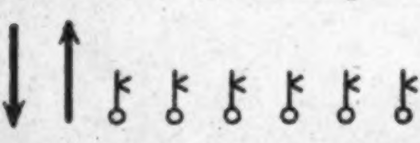
Muria chelik and motiari dance at the great clan festivals, at the ordinary village ceremonies, and during the Pus Kolang and other expeditions; they dance, in fact, in honour of the clan-god, the village gods and the ghotul god. I describe the songs and dances of the expeditions in the chapter on that subject; these dances, which were mainly stick-dances, seemed to fall readily into a class of their own and so have been separately described. We must now examine the religious dancing of the ghotul at the ordinary festivals. 883x 535

Here we find immediately a great difference between the south-west and the north and east of the Muria country. In the Chota Dongar, Karangal, Mardapal and Chalka Parganas mainly, and in villages not far from their borders, the Muria celebrate their greater festivals in typically Abujhmar Maria fashion. Elsewhere they have a distinctive Muria form of dance and drumming. Let us take the latter first.

The festival dancing of the northern and eastern Muria is not elaborate. A line of chelik, each with a large dhol drum slung from his shoulders, stands not far from the place of sacrifice. They drum very vigorously with a single stick held in the right hand and move to and fro in line. As they reach the end of their movement they drum with special vigour and shout at the turn. Sometimes, however, the line moves forward a certain distance, all turn round and move back, then back again.



At the same time a group of boys with small turburi drums dances in a small circle, beating very fast and twirling round. The motiari form the usual double line and move to and fro (see p. 546).



There is nothing spectacular about this dancing, though the dhol drumming is often impressive, and when flutes accompany the drums it is delightful.

It is a very different story, however, when we turn to the great festival dances of the Maria-Muria. When the chelik and motiari of a dozen villages assemble in their full dancing-dress it is a magnificent spectacle. Two conditions are necessary for the proper appreciation of this dance; it must be

X883
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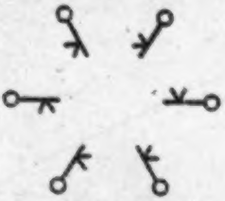
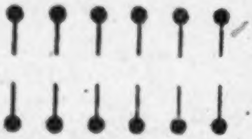
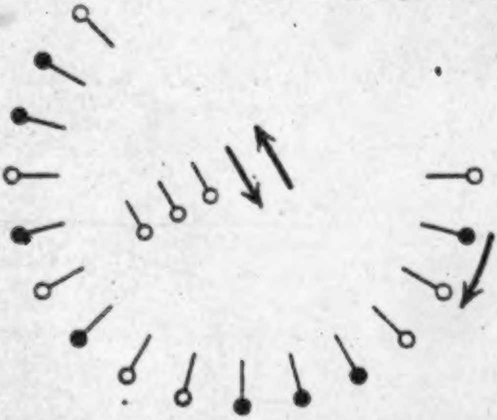
done in mass and it must go on all night. When a small crowd of Maria or Muria dancers assemble at a camp to give an exhibition dance, it soon becomes monotonous. But when four or five hundred dancers spread themselves over a great field, and move round to the light of torches, the blowing of hunting-horns, the clang of bells, the waving of innumerable plumes, the earth itself seems to come alive. And it goes on and on and on till you are intoxicated by the gentle rhythm, and by dawn even the outsider can appreciate the ecstasy and delight of the boys and girls who can dance untired for hours before their gods.

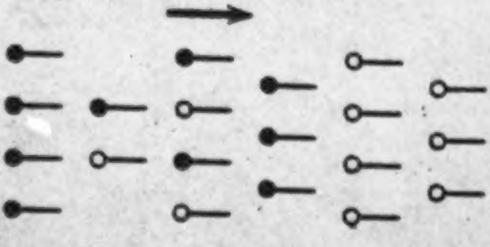






There are two main dance formations, the second developing out of the first. A line of boys and girls facing inwards, each with the right arm round the shoulder or waist of his neighbour, moves round in a great circle and very slowly. The circle moves in both directions. At the same time two or three boys in a line walk up and down the main dance to lead the singing.

The steps are very simple. In the main line each dancer moves his right foot slowly to the right, rises on his toes three times, brings the left foot up to the right, rises again on his toes, then moves to the right once more. As he does this, he jerks the bells on his buttocks. The singers in the centre simply walk forward, but with a slight pause at the end of every second step.

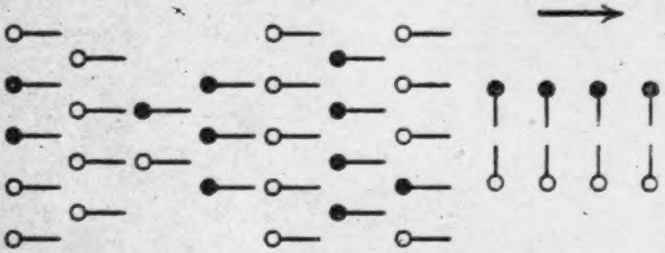


Now gradually the number of singers in the centre of the circle increases. A second row of boys is formed, then a row of girls. Soon the whole dance has turned into a procession and the gyrating line has disappeared.

DANCE AND SONG

The procession walks forward and round in any direction. Or it may choose a 'beat' and walk up and down simply reversing when it reaches its limits.

This procession is, in fact, often performed as a separate dance, in this formation:



I have seen chelik and motiari dancing like this, without their finery, round and round the ghotul compound at night simply for practice and recreation.

A third festival dance is done with the little turburi drums. A line of boys with the drums faces a line of girls and they run with very quick and energetic steps to and fro, the boys drumming furiously and the girls singing.

At most of the big festivals of the Maria-Muria and Jhoria you will also see the line of boys beating the big dhol, holding it low down, half-way to the ground and beating it with a stick in the right hand.

No one should ever miss seeing a big festival in this area; it is a moving and unforgettable sight. For in addition to the formal dances of chelik and motiari, there are the individual dances of gods, mediums, the 'horses' of the gods. These leap in the air, roll on the ground, fight one another; here you may see a medium in spirited combat with a stick-god, defending himself against its blows with a small shield; there is an Anga Pen refreshing itself by disturbing a line of motiari; again two gods who are not on the best of terms chase each other, dodging in and out of the groups of amused spectators.

VIII. The Har Endanna

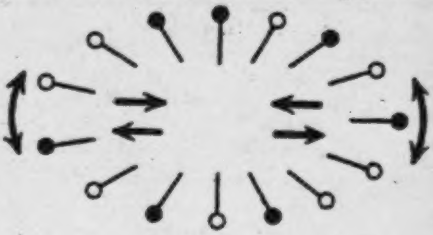
The Har Endanna vaguely recalls the dance and song of the Maria of the Abujhmar; it is as tedious, but less interesting. The dancers wear no finery; there are no bells on the buttocks to be jingled with rhythmic jerks; but the atmosphere of the dance, in its sad slow singing and its solemn movement, is the same. The Muria call it the oldest of their dances, and it may well have come down from the Abujhmar long ago.

There is a large circle of boys and girls, some hand in hand, some with arms interlaced behind the backs of their companions. The form of the dance is that of an expanding and contracting ring which moves slowly round on its own centre, first one way and then the other. The dancers take two steps forward, then two steps back again, each time moving slightly to the left or right. Their bodies sway slightly and the hands, where these are joined, swing to and fro. There is little attempt at keeping time, none at any kind of rhythm. The singing is equally slow and dreary.

The Har Endanna is danced round the marriage-booth, by girls and boys during the Diwali expeditions, and in the ghotul when there is nothing else to do.

X883 Sometimes the Har is not done hand in hand, but each dancer places his left hand on his left neighbour's
● 535 shoulder and lets his right hang down.

Everybody sings; they generally begin with the Lingo song, continue to describe the exploits of 'the gods, ancestors and the Raja', and use general songs without much meaning.



Songs

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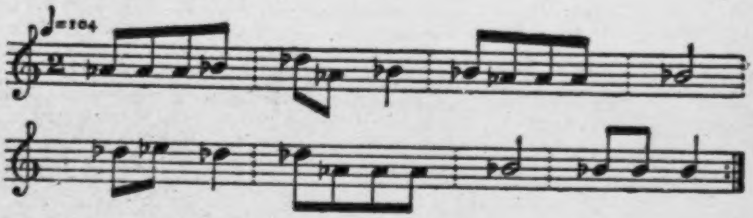

X883 *Māri reka dengāl āto āto dipāta reka gujal āti le:*
Kākar mārile reka āti he.
535 *Konem wedur gapa āti he niya miyār matek āti le.*
Reka tinda loha āti he āta.
539 *Hile āyo manta hāre he hāre tāne dārgon utona hāre le,*
Tānke isi lohon hāre he.
Reka tinda dakom āti he.
Hipiya pite jori āti he jori dākom āti le.
Reka tijin wāikom āti he.
Niya hāre āyena ayen āti he he āti nikun āti inena āti le.

On the hill the char is tall;
    In the clearing it is small.
O the char on the Hill of Crows!
Were your daughter here, there would be a basket of soft bamboo.
Send her to eat char.
She is in the house, son-in-law,
    But we have already drunk liquor for another,
And I cannot send her.
We will go to eat the char.
Like a pair of birds we will go.
We will come when we have eaten.
    Send your daughter with me.
I will be your son-in-law,
    I will call you mother-in-law.

DANCE AND SONG

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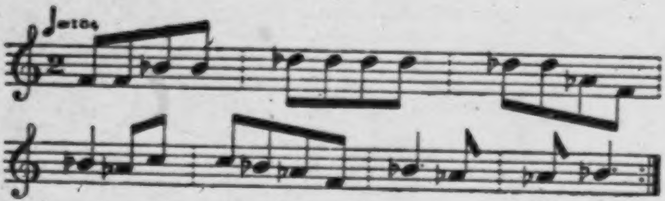

Where should I sell you, O bullock?
Laharsingh, Lahari and Udamsai!
I will sell you to a Teli, O bullock!
Don't sell me to a Teli, brother.
Let me stay in a Muria's house, brother.
The oil-press sounds *kiur kour*.
I can't pull the oil-press, brother.
Laharsingh, Lahari and Udamsai.

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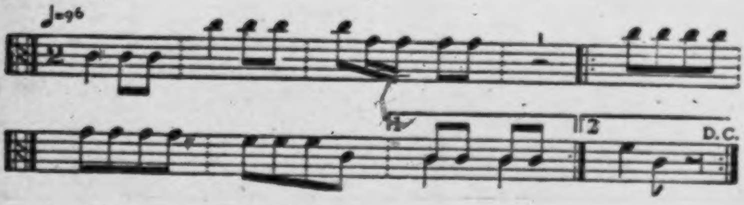

The cock has crowed, let Sona come.
The cock crows *kukuru kuru*, let Sona come.
Let it crow, Sona.
The dawn has come, Sona.
This is a thing of joy, Sona.
There is nothing here for anger, Sona.
We have come to dance for joy, Sona.
It is still dark, brother.
Don't go away, brother.
Let us dance together, brother, let Sona come.
The cock has crowed, let Sona come.

IX. Karsana

883x
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A large number of dances are not called *endanna*, dances, but *karsana*, games. The distinction is not one of form, but of occasion. Endanna, or dance, is performed at special times—at a marriage, a festival, an expedition. Karsana, game, can be performed at any time, and usually is danced informally in the ghotul. Some of the karsana, of course, are real games, jolly, boisterous frolics, but others are simply dances which have no deep significance.

THE MURIA AND THEIR GHOTUL

Kokora Karsana

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This is called Kokora (Crane) Karsana at Remawand, Mindachna Pata at Markabera, and Tutumri Karsana at Kuntpadar. It may have other names elsewhere. The girls form a circle; each puts her hands on her neighbour's knees, that is, her right hand on her right-hand neighbour's left knee while her right-hand neighbour puts her left hand on her right knee, so that all round the circle arms are crossed and the girls bending forward. They dance very vigorously, standing stationary, but jerking their buttocks inwards. Presently they swing round and face outwards, and now their buttocks knock against each other to the amusement of all. In Sidhawand, when the girls faced outwards they lifted their hands from their knees and clapped them together. But the essence of this dance is its frankly sexual imitations.

Songs

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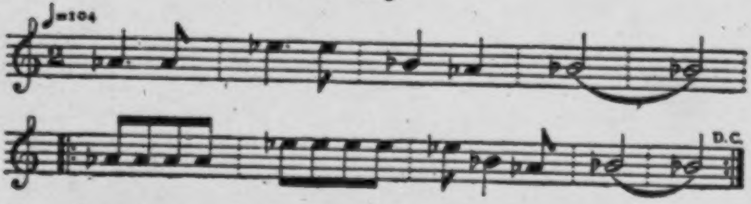

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Kon pāra jābe re kokoda, durun ruchu durun ruchu.
Kalār pāra jābe re, durun ruchu durun ruchu.
Kewta pāra jābe re, durun ruchu durun ruchu.
Māhara pāra jābe re, durun ruchu durun ruchu.

Where are you going to, O crane? *Durun ruchu durun ruchu.*
Go to the Kalar hamlet, O crane.
Go to the Kewta hamlet, O crane.
Go to the Mahara hamlet, O crane.

[825]
The names of the hamlets are those of low Hindu castes. The refrain *ruchu ruchu* is reminiscent of the noise *ruchmuch ruchmuch* which a bed is supposed to make when intercourse occurs on it. The crane is everywhere a sexual symbol, the devotion of these birds to one another being proverbial.

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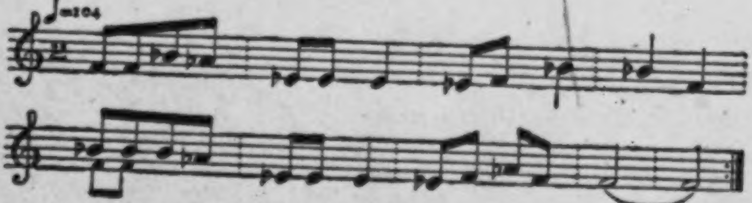

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O re re loyo re rela re re loyo oy!

O tu tumri parheli ātin! O toilet-twig from the ebony tree!

DANCE AND SONG

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O niya mari bayāli bayāli ātin.	Your son has gone mad.
Ona nāna wāyon na nāna wāyon rāy.	I will not come for him.

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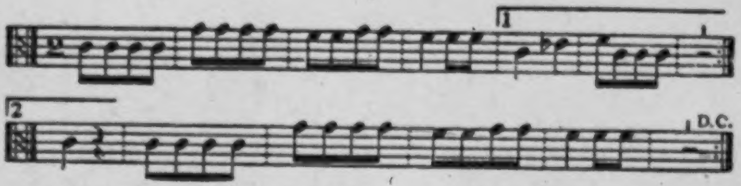

Andeknāta māndek jela jālum te jālum te!	O wearer of the long-tailed turban from Adangaon!
Kokti masri bhet pāwlu bhetum te bhetum te,	We catch the *kokti* fish,
Rahar pungār bhet pāwlu pudgānte.	We pluck the *rahar* flower.
Andeknāta māndek jela jālum te jālum te!	O boy with the long-tailed turban from Adangaon!

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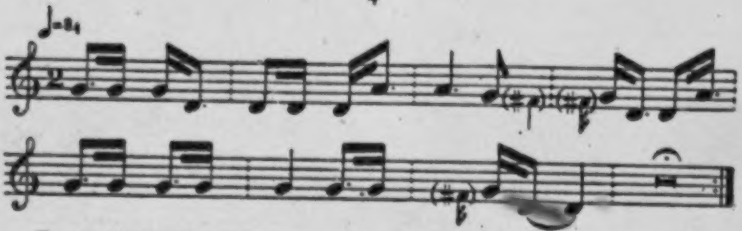

Tu tumri tumri rāndi jalkena!	Spit on the ebony tree, Call it widow, widow!
Neha jalkemaima rāndi jalkena!	Don't show off too much, O widow!
Kasur muta paima rāndi jalkena!	Don't use a broom, or your body will swing to and fro, O widow!

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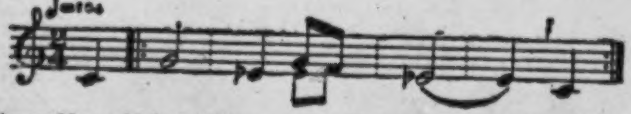

Chu ruchhe ruchhela painjana.	*Chu ruchhe ruchhela painjana.*
Kāherkāje daiki lābe painjana?	For whom will you bring a girl, O anklet?
Beldārkāje daiki lābe painjana.	Bring a girl for the Beldar, O anklet.
Bhushi bhushi donh lābe painjana.	Bring the fat girl, O anklet.

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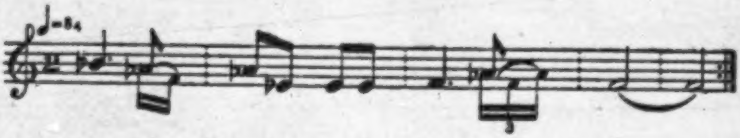
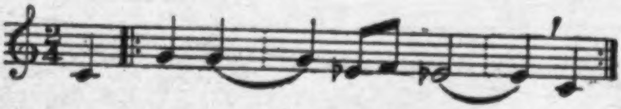


We will call Jalarsingh brother, O crane!
Whom will you call *bhauji*, O crane?
We will call Surtao *bhauji*, O crane!
What will she call you, O crane?
She will call you *dewar*, O crane!
You will trick her and eat her, O crane!

Jal-kanni (Shaking) Karsana

Girls and boys form a large circle, each with hands on the neighbour's knees. They circle round kicking out the right leg behind, moving sometimes to the left, sometimes to the right, but always with the right leg kicking out and a convulsive pushing movement of the body which is bent forward.

Song



Ut gur gur ut gur gur poya layāna nanãy warre na,
Hãtum hanji pãtum tawāna nanãy warre na.
Weda hanji koda tawāna nanãy warre na.
Harri hanji mudiyo tawāna nanãy warre na.

When the quail cries *ut gur gur ut gur gur* I am not afraid of the Poyami girl,
When I go to the bazaar to bring cloth, I am not afraid.
When I go to the field to bring the horse, I am not afraid.
When I go above the road to bring a husband, I am not afraid.

Nak Dondi Karsana

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A variant on the previous exercises is the Nak Dondi or Bhais-sand Karsana which is supposed to imitate the tethering of buffaloes. A big circle is made of boys and girls. Each puts his hands between the legs of his neighbour's so that everyone is clasping the hand of the next but one. They then circulate with a lively skip and a hop, the right foot forward, the left foot to the left, the right foot to the left and the left foot to the left with a skip. All bend forward and move their arms up and down with the result that they catch each other constantly between the legs. As this is a mixed dance its sexual implications are obvious.

DANCE AND SONG

Song

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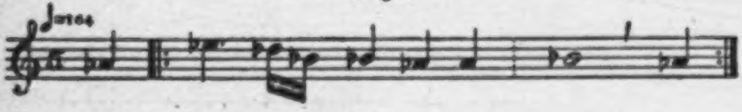


Re re loya rela rela re re la rela

What were you doing, girl, your anklets sounding *chiding-chadang*, in the cowshed?
I was just clearing up the cow-dung, brother.
There was no cow-dung there, girl, I know your heart.
I swear to you, brother, I was just clearing up the cow-dung.

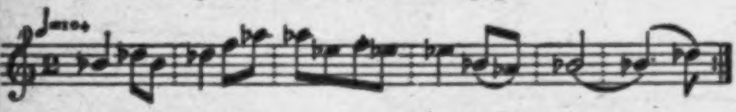
What were you doing, girl, your anklets sounding *chiding-chadang*, in the garden?
I was combing my hair, brother.
There was no head nor hair there, girl, I know your heart.
I swear to you, brother, I was just combing my hair.

What were you doing on the river bank in the shade of the plum tree?
What were you doing on the leaves, girl?
I was just sitting there in the shade, brother.
There was no shade there, girl, I know your heart.
I swear to you, brother, I was just sitting in the shade.

Re re loyo re re loyo rela rela re re la rela.

This song was not in Gondi but in Chhattisgarhi Hindi, and recorded in Sidhawand village. Its picture of a faithless motiari being interrogated by her true lover is a common motif in ghotul songs.

Another of the songs used was recorded at Dongrigura.



Kariya baila darbār chale;	The black bullock is going to the darbar;
Kariya cho lāri men dul wo champa kariya cho lāri men dul.	O Champa, sway to and fro in the black bullock's shed.
Dinda layan darbār chale.	The young girl is going to the darbar.
Dinda cho pagri men wo champa dinda cho pagri men phūl.	In the turban of the boy is a champa flower.
Munga baila darbār chale.	The red bullock is going to the darbar.
Munga cho lāri men dul wo champa munga cho lāri men dul.	O Champa, sway to and fro in the red bullock's shed.
Pandra baila darbār chale;	The white bullock is going to the darbar;
Dul champa dewra pandra cho lāri men dul.	O Champa, sway to and fro in the white bullock's shed.
Dinda layan darbār chale;	The maiden is going to the darbar;

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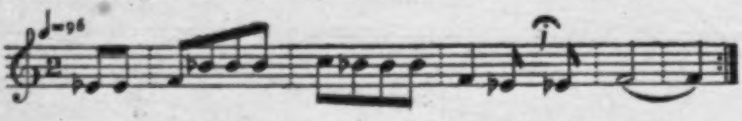
Dinda cho lāri men dul wo champa dinda layan cho lāri men dul.	O Champa, sway to and fro in the maiden's shed.

Ujur (White) Karsana

Two lines of girls face one another and dance to and fro singing.



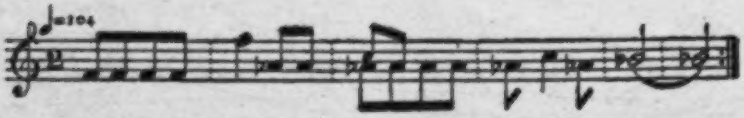
Ujur ujur hanār te dedāhor mārte	From the white white corner of thirty hills,
Pais oya hewom,	We will not let her be taken away,
Ujur ujur hanār te dedāhor mārte yer miya hewom,	We will not let them bathe,
Ujur ujur hanār te dedāhor mārte nei tari woykom,	We will not let them anoint her with oil,
Ujur ujur hanār te dedāhor mārte lagir paya hewom.	We will not let them perform the Lagir.

All the references here are to the marriage ceremony.

Durpa Dāndi Karsana (Plate CXXII)

The Durpa Dandi or Game of the Lotus Root is also called Chingri Bunbutti. The leading girl puts her right foot on her left knee. Another girl stands on her right and puts her left leg up over the leading girl's right leg, thus supporting it almost at a right angle to her body. The next girl does the same until there is a complete circle of girls each standing on one leg with the other tucked up in the air. This is supposed to represent a flower supported on its stem. Then the girls begin to sing and each jumps up a little on her one leg and claps her hands.

Song



Durpa dāndi dāndi layor jāmdār jāmdār!	O the lotus plant boy, *jām* leaf, *jām* leaf!
Dāndi tori dāwāt layor jāmdār jāmdār.	Go to pick the plant, boy.
Dinda layor āteke layor jāmdār jāmdār.	If you are unmarried, boy,
Jāti āwār āwār dewsi wāyhi jāmdār jāmdār.	You will come pushing through the fence.
Pila hālār āteke layor jāmdār jāmdār,	If you are the father of children,
Pila wonde his mandahi jāmdār jāmdār.	You will be busy looking after them.

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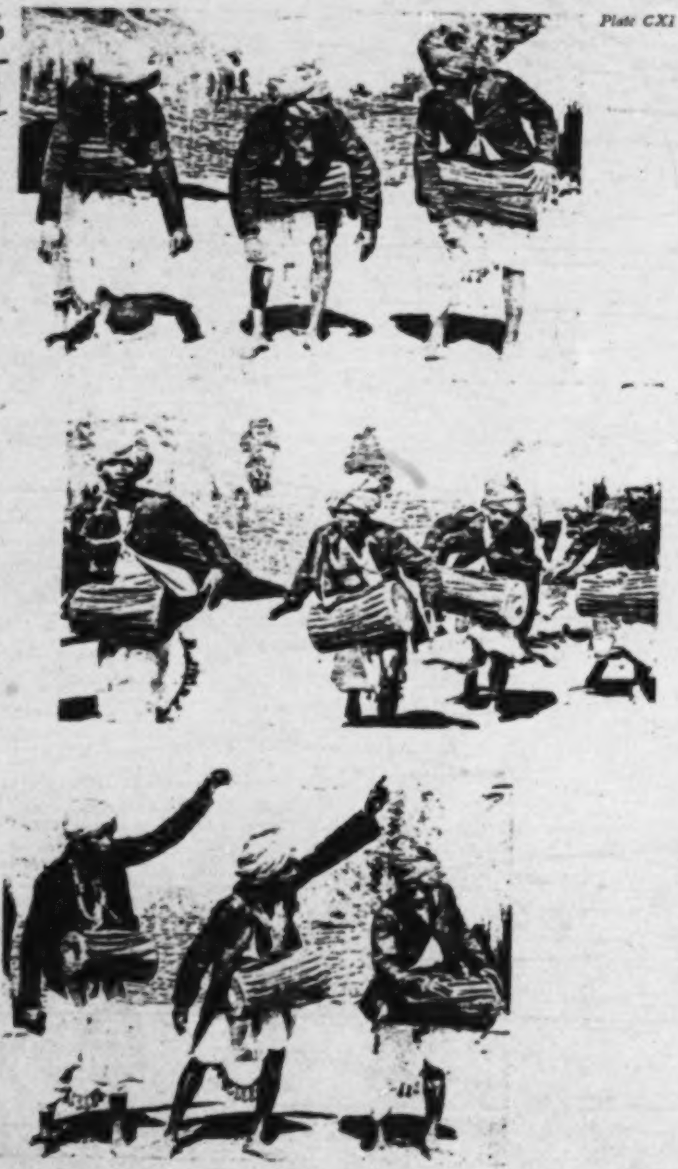

Movements in a Mandri dance at Khutgaon

[p.554 (A)]

DANCE AND SONG

Guguring Gus Karsana (*Plate CXXIII*)

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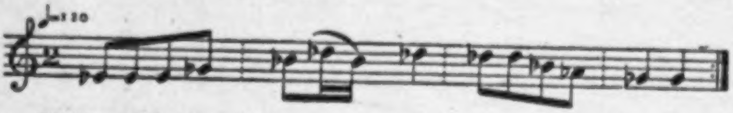
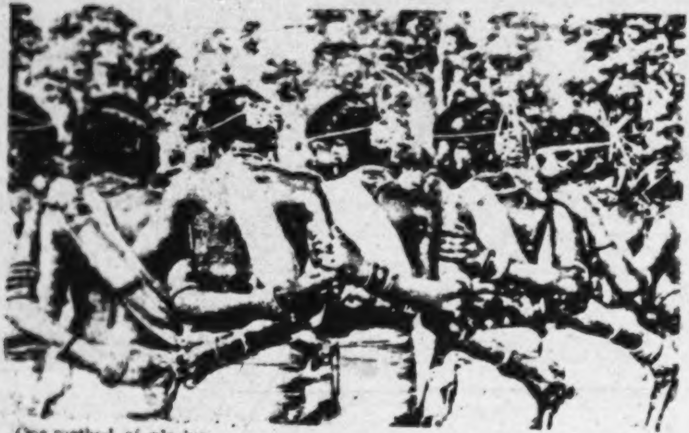
A line of girls, each with her hands on her hips, fingers to the front, runs round and round like a snake. This is a very attractive dance as I saw it in Alor in 1941. The girls ran quickly and gracefully round and round and in and out, bending their bodies slightly.



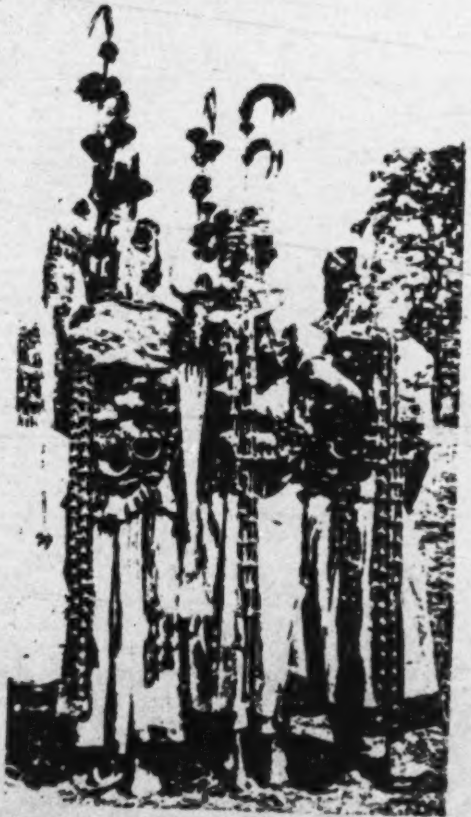
Hāhki mend kohla usta.	I husk the grain in a wooden mortar.
Nāwa nāri nolta guguring gus!	My back is aching, *guguring gus!*
Hāhki mend wanji usta.	I husk the rice in a wooden mortar.
Nāwa nāri nolta guguring gus!	My back is aching, *guguring gus!*
Hāhki mend kore usta.	I husk the pulse in a wooden mortar.
Nāwa nāri nolta guguring gus!	My back is aching, *guguring gus!*

The word *guguring* is used to describe *khulti* pulse that is boiled whole, without being ground.



One method of placing the arms in the Hulki dance

Plate CXIII



Chelik of Atargaon, showing buttock bells and cowrie streamers

Plate CXIV

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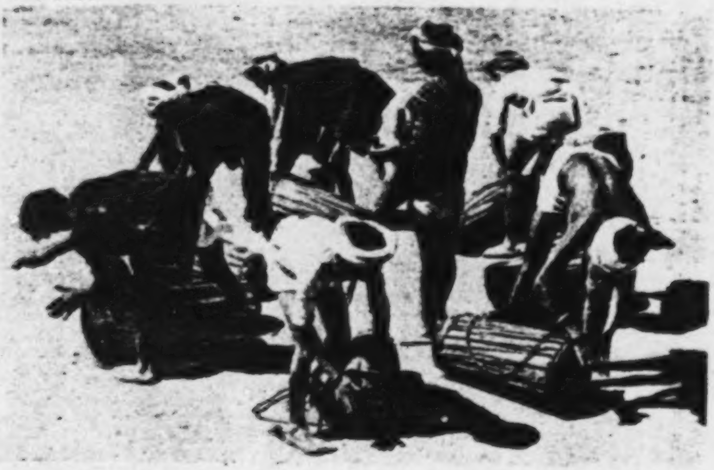

Movements in the Mandri dance, at Kabonga

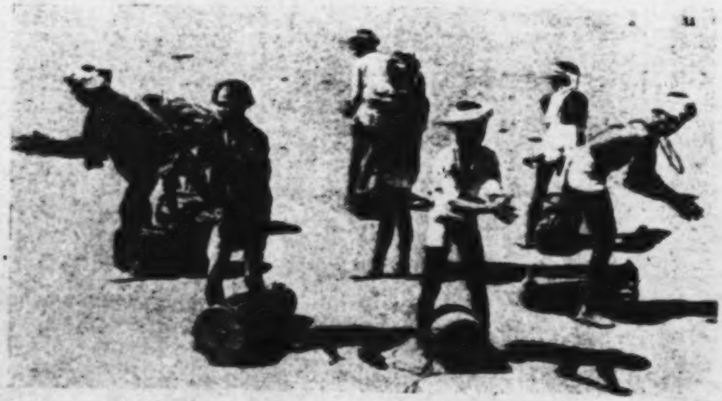

Plate CXV

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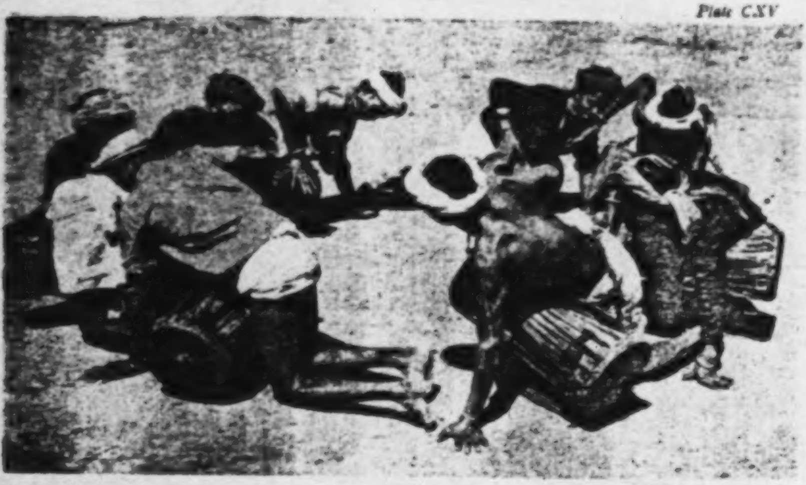
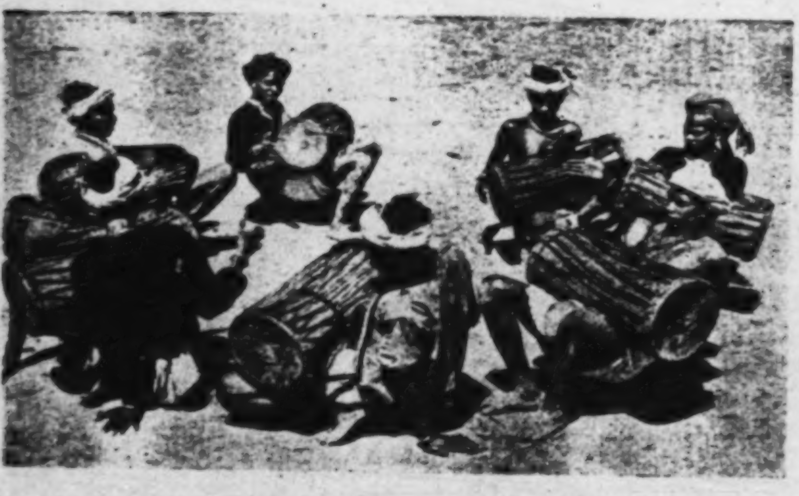


Movements in the Mandri dance, at Kabonga



[p. 560 (c)]

Plate CXVI

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Mandri and Relo dancing at Kachora

[p. 560 (b)]

Plate CXVII

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Relo dancers accompanying the boys

Mandri dancers on their knees

X 883
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[p. 564 (A)]

Plate CXVIII

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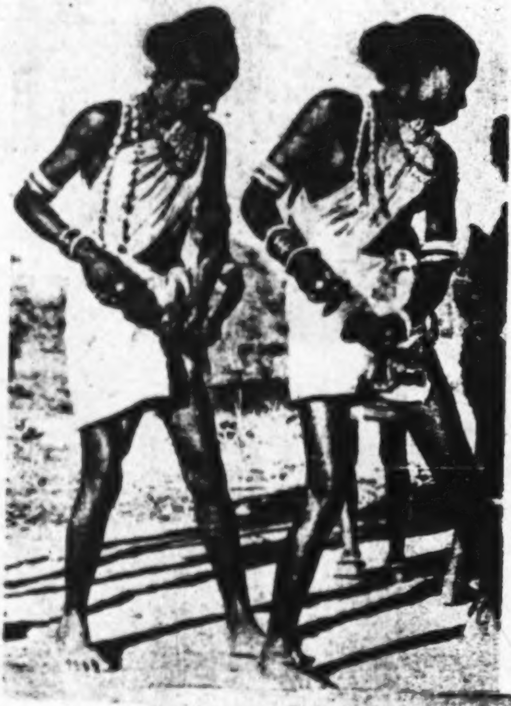
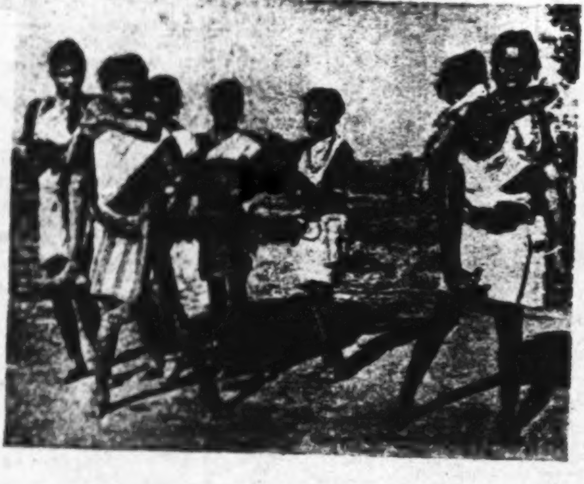


Marriage dancers at Kachora



Motiari of Kachora practise the marriage dance

[p.564 (R)]

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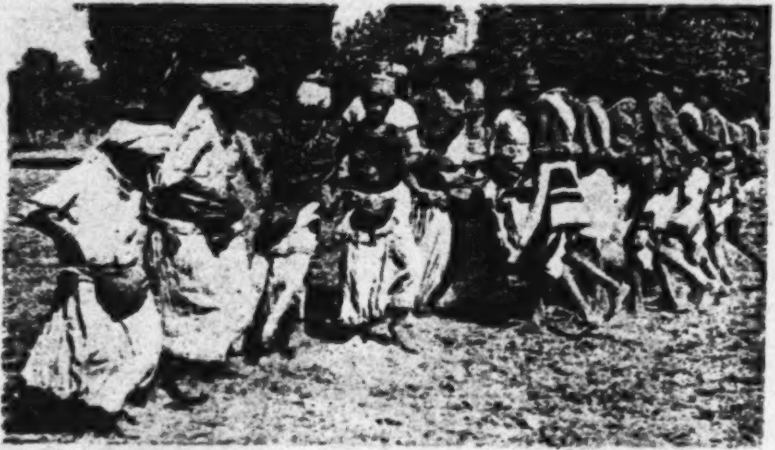
Plate CXIX



Chelik and motiari of Aturgaon and Kongera doing a variation of the Maria dance

Chelik of Toinar doing samdhi-par

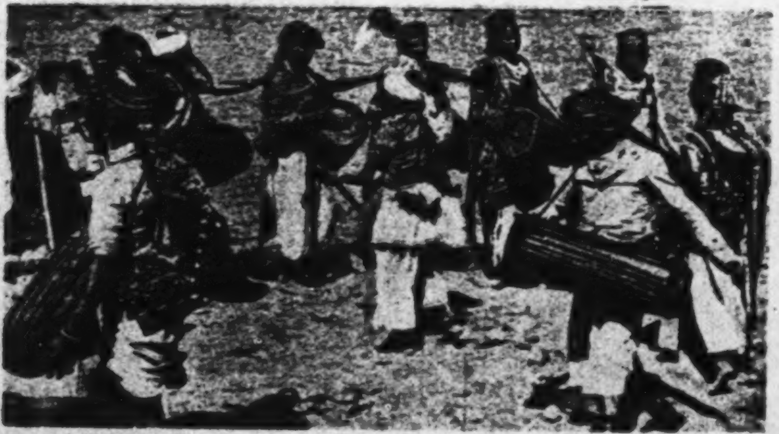


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Plate CXX

Festival dancing at Kongera

Dancers marching in a procession

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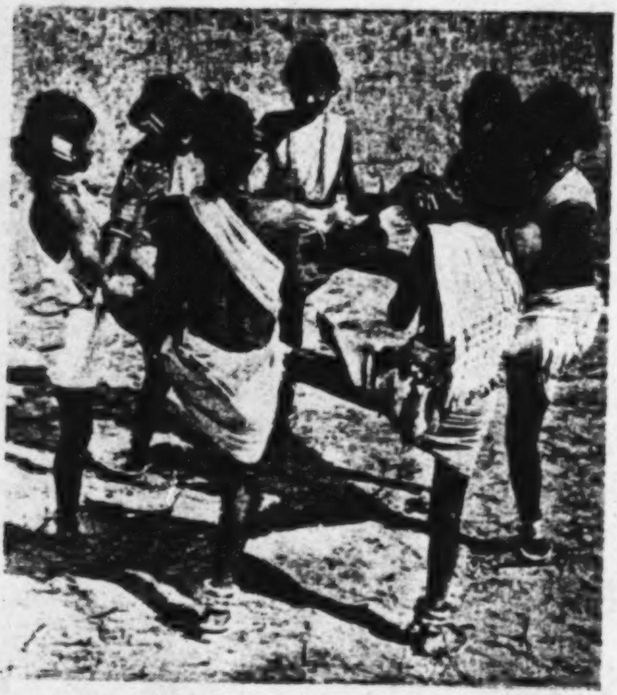
Plate CXXI

Festival dancing, with big dhol drums, at Phunder

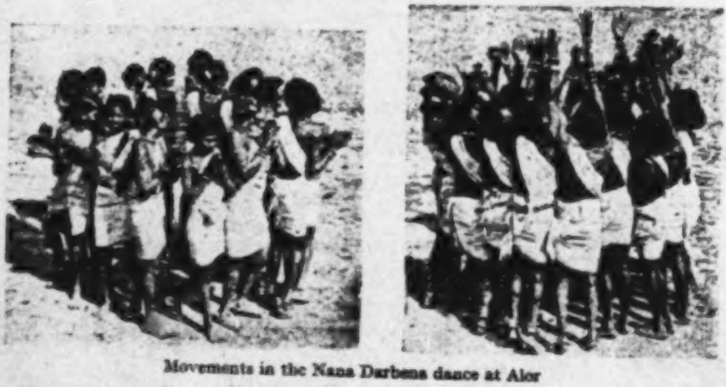
Festival dancing, with small drums, at Phauda

[p. 582 (A)]

Plate CXXII



Durpa Dandi



Movements in the Nana Darbena dance at Alor

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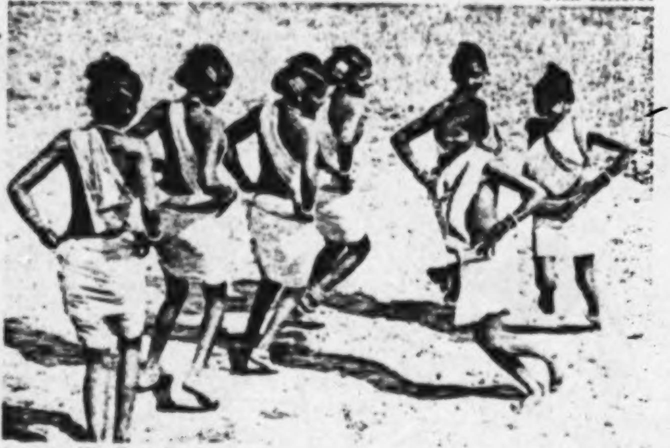
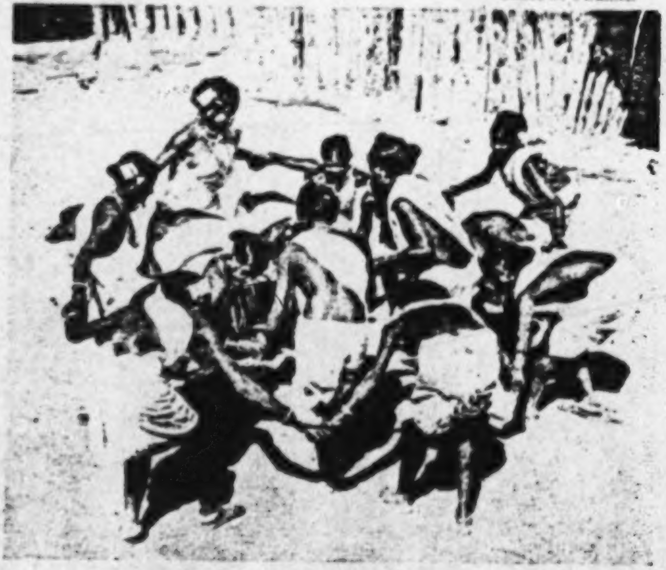
Plate CXXIII



ABOVE: The Guguring Gus dance at Alor

BELOW: Purar Karsana, a ring dance at Phunder



[p.586(A)]

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Chelik dancing at the Kokoko festival

Plate CXLII

Chelik collecting offerings at the Kokoko festival

[p.626 (B)]

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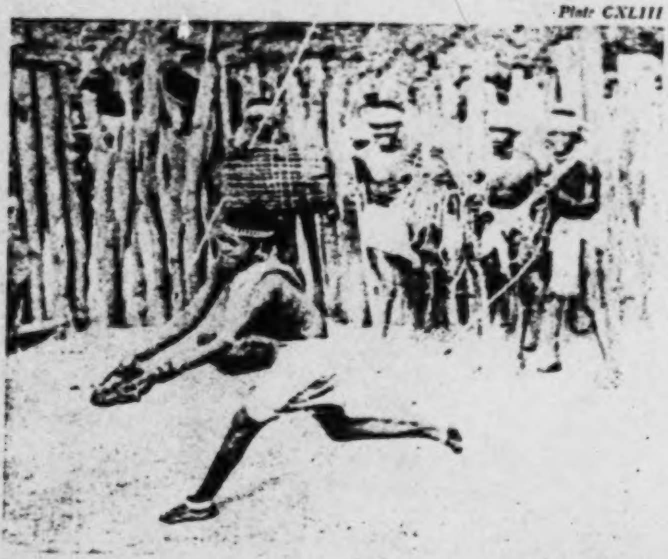
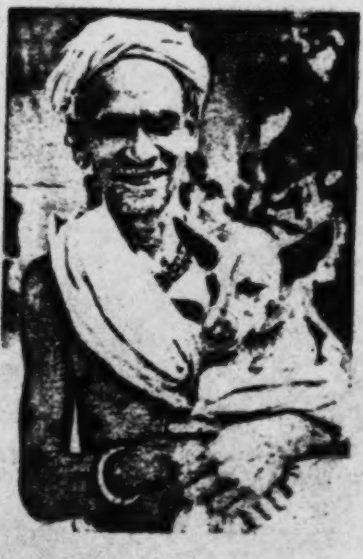
Plate CXLIII



A motiari throws water over the Kokoko dancers at Bandopal



Muria of Masora dancing with a dog in his arms

[p.638(A)]

Plate CXLV

Dancer dressed in peacock's feathers

A dummy giant at Sidhawand

[p. 646 (A)]

776 in praise of the mahua tree, before which the new mahua flowers must not be eaten or used for liquor. Then comes a similar ceremony in honour of the mango. This generally falls in March. It may be preceded by a ceremonial fishing expedition. In April, preceded by a ritual hunt, comes the great Seed Festival, the Wijja Pandum, at which the seed then to be sown is consecrated.

At the beginning of the rains many of the Maria now observe the Halba festival of Hareli or Amavas. As the crops ripen, there begins a series of Harvest Festivals or (as a literal translation of their Gondi name would have it) 'New Eating' Festivals. The first of these is for the small millets that ripen early. The next is for the new gourds and cucumbers. It is followed, at about the beginning of November, by the Nuka Nordana Pandum, a festival which falls at about the time of Diwali and is concerned with the new rice. Before this ceremony, the rice of the new harvest must not be husked or washed.

Towards the end of the year comes the Jata Pandum for new beans and pulses, and the Kare Pandum before which no one is allowed to cut grass or bamboo, or begin making clearings for cultivation in the forest.

In addition to this round of celebrations there are the festivals of the clan-gods, the Pen Karsita or Divine Games, which may be held at any time, and the commercial Mandai which are often combined with the clan festivals but are mainly great bazaars.

Dassara is the chief official festival of the State. It lasts fifteen days and is attended by elaborate ceremonies in which each of the aboriginal tribes has its special part to play. All the Maria headmen attend the celebrations in their official capacity, and there is a special Darbar at which they have the opportunity to place their grievances before the administration.

IV

585
535 The great dance that has given the Bison-horn Maria their name is really a marriage dance. At its best it is a superb spectacle. The men, in their splendid head-dresses of bison horns and carrying their long drums, move in a large circle

535 but with a great variety of turns and changes: the 'bison'
585 charge and fight each other, pick up rings or leaves on the points of their horns, and chase the girl dancers. The girls, each with a dancing-stick in her right hand, form a long line and go round and through the men dancers with many different movements and steps. They do not usually sing, and indeed the tune would be lost in the thunder of the drums. As they go, they beat the ground with their sticks *dum-dum-dum, di-dum, dum-dum*. Masked mummers, clowns dressed in straw, naked acrobats with enormous imitation genitalia, add to the gaiety of the scene. There is no finer dance in India.

293 The head-dress of bison horns is the chief treasure of a Maria home. It is kept with the utmost care, dismantled, in closed bamboo baskets, and it takes nearly an hour to assemble it. Horns are rare nowadays in Bastar and have to be imported from Jeypore. A Maria may give a bull in exchange for a pair of good horns; they should be white at the bottom turning to black half way up.

A bamboo frame forms the base of the head-dress. The horns are attached to the front and a great tuft of feathers rises behind. Cloth, often old and costly silk, is tied round and round and a tail hangs down behind. Across the front a fringe of cloth adorned with cowries covers the dancer's eyes.

The feathers used are those of the peacock and of domestic
[237] cocks specially castrated for the purpose. It is considered
[787] unlucky for a feather to fall to the ground during a dance, and before they begin the dancers address the Earth Mother and the Ancestors: 'Save us from the dangers of magic and let none of the feathers fall'.

428 A man's head-dress passes to his son or brother's son after
682 his death. His bow and arrow and his drum are also heir-
762 looms and are highly valued. The loss of a head-dress drove one Maria youth to suicide, and a dispute about possession of an outfit of buttocks-bells led another to murder.

184 In the north of the area, many Maria dance both with bison
535 horns and in Hill Maria fashion. The latter wear the skirt, decorated cap and streamers, and buttocks-bells characteristic of the Abujhmar Hills.

534 The Maria are not very good at musical instruments. They use a small fiddle called kikir, a Jews-harp made of iron or

3: Elwin E-5 (1935-1942) 1943
AW32 Gond AW32
Bison Horn Maria

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[facing p.144]

The famous 'bison-horn' marriage dance